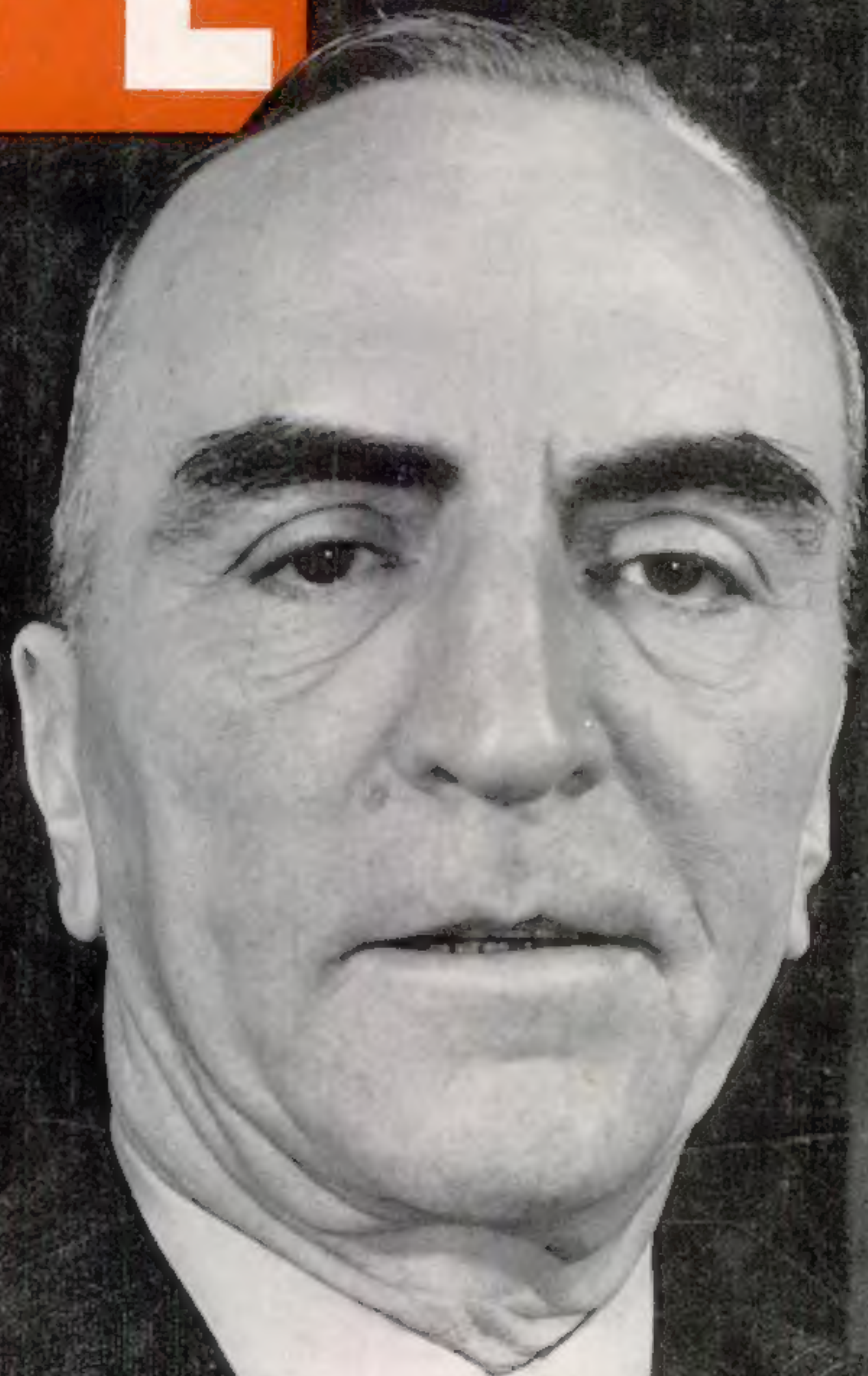


# LIFE



## EDDIE RICKENBACKER

TELLS HIS OWN STORY—IN THIS ISSUE<sup>1</sup>

JANUARY 25, 1943

10

CENTS

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50



## BLADES OF WRATH

THROUGH the mist of an English meadow comes a gigantic bomber.

Across its battle-scarred nose is painted the name . . . *Spirit of Coventry*. And as the setting sun catches the spin of its "props," it lifts its great wings and is gone.

Soon the sky above rocks with the roar of hundreds of Lancasters. From Suffolk . . . and Kent . . . and Coventry they rise . . . from every corner of England they come. The greatest striking force man has ever launched in the skies!

*There will be blood on the moon tonight in Germany . . .*

Night after night propellers made by Nash-Kelvinator have carried these crusading hosts on high . . .

First on Britain's great Lancasters and now on many of America's planes

—these staunch blades of wrath are veterans of hundreds of "fiercely opposed operational flights."

Each blade is so beautifully machined and matched with its brothers that a puff of a man's breath sends them turning in a fifteen-foot arc! Yet so powerful that they help take a thirty-ton bomber aloft and pull it along at 300 miles an hour.

A miracle of precision workmanship! Yet—this is only one of the many war production jobs entrusted to the skilled craftsmen of Nash-Kelvinator, who yesterday made refrigerators and automobiles.

All that we have—in men, machines and skill—is being poured into the job to get it done . . .

For they are *our sons*, too . . . those fearless fighters of the sky.

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

Let's keep the battle rolling—with War Bonds and all the scrap we can collect!

**NASH**   **KELVINATOR**

Our duty is twofold: To help build weapons for Victory and to help build the kind of America our boys have a right to expect when they come home.





# You Said It, Uncle!



Copyright 1943—Philco Corporation

**F**OR us at home, the *Age of Electronics* is a promise for the future. For our men at the front, the *Age of Electronics* is here, today! Their planes, tanks, ships and weapons are equipped with miracles of electronic science which, when Victory is won, will bring to a world in freedom thrilling new wonders of comfort, convenience and entertainment.

The scientists and engineers of Philco Corporation, whose achievements have won leadership for Philco in the field of

radio, have been charged with an important share of these developments. In their laboratories, they have accomplished years of progress in electronic research in a few short months. And today, Philco waits only for Victory to convert their war achievements into peacetime products of new and undreamed-of benefit for all humanity.

For the men and women of Philco, this vision of the future gives added incentive and inspiration to their war production pledge . . . "More-Better-Sooner."

*This cartoon by Sid Hix is another in the series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists to interpret the spirit of Philco's soldiers of production. It is being posted on bulletin boards of the Philco factories as a symbol to the men and women of Philco of the purpose and significance of their work in the united effort for Victory.*

**Free Limited Offer . . .** While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing by Sid Hix will be furnished gladly upon request. Simply address Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Penna., and ask for Cartoon Number 39D.

## PHILCO CORPORATION

"Our Secret Weapon."  
Tune in Friday evenings,  
over your local  
Columbia Station.

**BUY WAR BONDS  
AND STAMPS**

America is conserving its resources for Victory. As you save on all products of peacetime consumption, remember too to preserve the things you own. Trained service men everywhere are leaving civilian life to serve vital military needs. So be careful to maintain the condition and prolong the life of your Philco products.

**RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, REFRIGERATORS, AIR CONDITIONERS, RADIO TUBES ★ ★ INDUSTRIAL STORAGE BATTERIES FOR MOTIVE POWER, SIGNAL SYSTEMS, CONTROL AND AUXILIARY POWER**



The Army-Navy "E" Flag  
awarded to Philco plants in  
Philadelphia, Chicago, Trenton,  
N. J., and Sandusky, Ohio.

This One



QKXG-LN1-R3SJ



# "I'LL DISH THE DIRT FAST"

Talented LEILA ERNST who left Boston society for stage and screen success, tells a professional "secret."



"When girls worry about getting off dirt and cosmetics, I think their eyes would just pop if they could see an actress. Why, this heavy stage make-up will be off in one minute flat—and no rubbing or scrubbing. If you don't know this system I think you should..."



"Let me introduce this special professional cleansing cream, Albolene. It's a lot different from most creams you know. Very pure, not tricked up—not even scented. And does it do a job! Oh, it feels so good to get really clean!"



And what a "mountain" of cleansing cream for \$1! This pound tin was first put up for professional use. Now you may buy it too, at your druggist's. Brings cost down to 6¼ cents an ounce! Sold also in jars at 50c, 25c, 10c.

## "SOOTHING, TOO, for us drys"



Is your skin dry, sensitive? By all means try Albolene Cleansing Cream. Exquisitely pure—delicate, bland, unscented—Albolene is widely used for skins too sensitive for ordinary cleansing methods. Many hospitals are important users. And you save! The three largest-selling cleansing creams average twice as high, ounce for ounce, as Albolene—using the largest, most economical sizes for fair comparison. Made in the laboratories of—

McKesson & Robbins, Bridgeport, Conn.



# ALBOLENE CLEANSING CREAM

"AND MCKESSON MAKES IT"

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

### WARTIME WASHINGTON

Sirs:

As a resident of Washington for the past two years I was considerably disturbed in reading the article in the Jan. 4 issue of LIFE describing Washington in wartime. It appears that your editorial staff was prone to take only one position in preparing this article, that Washington "is a terrible place to live."

The article is completely biased against this city. I believe I can accurately describe it as being inaccurate, misleading and incomplete. Absolutely no attempt was made in the article to describe the advantages of Washington. I resent this strong attack on the nation's capital, as I am sure many other residents of the city do.

HARRISON C. CHANDLER JR.  
Washington, D. C.

Sirs:

We are eight Government workers, varying in age from 19 to 22, and we are prepared to take up the cudgels in defense of Washington and life in the nation's capital.

First of all, we must admit that Washington is overcrowded and one must stand in line for everything, just as depicted on the pages of your magazine. However, we are quite contented—at least as contented as any girls are in these times, when so many of our best friends and closest relatives are out risking their lives. We feel that we are doing our "little bit" for the war effort and that waiting in line and scrimping to meet our budget are small things to gripe about in times like these.

We consider ourselves average girls, like to go out and have a good time, which we sometimes do, as dates are easy enough to obtain if one only makes a small effort, such as going to the USO, Women's Battalion dances, etc. Servicemen are lonely and nice to know. Washington is full of people far from home and, therefore, in our viewpoint, very interesting in spite of all the disadvantages so carefully cited in your article. We feel we are not exceptional in this, as for every girl who has left Washington there are many more who have tried to make a go of it and succeeded in doing so.

HELEN P. GRIFFIN  
LUCILLE V. PEDRI  
FLORENCE GUTSICK  
MARGARET ZUCCA  
HELEN G. BASHAM  
DELLE FRANK  
JEAN BAUER  
STELLA STRAHAN

Washington, D. C.

Sirs:

Thank you for the picture of the Earle Theater's interior at Washington, D.C. We have tried so often to see it, but the lines were always so long we never quite made it.

MRS. LOUIS E. ENDSLEY JR.  
Alexandria, Va.

Sirs:

... Sure Washington is a "terrible place to live"—so is New Guinea, Tunisia and Dutch Harbor.

This war is certainly not going to be won in duplexes and private dining rooms.

The capital needs good working girls with a realistic attitude. There is a big job to do and it isn't always comfortable. The Government, however, is providing housing on a large scale, improving the eating problem and taking definite steps toward an after-hour recreation program.

JOHN C. CORMIUN  
Raleigh, N. C.

● Reader Cormiun draws an apt analogy. LIFE's picture of Washington in wartime was not the portrait of a peacetime city, but of a U. S. war front as important as New Guinea or North Africa.—ED.

### BARUCH'S PRESENT

Sirs:

We would like to correct a widely circulated misstatement repeated in your tribute to Bernard M. Baruch for his Christmas gift to war charities (LIFE, Jan. 4). Mr. Baruch did not, as you state, make these gifts out of a \$750,000 purchase of U. S. war bonds with a total maturity value of \$1,000,000. He delivered to us for his account \$1,000,000 in certificates of indebtedness for which he had paid \$1,000,000 plus accrued interest. He instructed us to hold \$900,000 of these bonds subject to the disposal of various charitable organizations, and advised us that the balance of \$10,000 would be specially earmarked later.

The certificates which Mr. Baruch is giving to the various charitable organizations are worth approximately their face value at current market prices. For example, one organization which received \$100,000 face value of them has already sold them for \$100,080.83.

CENTRAL HANOVER BANK  
& TRUST CO.

New York, N. Y.

● LIFE gladly acknowledges this clarification of the conditions of Bernard Baruch's magnificent Christmas present.—ED.

### SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

Sirs:

I enjoyed your article, "Out There," describing the fighting around Buna. You describe my friend Herman Bittcher as a "soldier of fortune." Nothing could be further from fact.

I met Herman first in 1929 in Australia. We both had, as young boys in Germany, seen the monstrous effects of World War I. We hated war, especially Prussian militarism and Junkerism. The rise of Hitler brought in us a growing desire "to do something about it." This desire led us to the battlefields in Spain.

When Hitler declared war on the U. S., Herman enlisted the next morning. He had learned to love America and the American way of life. Hitler represented everything he hated, and Hitler and Hirohito threatened everything beloved. If this is a soldier of fortune, then all men who fight for principles may be called such.

AUGUST ROHMANN

San Francisco, Calif.

### "ME FIRST"

Sirs:

Among the many good things in LIFE is the Newsfronts page for Jan. 4, drawing attention to the unpatriotic action of hoarders and other home-front enemies.

I think your label, "Me First," describing the type of selfish person who looks for ways and means to chisel at the expense of the welfare of his native land, is something the nation has been looking for. It might easily become as much a part of the language as the term "fifth columnist."

The average person is reluctant to call a neighbor a "slacker," "Hitler-lover" or similar term, but he would not feel hesitant in calling him a "Me First."

There is plenty of sting in that label, even if you smile when you say it. And a lot of people ought to be stung before it's too late and Hitler says "You Last."

HU BLONK

Grand Coulee Dam, Wash.

Sirs:

I resent your recent editorial, "Me First Americans." Are you trying to goad us common American citizens into fighting fury?

I have not driven our car in nine weeks. Last week I had my first ride in an old truck! I was thrilled to be offered a lift in it. Today I spilt my groceries again out of my bike-basket into the middle of the street and I laughed. Our toast, in the morning, is delicious covered with honey instead of butter. I gave a pint of blood at the Donor Cen-

(continued on p. 4)





## Tires Made with B. F. Goodrich Synthetic Now Rolling on Nation's Buses

*A typical example of B. F. Goodrich leadership in tires*

**Y**OU'VE read plenty about synthetic rubber, about the tires that are *going* to be made with synthetics. But did you know that right now many a bus in Chicago, Boston, Cleveland and New York is trying out tires using synthetic rubber made by B. F. Goodrich?

One of these tires is shown in the picture—an Ameripol Silvertown being inspected after more than 8,000 miles on the wheel.

Varying amounts of synthetic rubber have been used in making these new Ameripol bus tires—but some of them now actually in service contain over 99% synthetic rubber.

B. F. Goodrich was *first* to offer for sale tires made with synthetic rubber for passenger cars—that was in 1940! And now B. F. Good-

rich pioneers with Ameripol Silvertowns for buses. Production is not unlimited. The rubber shortage is still acute. But already synthetic tires made by B. F. Goodrich are helping in the war effort.

The Army and Navy get first call on every ounce of synthetic rubber we make. Right now there is little, if any, for general civilian use. There will be some for essential transportation.

And when synthetic rubber is plentiful, come to B. F. Goodrich for your

tires. You can be sure that B. F. Goodrich will be first just as B. F. Goodrich was first to offer American car owners tires made with synthetic rubber. Remember, nobody makes as good a cake as the cook who discovers the recipe!





# "Making Yourself Over is FUN!"

—says Mrs. Ansil Fults, of Detroit, Michigan

**Business girl loses 37 pounds, becomes a slim beauty, wins praises of proud husband**

"It's no use," they told Mrs. Fults. "You're a big girl and always will be—it runs in the family." For years she believed it. Then she decided to try the DuBarry Success Course. Not work, but fun—that's what she insists it was. And what a startling surprise she gave her family and friends. Thick waist and hips now slender. Heavy legs now slim and graceful. And a peaches and cream complexion. "My husband is as proud as I am," says Mrs. Fults. "I cannot thank you enough for all the DuBarry Success Course has done for me. My only regret is that I waited so long to start."

## Be Fit and Fair from Top to Toe

Ansil Fults is just one of more than 65,000 women who have found the DuBarry Success Course a way to be fit and fair. It shows you how to lose or gain weight, achieve a smooth, glowing skin, acquire increased energy—at home. You follow the methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, New York.



**LOST**  
37 POUNDS

**WAIST**  
7 IN. LESS

**ABDOMEN**  
7 IN. LESS

**LOWER HIP**  
6 1/2 IN. LESS

**THIGH**  
8 1/2 IN. LESS

**HEIGHT**  
(AFTER)  
5 FT. 6 IN.

Above, Ansil Fults when she started the DuBarry Success Course, weighing 170, big all over. She lost 21 pounds in 6 weeks, kept right on and in the next two months lost 16 more.

Above and at right, the slender, vivacious Ansil Fults of today, weighing 133, a successful wife—and business woman. "My skin looks glorious," she says, "and I feel the same way."

**Get the Full Story**—In these days it's important to be at your best—ready for war work, for personal and business success. So send the coupon or write for the new book telling all about the DuBarry Success Course and what it can do for you.

### Measurements of Ansil Fults

	Before	After	Before	After
Weight	170	133	Lower Hip	43 1/2 38 1/2
Waist	33	26	Thigh	26 1/2 20
Abdomen	38	31	Height	5'6 1/2 5'6"

## DuBarry Success Course

ANN DELAFIELD, Directing

RICHARD HUDNUT SALON,  
Dept. SN-25, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.  
Please send the new book telling all about the DuBarry Home Success Course.



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_



With your Course, you receive a Chest containing a generous supply of DuBarry Beauty and Make-up Preparations.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

ter, and I know it was one of the most satisfying and exciting experiences of my life. The job of air-raid warden has given me the appreciation of this whole wide world and each precious individual in it. It is all little enough.

We are learning to share, we are using our ingenuity, we have ceased to take things for granted. We have accepted the responsibility of our land and we are just beginning to fulfill our obligations.

Please tell us how we can help. Inform and explain. Stop the criticism that is not constructive. Don't heckle us for a few coffee and butter hoarders.

ELIZABETH L. LYON

Chevy Chase, Md.

Sirs:

To a man in the service, the story brought out on the Newsfronts page of the current issue of LIFE is certainly disheartening. It is hard to believe that the people of this country could be so selfish, but at the same time so willing to have the war come to an end.

Their attitude is not only "Me First" but, when they guiltily read of what they are doing, becomes an attitude of "They're talking about the other fellow." As you say, if the men in the armed forces would take their attitude, it would mean certain and rapid defeat.

AVIATION CADET

S. I. WELTMER

Santa Ana, Calif.

### LADY WARRIOR

Sirs:

I offer this photograph (see cut) as an addition to your collection of pictures of women warriors (LIFE, Jan. 4).

It shows Doña Julia Mora de Zapata, niece of the famous Mexican general, as



COLONEL ZAPATA

she appeared when she was a sniper in his army. She is reputed to have attained the rank of colonel and is still known as "La Coronela." She now runs a little general store at Zacatepec in the state of Morelos.

STANLEY A. OKELL

Cranford, N. J.

### WOOD

Sirs:

In your fine article on wood in the Jan. 4 issue of LIFE, I wonder if you were misinformed concerning the pictures on page 54. You say the "topping and trimming make for clean fall." A tree is trimmed and topped for use as a spar tree, never to make it fall clean. A tree hits the ground almost twice as hard without the drag or air resistance provided by the limbs and top of a tree, thus slowing the fall of the tree, helping to prevent breakage of the tree itself and also the timber on the ground. A faller is judged almost entirely by his ability to save the timber.

JAMES J. RHODES

Seattle, Wash.

● LIFE's error. Apologies to all fallers—ED.

# What a BUY!



This famous quality brush has not gone up in price. At yesterday's low price, it is easily today's "Biggest Tooth Brush Value."

**Pro-phy-lac-tic**  
**NYLON TOOTH BRUSH**

# STILL

-Only 23¢

**YOUR LIGHTER'S A BETTER LIGHTER WITH FRIENDS LIKE THESE**



RONSON  
'S-Flinter'

RONSONOL  
Lighter Fuel

**A** LIGHTER is vital equipment on all fronts. Your lighter cannot be replaced today. Keep it in condition and ready for action with quick-lighting fuel—RONSONOL. And extra-length RONSON REDSKIN 'Flints' (with distinctive 'REDSKIN' coating) will give you showers of sparks. 'S-Flinter' holds five in compact, loss-proof packet. Also use RONSON high-absorption Wicks for smooth service.

for all lighters

## RONSON

**LIGHTER ACCESSORIES**

**IMPORTANT.** As a wartime measure, RONSON extends its Factory Repair Service to help keep every RONSON in active use. If your RONSON—for pocket or table—needs attention, send it to the factory for servicing at minimum cost. Address RONSON, Service Department, Newark, N. J.

THIS, ABOVE ALL—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS & STAMPS!



# You Must File a Tax Return

IF **Single** **\$9<sup>61</sup>**  
and you earned  
at least a week

IF **Married** **\$23<sup>10</sup>**  
and you earned  
at least a week

Mistakes will cost you and your government time and money. Save work, worry, delay—this book shows you exactly what you may deduct—what you must report—with FILLED-IN samples of ALL the official forms to guide you!

**T**AXES are necessary to win this war. That is why your new income tax will be several times greater than last year's; why you may be among the millions who have paid little or no taxes before but will now have to pay a substantial amount. To be fair, your government allows you certain special privileges and deductions; on the other hand, it imposes penalties for underpayment. An accurate tax return, promptly filed and paid, will save you embarrassment and additional costs and it will save your Government extra handling in correcting unnecessary mistakes. Whatever your income, large or small, you need this brand new, authoritative, up-to-date guide to help you prepare your return correctly and quickly. It explains clearly and concisely every point on which you need information!

only **49¢**

## How This Book Will Help You

1. It advises you regarding your various rights, options, privileges, and obligations.
2. It tells you about the many deductions available to taxpayers which are NOT indicated on either form or Instruction Sheets.
3. It contains samples of all the forms—FILLED IN—with simple explanations of complex parts of the new law. This is a feature NOT included in most tax books.
4. It tells you what you MUST report—and what income is exempt.
5. It contains check lists of rules and deductions for taxpayers—and quick-reference tax-tables, to make the preparation of returns easier and more accurate.
6. It explains the new VICTORY TAX—how it will be deducted from your earnings; exemptions under this law; explanation of post-war credit; steps employers must take NOW.
7. It contains special sections on MEN IN THE ARMED FORCES; FARMERS; WAGE, SALARY AND INCOME CONTROL; YOUR STATE INCOME TAX.
8. It shows you how you can budget your taxes; it provides savings schedules; it explains how you can save money with tax anticipation notes.

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THE NEW  
**1943 EDITION**  
OF THE STANDARD ANNUAL GUIDE  
**HOW TO PREPARE YOUR  
INCOME TAX**

The Book That Contains  
ALL THE OFFICIAL FORMS—  
FILLED IN

by DAVID JOSEPH  
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANT

FOR ALL INCOMES — LARGE AND SMALL  
WHAT YOU MAY DEDUCT — WHAT YOU MUST REPORT  
Your privileges and obligations under the new law. Special sections for Farmers, corporations, partnerships, Estates, and Trusts. The New Victory Tax. State Income Tax Charts. 108 pages. SEE BACK COVER

Look for the Big Red,  
White and Blue Book—9 By 11 Inches—108 Pages.  
Answers Every Question You Will Want to Ask:

WHAT are the principal changes in the new tax law?  
Should husband and wife file joint return?  
What steps must I take now?  
How can I budget my future tax payments?  
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What is earned income credit?  
When is income taxable?  
What expenses are deductible— from personal incomes? from professional incomes? from business incomes? from farm incomes?  
How do you compute corporation taxes?

How can I save money with Treasury Tax Notes?  
How do you prepare returns for trusts, estates, partnerships?  
How does the new Victory Tax work— what portion is refundable?

—these and hundreds of other questions are fully answered in this book. Remember: Your government does not want you to overpay. But it has no way of telling from your return whether you have made all the deductions you are entitled to. This book will easily repay its small price in the legitimate savings it will make possible in your tax return. Use the money saved to buy War Bonds—and hasten Victory!

### Certified for Accuracy

Not only has this authoritative book been prepared by a Certified Public Accountant, but every page has been double-checked by independent experts and is so certified. Accurate and up-to-the-minute in every detail.

ACT AT ONCE! By figuring up your tax now, you won't be caught unprepared when payment is due! Garden City Publishing Co., Garden City, N. Y.

**FREE SUPPLEMENTARY INSTRUCTIONS**

Should any changes occur prior to March 15, 1943 which would affect your tax return for 1942, certificate in book entitles you to supplementary instructions without charge to keep you up to date.





WITH TERRY LEE ASSISTING, MRS. DWIGHT DAVIS CHRISTENS S. S. "FRANCIS PARKMAN"



IVY LITVINOFF, WIFE OF SOVIET AMBASSADOR, SPONSORS S. S. "WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON"

# *SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .*

*. . . LADIES HAVE A GOOD TIME CHRISTENING LIBERTY SHIPS*



GREER GARSON GASPS AS SHE TAKES POWERFUL SWING



BARBARA DOUGLAS, AIRPLANE MAKER'S DAUGHTER, BLINKS



MRS. NORMAN CHANDLER CLOSES HER EYES AND SMILES





SINGER MARIAN ANDERSON CHRISTENS S. S. "BOOKER T. WASHINGTON" WITH FINE SPLASH

BETTE DAVIS DUCKS CHAMPAGNE AS S. S. "HINTON R. HELPER" GOES DOWN THE WAYS

The christening of a Liberty ship is not the biggest problem facing its builders, but it is nevertheless vexing. Unlike most parts of these mass-produced cargo carriers, the christening cannot be prefabricated. Each is custom-made with a different lady sponsor.

The christenings shown on these two pages are in

the yards of the California Shipbuilding Corp. at Terminal Island, Calif., which to date has launched 119 Liberty ships. Terry Lee, the young man who appears obscurely through a spray of champagne helping the sponsor in many of the pictures, has reduced Calship's christenings to cool, swift ceremonies with all the fun

but without embarrassing slips. His ladies never miss.

At Calship christenings each sponsor is handsomely rewarded for her efforts with an orchid shoulder piece, three dozen American Beauty roses, an album of photographs of the launching, a silver cigaret case, and the broken champagne bottle in its wire-mesh guard.



MRS. L. A. PARKER WINCES AMIABLY. LEE ASSISTS HER

MRS. R. E. COFFMAN STEPS INTO A BIG SPLASH FEARLESSLY

MRS. CLYDE WEED GRITS TEETH AS BOTTLE BREAKS



**AMERICA WILL MARCH TO VICTORY  
ON THE LEATHER YOU SAVE**



**E**very extra month and every added mile you get out of your shoes mean more leather for our fighting men. Buy good shoes in the first place, and conserve them; buy Florsheims now!

Illustrated: The EXMORE, S-1079 • The WESTFIELD, S-1028  
The MILBURN, S-750

*Most Styles*  
\$10.50 and \$11

**Florsheim**  **Shoes**

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

## SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)

### THINGS CAN GO WRONG AT CHRISTENINGS, TOO

**T**he crucial moment of a christening is short and the slightest misstep may ruin the ceremony. The most frequent mishap is when the ship moves too soon and the sponsor misses her swing entirely. Seafaring people mistrust a ship which has gone down the ways unchristened, usually string the bottle from the deck so it can be hauled up and broken in an emergency.



Mrs. John D. Bulkeley has a clean miss on first swing at launching of a new torpedo boat in Bayonne, N. J. Luckily she had time for another, broke bottle on second try.



Mrs. Walter E. Harris, wife of janitor at Henry Kaiser's Oregon Shipbuilding Co., is victim of rarer mishap. She forgot ship's name (S.S. Jason Lee), had to be prompted.



"Give us good food for good health  
and we'll give Uncle Sam what it  
takes to lick that enemy quick."

*When  
he comes home  
for dinner...*

*Here's a two-meat\* meal for a home-front  
fighter! Saves time, fuel—and cuts waste!*

Of course you want to feed him well. He works hard. He deserves the best. But at the same time, you want to do your part in the big job of conserving food . . . time . . . fuel. Here's how Swift's Premium Tender Frankfurts can help you in both jobs.

**YOU BUY ONLY WHAT YOU NEED!** Ask for the exact number of Swift's Premium Frankfurts you need to feed your family—without any left over.

**1 POUND SERVES 4.** There are enough of these big juicy links in a pound to furnish the meat for a nutritious, satisfying meal for four people—a meal that helps you "share the meat."

**SAVE TIME—FUEL!** Swift's Premium Frankfurts need to be heated (not cooked) only 7 minutes. This saves cooking fuel and your time.

**ELIMINATE WASTE!** There's not an ounce lost in shrinkage or waste. Every bit of meat you pay for is eaten.

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# LIFE'S REPORTS

## HOW A SOLDIER FACES FEAR

This report is an attempt to explain the nature of, and the remedy for, fear. It is a condensation of an article published in this month's authoritative *Infantry Journal*. This article is part of a forthcoming book on military psychology prepared under the direction of a committee of the National Research Council.

The first battle, the first experience of having an enemy machine gun aimed at you, the first time an airplane swoops low to lay its deadly eggs in your particular patch of ground—that is an experience anticipated by the young soldier with mingled dread and eagerness. He is eager by that time to get at the enemy. He has learned a great deal about the science of war and wants to use this knowledge to wipe out the enemy and gain victory. But he always wonders—every man does—just how he will behave when that time comes. If he is honest with himself, he knows he will be scared—terrified.

The experienced soldier who has been through all this the first time and many other times has found out for certain that every man going into battle is scared. His hands tremble, his throat is dry, he must swallow constantly because his "heart is in his mouth." He does idiotic things like looking at his watch every few seconds or examining his rifle a hundred times to be sure it is loaded.

The bad moments do not come during actual combat, however, but in the time of tense waiting just before. As soon as the frightened man is able to go into action, his fright is apt to be dispelled or forgotten because he is too busy fighting to remember it.

Encounters with the enemy are most terrifying when they are unfamiliar. As the soldier becomes used to gunfire, to explosions, to the sight and odor of death, he gradually acquires the power to meet these things more stoically. He does not actually lose his fear, but he learns to ignore it sufficiently to keep his attention mainly on the business of combat. And if he has in his trained hands a good weapon, this gives him a feeling of confidence—a sense of power.

Fear, when it is experienced, is intensely uncomfortable and seems often to be incapacitating. If the period of fright is prolonged, a man may feel that his nerves are "all shot" by it. It shatters morale. The soldier may be rooted to the spot, paralyzed or immobilized by fear. Nevertheless such awful moments before an attack, when each second seems an hour, may actually be useful to any soldier.

For fear is the body's preparation for action. The heart pounds faster, pumping blood more rapidly to the arms and legs and brain, where its oxygen is needed. The lungs do their part by quickened breathing. Blood pressure goes up. Adrenalin, which is nature's own "shot in the arm," is poured liberally into the blood stream. Sugar is released into the blood to act as fuel for the human fighting machine. Subtle changes in body chemistry, automatically effected by powerful emotion, serve to protect the soldier in action in ways he would never think of. He loses temporarily the sense of fatigue even though he may have been dog-tired.

It is sometimes difficult for a tense, frightened soldier to get started into combat—to begin the action that will relieve his fear. That part is taken care of by Army training and discipline. Months of training have taught the soldier to respond from habit to definite battle orders, even though in battle commands often cannot be given as in training. It has become second nature to him to carry out his own job as a member of the fighting team.

The fact that any action is so drilled in that it is mechanical helps when you are scared. No matter how distracted your mind may be by unfamiliar and terrifying sights and smells and sounds, you act from sheer force of habit. In fact, it is the habits which take care of a man whether or not he is too frightened to think clearly, like the habit of diving for cover when bombs come down.

### HOW TO FIGHT FEAR

1. *Action dispels fear—do something.* In the time of suspense when men are all ready for action but are waiting the signal to start, fear is at its height. If the period of waiting is to be prolonged—perhaps a delay until the weather changes—the time should be occupied with



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**GIRL:** Well, I may be dreaming... but from now on, I'll try to get a lot more copies from each sheet of Park Avenue before I throw it away!

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# LIFE'S REPORTS

(continued)

preparation for action. Fight fear with work—when expecting combat, when waiting on a raft for rescue, when waiting for enemy bombers to return.

2) *Physical contact with friends helps.* Men should, if possible, stick within sight in time of peril but not too bunched up for bombs or shells. Just the presence of another man not far off, when no word is spoken, minimizes fear.

3) *Roll calls help.* Men in peril should be reminded that they are not alone, that they are an integral part of a close-knit organization, that each is important to it. The artillery's "call out your numbers loud and strong" reassures each man that in the smoke of battle the others are still in their places, doing their parts. It also lets him know that the others, too, are keeping track of him. They will miss him if he is lost, will look for him. They are "all for one and one for all."

4) *Knowledge is power over fear.* Surprise is the most important element in battle. Thus men should be kept constantly informed of the dangers they may meet, of the weapons that may be used against them, of the tactics which the enemy uses. The known is never so fearful as the unknown.

5) *Control of action helps.* To be afraid does not mean that a man must act afraid. Fear is contagious when it is expressed in action. If a man goes to pieces and becomes panicky, he must be removed from the sight of the other men if that is at all possible. It is each man's responsibility to control the signs of his own fear if he can, so as to spare the others. And if he can manage to act as though he were calm, he may actually become more calm. At any rate, the opposite is true: giving in to fear tends to increase it.

6) *Even statistics help.* It is reassuring to know that of all the men in an army comparatively few are killed. The chances that any one man will be among those mortally wounded in any one battle are relatively small.

## PROLONGED PERIL

Fear just before combat is not, however, the most trying fear that men in the armed forces must sometimes face. That is, after all, a thing of the moment, and men are helped to face it by the excitement of action.

There is another kind of fear that must be endured for days and weeks—perhaps months or years—if men are besieged, cut off from help, deprived of adequate defense. Then the ever-present peril from the enemy may be aggravated by the greater perils of disease, famine, exposure. And there may be little chance for action. Men in the present war have endured primitive sorts of hardships that would seem to be beyond human endurance—in Bataan, on Corregidor, alone on a rubber life raft for five weeks. This means terror mixed with despair. The misery cannot be relieved; it can only be endured. Then they must maintain sanity, courage and life itself by their ingenuity in originating occupations for hands and minds.

Men battling alone against the sea welcome a chance to learn something of navigation, to contrive means for keeping track of the directions and distances they are being carried by current and wind. They think of songs to sing and of games to play.

Nor may we forget the power of religious belief as an antidote to fear. When men get into a tight spot they pray. They pray hard and from the heart, and they feel better for it. Prayer works.

## FOOLHARDINESS IS NOT BRAVERY

Fear is nature's way of meeting in an all-out way an all-out emergency. It is useful in mobilizing all the body's resources. Obviously, prolonged fear is horribly fatiguing. Long periods of anxiety are damaging in the extreme. But fear within limits increases strength and endurance. There are a few men in every army who know no fear—just a few. But these men are not normal. They would be recognized by a psychiatrist as mentally deficient. They have a callousness of mind that makes them incapable of emotion.

Courage and fear are not opposites; they may fill the same breast at the same time. But armed with courage, no soldier need worry about his own fright. The coward, who must run when he is scared, is the one to dread terror.

None but the brave can afford to fear.



# It was back at Jack Higgins'



YES, it's Jack's first—a boy. And after Jack had got over the shock of being a father, he began to plan, as all of them do.

"What d'you think, Doc," he said, "suppose he'll make a doctor?"

"Could be," I said. "Though I'd wait till he got some hair and teeth before I decided for sure."

But shucks! Jack wasn't listening. By the time I left he'd had the kid governor—he's probably president by now!

President? Maybe. No telling what little Johnnie'll be when he grows up. But whatever it is, we're sure going to be needing men like him! There'll be jobs to do, designing

and building things for the future. Things like television, and air conditioning, and plastics, and what'll come after them.

This war is changing lots of things. We're just beginning to realize how big a job we've got ahead. But if the war's already showed us anything, it's that we couldn't begin to win if there hadn't been men with courage and vision to build factories and organizations big enough to make the weapons and equipment our boys in the Army and Navy need.

And it's showed us that if the factories can pour out war stuff the way they're doing today, afterwards they can turn out just as much to make peacetime living better.

So it's up to us to see that Johnnie has his chance, too. The chance to use all his initiative and gumption to produce something worth while. To give to the world as much as he gets. There's some *satisfaction* in a job like that! And that's the kind of a future I wish for little Johnnie Higgins! *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

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## LIFE'S PICTURES

The lively pictures of servicemen playing games at the Hotel Edison canteen (pp. 106-109) were made by Albert Fenn, 30-year-old New Yorker who has been taking pictures for 12 years. In his story on the Truman Committee (LIFE, Nov. 30) he collected sufficient documentary evidence in an hour and a half for the Government to use in its investigation. He has a young daughter, Margot Susan, word of whose birth reached him while he was flying to Detroit on a LIFE assignment.

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## EDDIE RICKENBACKER'S OWN STORY

**B**eginning in this issue, LIFE presents Captain Eddie Rickenbacker's own story of his adventures in the Pacific.

Rickenbacker's trip to the Pacific fronts was part of an important, continuing mission for Secretary of War Stimson. His job is to visit the battlefronts where Army fliers are in action and make a study of all aspects of the air fighting. Thus he serves as a kind of civilian inspector-general for American air forces all over the world.

Rickenbacker's plane was lost on Oct. 21 on a flight from Hawaii. Cast adrift with nothing but four oranges for eight men, he and his companions floated for 21 days on rubber rafts before they were picked up.

This narrow escape is only the latest in the life of an American hero who has lived close to death ever since he was a daredevil racing driver in his 'teens. In World War I Rickenbacker shot down 26 German planes, a record which has

not yet been equalled by any American ace of World War II. In 1941 he was so badly hurt in a Georgia airplane crash that doctors doubted he would live.

The first installment of Captain Rickenbacker's story begins on next page. Two more installments will appear in succeeding weeks. At Captain Rickenbacker's request LIFE is paying him nothing for the story but instead is making a contribution to the Army Air Forces Aid Society.



## CREW AND PASSENGERS ON RICKENBACKER'S PLANE



**CHERRY**, Capt. William T., Jr., 27, of Abilene, Texas, pilot, was once airline pilot.



**ADAMSON**, Col. Hans Christian, 52, of Washington, was chosen by Rickenbacker as his aide on the mission. An old friend of Rick's, he was the oldest member of the party.



**WHITTAKER**, Lieut. James, 41, of Burlingame, Calif., copilot, was in ferry command.



**DE ANGELIS**, Lieut. John, 23, of Nesquehoning, Pa., navigator, is Citadel graduate.



**KACZMARCZYK**, Sgt. Alexander T., 22, of Torrington, Conn., enlisted in 1939.

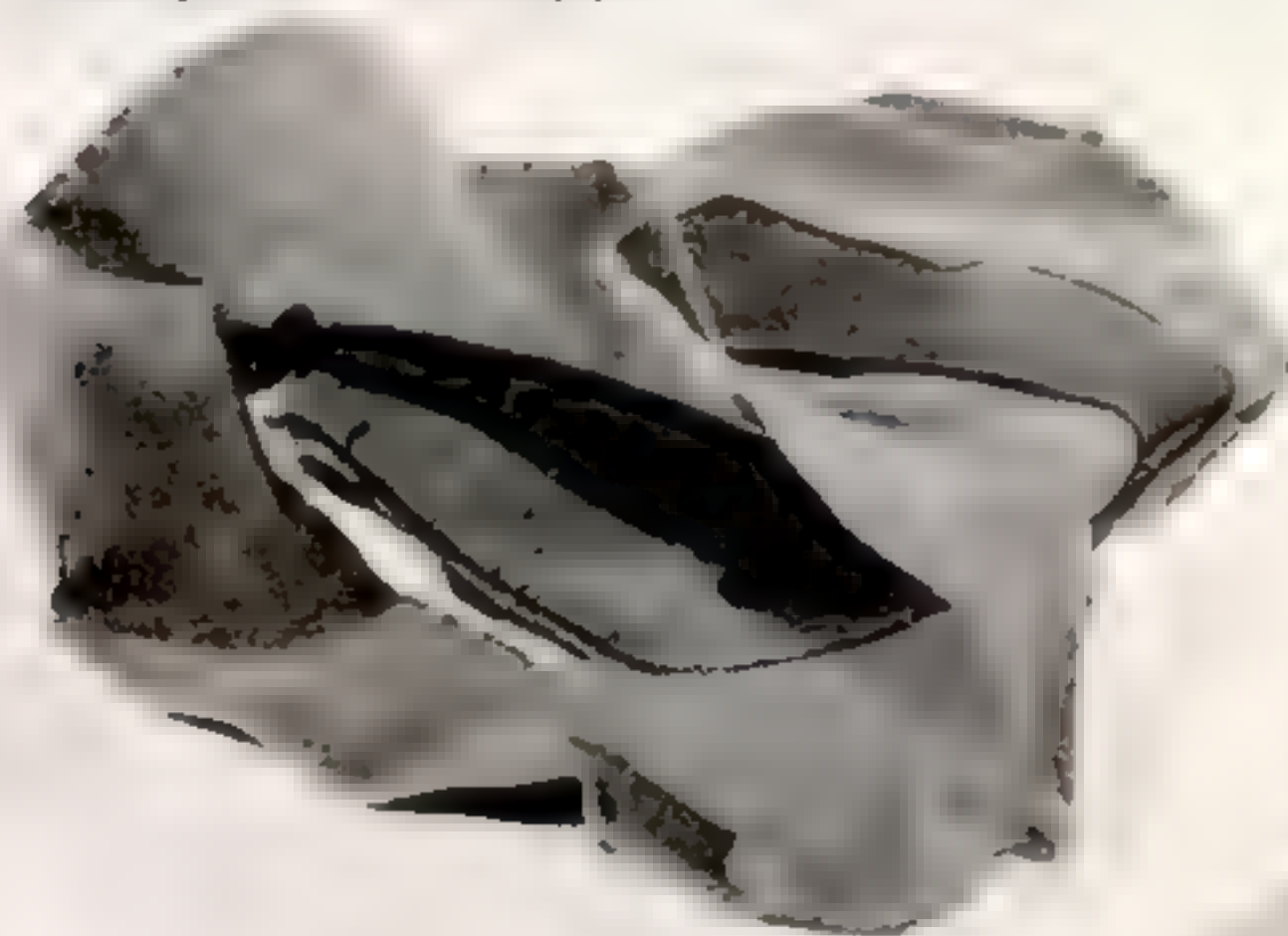


**BARTEK**, Sgt. John, 21, of Freehold, N. J., engineer, re-enlisted in Army year ago.



**REYNOLDS**, Sgt. James, 25, of Fort Jones, Calif., radioman, was in the ferry command.

## RICKENBACKER'S RELICS



**SEA-WATER CORROSION**, left "Captain Eddie's" personal possessions in this condition after 21 days on raft. Rescued with



him were his battered old felt hat which shaded him from the glare of the sun and which he used to bail, his shoes, a crucifix



he has carried since 1917, a certificate of honorary membership in the Elks and his folder of water-soaked traveler's checks.



# PACIFIC MISSION

## PART I: IN WHICH EIGHT MEN ARE CAST ADRIFT IN MID-PACIFIC ON RUBBER RAFTS

by CAPTAIN EDWARD V. RICKENBACKER

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**B**y way of preface, I wish one point to be understood: what follows is almost all out of memory. I made no notes during our 21 days of drifting on the Pacific, and even if I had had paper for making them, the salt water and sweat which dissolved everything dissolvable would have left nothing but a pulp. Therefore the sequence of events may be rather uncertain. What I may remember as happening on one day or another may, by my companions' recollections, have happened earlier or later. But such discrepancies, if they exist, are unimportant. My instinct then was not to remember but to live.

Again, men place different values on experiences shared together. What stirred or depressed me may have seemed inconsequential to the others. While I sit in a Rockefeller Plaza office which I have all to myself and where a push on a buzzer will summon nearly anything I need, much of what I went through on that ridiculously small raft now seems almost irrelevant. It is like trying to remember being dead.

The beginnings of this episode on the Pacific go back to last March when Lieut. General Henry H. Arnold, chief of the Army Air Forces and an old friend, asked me to visit the various combat units being assembled in this country for overseas action. It was his idea that the new generation of American air fighters would profit from the knowledge of combat psychology that had come to me in the last war. This I was honored to do. The results were evidently useful enough to induce Secretary of War Stimson to offer me a worldwide mission to inspect U. S. air combat groups, both fighter and bomber, in all theaters of war. The assignment called for a report on the comparative values of U. S. aircraft and those of the enemy, together with my own opinions on air-fighting techniques. I was to be paid \$1 a day, and at the request of Mr. Stimson I was appointed special consultant to him. This gave me the independence I wanted. In a way, I was the people's representative on American airpower.

The European mission carried me to England, Ireland and Iceland. It was kept secret until I returned to Washington, early in October, to make my report. Five or six days later, I headed into the Pacific. Here, as in the Atlantic area, my assignment was to visit the combat air bases, question the commanding officers, pilots and ground crews, and make up my mind as to the good and bad. It was on this trip that I ran into trouble.

### Flight to Hawaii

Accompanying me as aide, besides providing the necessary amount of gold braid to satisfy protocol, was an old friend—Colonel Hans Adamson. I have known him since he was aide to F. Trubee Davison, Assistant Secretary of War for Air in Hoover's Cabinet.

Adamson and I flew from New York to Los Angeles on the night of Oct. 17, where I stopped only long enough to visit my mother, now in her 80th year. Next evening I continued to San Fran-

cisco and 24 hours later we met again aboard a Pan American Clipper, bound for Hawaii. It was a fine flight, putting us down in Honolulu on the morning of Oct. 20, in the record time of 15 hours.

My principal destinations were Australia, New Guinea and Guadalcanal. I wanted to go on that same night. Lieut. General Delos C. Emmons, commander of the Hawaiian Department, had been advised by Mr. Stimson of my coming. I talked with his staff and they showed me the Air Force units, and by evening I was ready to leave. Brig. General William L. Lynd, commanding officer of Hickam Field, promised to have a ship ready by 10:30 p. m. I had hoped for a converted B-24 bomber, because it is roomier, but the only long-range four-engine plane available was a tactically obsolete Boeing Flying Fortress which had been earmarked for return to the U. S. for training uses.

I asked General Lynd about the crew. He assured me they were experienced men, all members of the Army Air Transport Command, several with airline experience.

That night General Lynd drove Colonel Adamson and myself to Hickam Field. Our bags went into the cabin, followed by a dozen sacks of high-priority mail for the different headquarters enroute. I was told there would be an extra passenger—Sergeant Alexander Kaczmarczyk, a ground crew chief. He had been taken off a transport because he had yellow jaundice, and while recovering from this, had come down with appendicitis. Now he was enroute to Australia to rejoin his unit.

We got going. The plane was making 80 m. p. h. on the flat when I felt it lunge to the left, and saw the dark shadows of the hangars rushing up. The thought crossed my mind: "Hickam gets another blitz and Rickenbacker's part of it." The pilot, by clever manipulation of the engines, managed to swing back onto the runway. By the time he reached the end of the field, the speed had worn off enough for him to risk a violent ground loop, which saved us from plunging into the bay.

A broken hydraulic line on the starboard brake system was at fault. Captain Cherry, the pilot, was too young to walk when I commanded the pursuit squadron on the Western Front. But he was happy-go-lucky like so many Texans are. He brushed off the accident, saying: "We got more of these, Captain. The crew and I will stand by until another plane is ready." I thought: "Well, it had better not be like the first."

General Lynd drove me back to his quarters and shortly after midnight word came that another ship, also a Flying Fortress, was ready. The baggage and mail were already aboard and General Lynd had thoughtfully added a cot for Adamson and myself. I asked Captain Cherry about the weather ahead. High scattered clouds, he answered, but clear—"an uneventful flight," was the forecast.

And so it was—through the first nine hours. Off at 1:30 a. m., Oct. 21, we squared away on the course for Island X, 1,800 miles or so to the southwest. The night was beautiful—high, thin clouds,

a three-quarter moon. I sat for an hour in the cockpit, enjoying the night and the small talk, then walked aft to the tail for a few hours' sleep, Col. Adamson joining me. By then we were at 10,000 ft. and although I had a blanket around me, and a trench coat, I was cold and slept only in snatches.

At 6:30 daylight broke. I had orange juice and coffee from the thermos jugs, and a sweet roll. Forward in the cockpit everything seemed serene. Captain Cherry said we were due to make our landfall at 9:30 a. m.

An hour before that time Cherry started downhill, gliding from 9,000 to 1,000 ft. That was when we started to look for our island. We kept on looking and I, for one, have yet to see it.

### How we lost our way

The sun climbed high in the port quarter, and while the clouds were heavier, huge stretches of blue sky showed between. At 10:15 a. m., three-quarters of an hour beyond the expected arrival time, Captain Cherry was still holding to the original course. I asked how much gas he had. "A little over four hours," he said. I was sitting directly behind him. In fact, I was glued there, because a wholly unreasonable premonition that we were in trouble had lodged in my mind. In a little while I asked how much tailwind we were supposed to have. The answer was about ten miles.

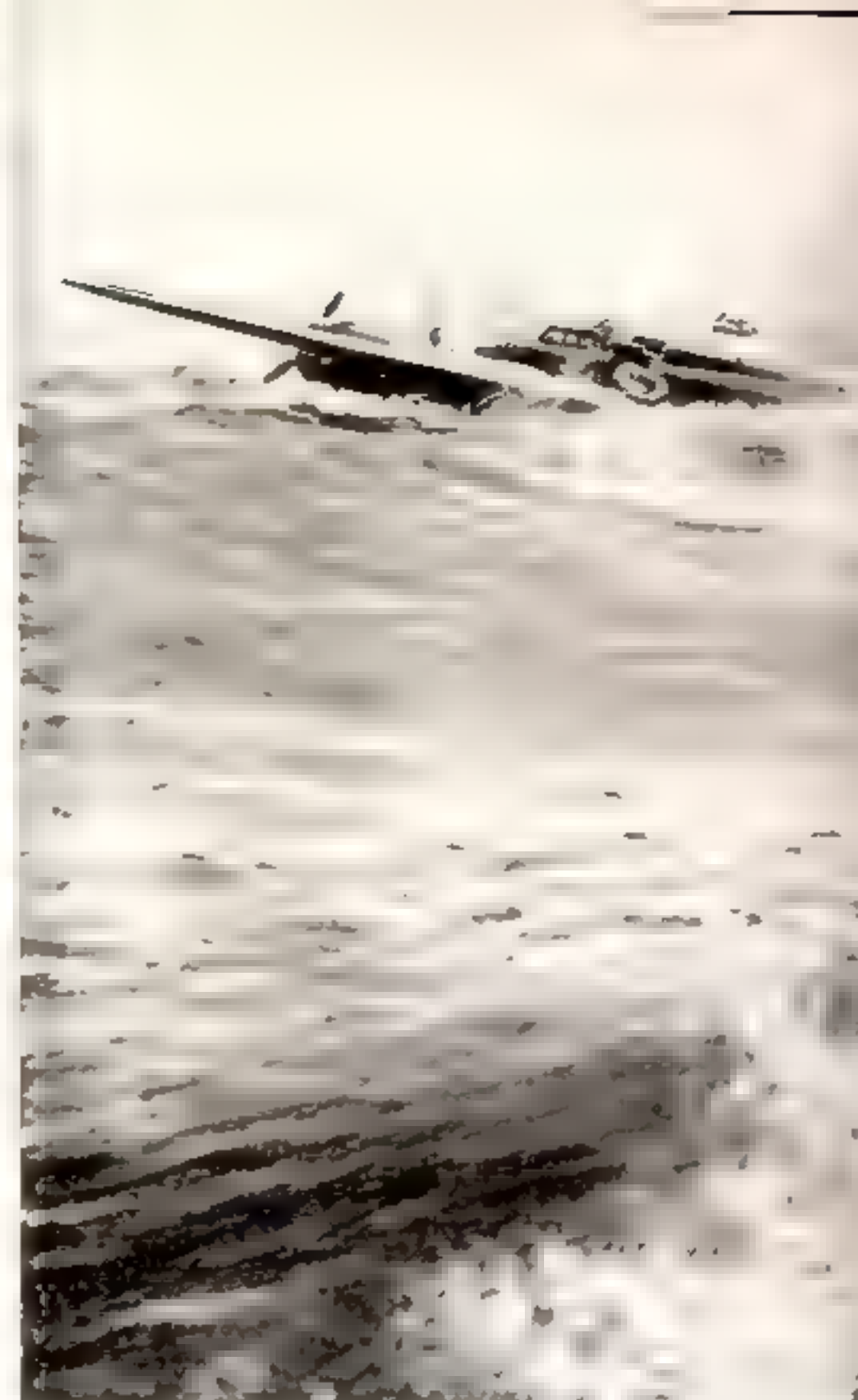
Call it hindsight, if you want, since I certainly had no way of telling, but I was sure we had been flying faster than we knew. Inside me the feeling grew that we had overshot the mark and were moving away from it, into the open Pacific. One daybreak weeks later, in the cockpit of another bomber bound for Brisbane, Australia, I was to learn how it happened. The officer beside me then mentioned casually that he had been navigator on an airplane that had left Hickam Field, bound for the same Island X, just an hour before we did. He too had been given the same tailwind forecast, but a check on his speed had convinced him it was three times as strong and he had corrected accordingly.

It was our bad luck not to be aware of this. At the speed we were making, the airplane must have been beyond Island X before Captain Cherry started downhill. All this time the radio operator was in routine contact with Island X, and the navigator, in the astro-hatch, was trying to shoot the sun. About 10:30 o'clock I suggested to the pilot that he ask Island X for bearings. Island X replied it couldn't give us a bearing—it had no equipment. So we tried Island Y, another U. S. outpost, some distance east and north of the first. Island Y instructed us to climb to 5,000 ft. and circle for 30 minutes, sending out a radio signal, while they took a bearing. This we did. They supplied us with a compass course, which meant nothing; we could be on it, yet a thousand miles below or above the island. Nevertheless, we let down through the cloud layer and lined up on the new course which took us west. We flew on, at better than three miles





INSIDE THE PLANE THE MEN BRACE THEMSELVES FOR THE SHOCK OF LANDING AT SEA. RICKENBACHER SITS AT RIGHT



CAPTAIN WILLIAM CHERRY BRINGS THE PLANE SKILFULLY

## PACIFIC MISSION (continued)

a minute, but all we saw was water and more water.

It was plain now that we were lost, and the first slight signs of nervousness appeared in the crew. The young navigator, after half a dozen first-class Pacific crossings, was baffled by his failure. Then the only possible explanation occurred to him: his octant, which had been on the navigation table, must have been badly jarred when the first airplane ground-looped at Hickam Field. This alone could have thrown his observations off—perhaps by several degrees. So it is probable that the positions subsequently obtained were erroneous. It is easy then to understand how we could have passed the island far to the left or right.

I present these facts not in criticism but in ex-

planation. Whoever travels in war must expect risks. Weather and radio aids that are commonplace in commercial air transport do not yet exist in the Pacific; nor is there always time for thorough inspection. If the Army had waited for prissy safeguards there would be no American airpower in the Pacific today.

### We get "island eyes"

There was nothing to do but fall back on the last resort of the lost and box the compass. I shall not dwell on the details of this. We used every which way we could. We were not at all prepared for the aircraft guns, setting the shells to burst at 7,000 ft., well above the cloud level. We also asked them to send out planes, on the chance they

might see us, or we them. Both were done, but although we rose to 8,000 ft. and circled we saw nothing.

In due time, like all others lost on the Pacific, we got what airmen call "island eyes." You see land because you want to see it and have to see it, and with all of us at the windows, every cloud shadow momentarily held the promise of land.

Captain Cherry, coming down low over the sea, leaned the mixture, but our time and gasoline were running out. The radio operator kept calling for bearings, hoping that someone would be able to take a cross bearing on us. At 1:30 p.m. Captain Cherry turned east, doubling back on his tracks. The clouds were thinning out and he climbed back to 5,000 ft. to see better, and to save gasoline he

DAY AFTER BLISTERING DAY THE THREE RAFTS, LINKED BY A ROPE, FLOAT ON A GLASSY SEA. CAPTAIN CHERRY, WHITTAKER AND REYNOLDS ARE SPRAWLED IN THE LEADING RAFT.







INTO THE TROUGH OF A WAVE AND UP AGAINST THE SWELL



FROM THEIR THREE RAFTS MEN WATCH THE FORTRESS'S TAIL SWING UPRIGHT, THEN SLIDE QUICKLY OUT OF SIGHT

cut out the two outboard engines. The only hope now was to find a ship. After talking to Captain Cherry I wrote out a radio message saying one hour's fuel remained—the last message heard by anyone. The operator started to pound out SOS and he did not stop until a second or two before the plane hit. No one heard it.

The fact that the SOS went unacknowledged meant that in addition to our not knowing where we were, none of the islands from which a search might be started knew, either. And that, I remarked to Adamson, was a hell of a fine basis for rescue operations.

Realizing what we were in for, I found myself studying my companions. Other than Adamson, they were strangers. Adamson was three months older than I, and I had had my 32nd birthday in

Scotland, a few weeks before. In his youth Hans had been an explorer, but like me he had become a desk man and paper shuffler. Too old to fight but familiar with war, he and I were not expected to face hardships or risks; these were for younger men.

In the moments before the crash, Hans, too, must have been thinking hard, because he said, with a grim smile, "Rick, I hope you like the sea. I think we're going to spend a long time on it."

#### A look at the crew

As for the crew, the oldest man was the copilot, Lieut. Whittaker, a heavy-set, self-assured fellow of about 40. All that I knew about him came from a few remarks he had dropped—that he had been

a contractor and promoter in civilian life, and before joining the Air Force had done most of his flying in private airplanes. The navigator, Lieutenant De Angelis, was only 23, he was a short, wiry, thoughtful kid, with black curly hair. Private Bartek, the flight engineer, was the same age. Sergeant Reynolds, the radioman, was a tall, skinny chap, several years older, with an air of quiet competence.

Then there was the extra man—Sergeant Alex. He had had little to say, and studying him I thought he looked frail. As for Captain Cherry, I knew nothing about him either, except that he had been a copilot on American Airlines. Only 27, he had the gay and buoyant disposition of most airmen. In the cynical way of an older man who had had his share of trouble, I thought, "Well,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

RICKENBACHER SITS IN THE SECOND WITH COL. ADAMSON AND BARTEK. BEHIND THEM IN THE LITTLE RAFT ARE DE ANGELIS AND ALEX. SHARKS FOLLOWED THEM CONSTANTLY





my young friend, your cowboy boots and goatee are going to look pretty damn funny in the middle of the Pacific."

The last minutes ran out fast. The instant Cherry wheeled east all of us accepted the inevitability of a crash landing. We made ready to throw overboard everything that was movable. I helped Sergeant Alex pry open the bottom hatch in the tail and between us we dumped all that high-priority mail into the blue Pacific. Then the tool box, the cots, the blankets, the empty thermos bottles, a brand-new Burberry coat I had bought only a few weeks before in London, and all the baggage, including a beautiful suitcase that the boys and girls of Eastern Air Lines had given me for Christmas two years before. I had frugally removed a spare bridge that my dentist had just made for me, but after a second's deliberation I threw that away too. After it went my briefcase, bulging with papers of which no copies existed—papers that I had considered important. Let the moment come when nothing is left but life and you will find that you do not hesitate over the fate of material possessions, however deeply they may have been cherished.

## Make ready to crash

We made all possible preparations for the crash. The remaining thermos bottles were filled with water and coffee. With the emergency rations, which were stowed in a small metal box, they were piled on the deck in the radio compartment, just below the hatch from which we planned to leave. Sergeant Alex dumped half a can of condensed milk into a thermos jug, saying, "I've got to have cream in my coffee." Poor Alex, he had already had his last coffee and cream that morning. Adamson suggested maybe we'd better drink our fill of water, but I advised against it, thinking we might need it more later on. As Adamson was later to remind me, that was probably the worst advice he had ever been given.

Before dumping the suitcase, I had snatched out a handful of handkerchiefs, including three handsome ones—a blue, a gray and a brown—that Mrs. Rickenbacker had bought for me some years ago in Paris. I had a hunch then they might be useful in protecting us from the sun. I also broke open a couple of cartons of cigarettes, passing the packages around, keeping two or three for myself. Adamson, Sergeant Alex and De Angelis had meanwhile propped the mattresses against the bulkheads, to cushion the shock if we were thrown forward. All of us, by then, had put on Mae West life-jackets.

Lean as the mixture was, the two engines ran sweetly, but our ears were listening for the first dry splutter. There were eight of us, and if the plane survived the crash, we could count on three life rafts. Two were so-called five-man rafts in compartments on opposite sides of the plane, which Bartek was to expel by pulling levers in the cockpit. There was also a two-man raft rolled up in the radio compartment. This was placed with the little pile of seagoing rations.

We had worked out a plan for abandoning ship, even to the point of assigning stations on the rafts. The Fortress is, of course a land plane, weighing about 25 tons. Many have been force-landed at sea in this war, and while a few had stayed afloat longer, Cherry could not safely count on more than 30 to 60 seconds. So we'd have to be quick. Unwilling to burden myself, yet fearful of leaving something indispensable behind, I rummaged through my remaining possessions. I stuffed the map inside my shirt; my passport and the official papers that Mr. Stimson had given me I stowed in an inside pocket. A frugal instinct caused me to pocket a chocolate bar, and to salvage a 60-ft. length of line, which I wound around my body. The last thing I did before sitting down was to help Sergeant Alex loosen the hatch, lest it be jammed in the crash.

Somebody brought back word that Cherry was starting down. The plane dipped into a long glide. Adamson was sitting on the deck, his back braced against one of the mattresses. De Angelis was lying on the floor, pressed against the other. Sergeant Reynolds was at his little desk, watching the busy dials on the panel, while his

fingers played out the SOS that no one ever heard. Squatting behind him was Sergeant Alex. I was on the right-hand side, strapped in the seat, holding a parachute to protect my face. From the window I could see the ocean coming closer. For the first time I realized that it was quite rough, with a long, heavy swell.

The others kept asking "How much longer?" and I kept answering "Not yet, not yet." The pilots, Cherry and Whittaker, were, of course, forward and Bartek was standing behind the latter, with his hands on the levers for springing the big rafts. Somebody across from me said, "Only 50 ft. left." And an instant later one engine cleared its throat, choked and died. "Hold on," I shouted. "Here it comes." Reynolds bent his head, but he did not take his hand off the key.

The crash was a violent jumble of sounds and motions. Only once before had I ever heard such sounds: that was when I crashed at Atlanta. Pieces of the radio equipment bolted to the bulkhead flew about like shrapnel. A moment later, while we were still stunned from the first crash, a second one came and with that the plane lost motion. I doubt if from where the belly first grazed the water to where we stopped dead was more than 50 ft. As I struggled to unfasten myself, green water was pouring over my legs and down my back. The window beside me had been broken and the topside hatch had carried away. The whole Pacific Ocean seemed to be rushing in.

But it was a wonderful landing, timed to the second. Young Cherry laid his airplane down in the middle of a trough, and killed her off against the waning slope of a swell. Had he miscalculated by two seconds and hit the crest, I would not be telling this now. The Fortress would have gone straight on to the bottom of the sea.

Adamson staggered to his feet, moaning about his back. Sergeant Alex and De Angelis looked all right, but Sergeant Reynolds had his hands to his face and blood was running through his fingers. He had been jerked against the radio panel. When he took his hands away I saw a bloody gaping slash across his nose. I heard Bartek yell that the rafts were free. Then the two pilots splashed aft to give us a hand.

All of us were badly shaken up and it seemed to take forever for us to clear out. Adamson and I being supercargo, the crew insisted we go first. I stood on the arm of the seat and hauled myself through the hatch, while the others shoved from below. Once on the wing I was able to give them a hand. Bartek, who had escaped through the forward hatch, was already on the wing, which was barely awash. The two rafts, which had automatically inflated themselves when expelled, were buoyant on the swell, one on each side of the plane. But the line holding mine had become fouled, and in trying to free it, Bartek had cut his fingers to the bone. Blood reddened everything he touched.

## All aboard the rafts

"So this," I thought, "is the placid Pacific." The swells were twice as high as I am tall, which is tall enough, and with the submerged plane surging and heaving from crest to trough, it was hard to keep a footing. With Bartek's help, I managed to free my raft and work it alongside the wing so that Adamson, who was in great pain from his hurt back, could slide down. Bartek crawled in next. When I tried to coil my 185-lb. frame in the stern, there wasn't enough room left for a midget.

Cherry, Whittaker and Sergeant Reynolds were already clear in the other big raft; but the two-man affair was upside down, and Alex and De Angelis were splashing wildly in the water, trying to push it back to the wing. It had tipped over when Alex stepped in, throwing both him and the other man overboard. They managed to right it and get aboard. By that time I was in difficulty. Before I could break out the two little aluminum oars secured to the inside of my raft, a swell had washed us against the tail of the Fortress and we just missed being overturned. As it was, the raft filled with water.

I really don't know how long it took us to do all these things, but we were quicker than we thought.

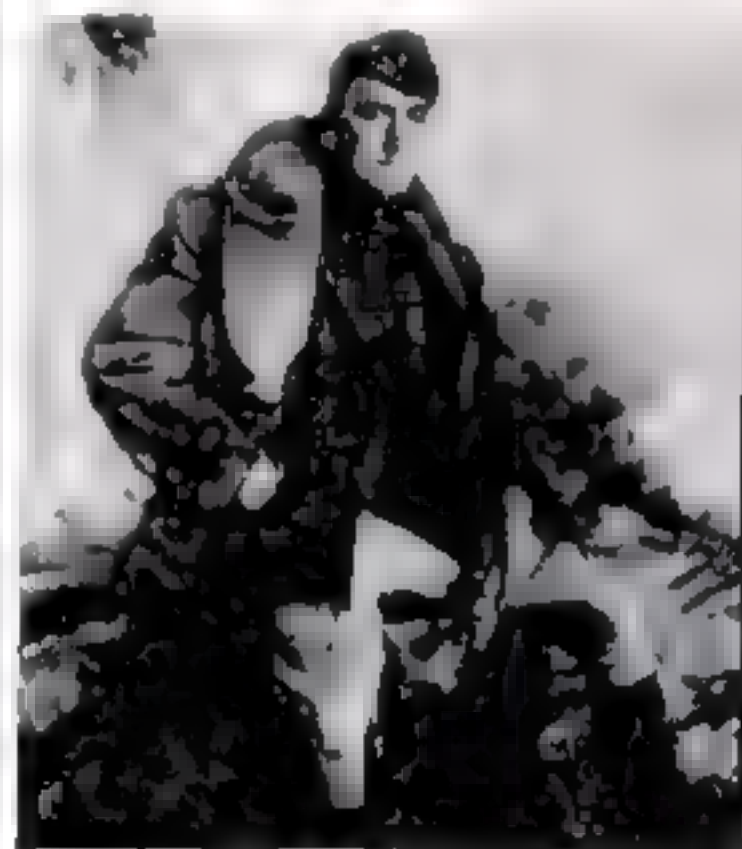
## THE CAREER OF



**HIS MOTHER**, left a widow with seven children, has been a lifelong influence.



**AS A SERGEANT** in World War I, he served a Pershing as chauffeur in France.



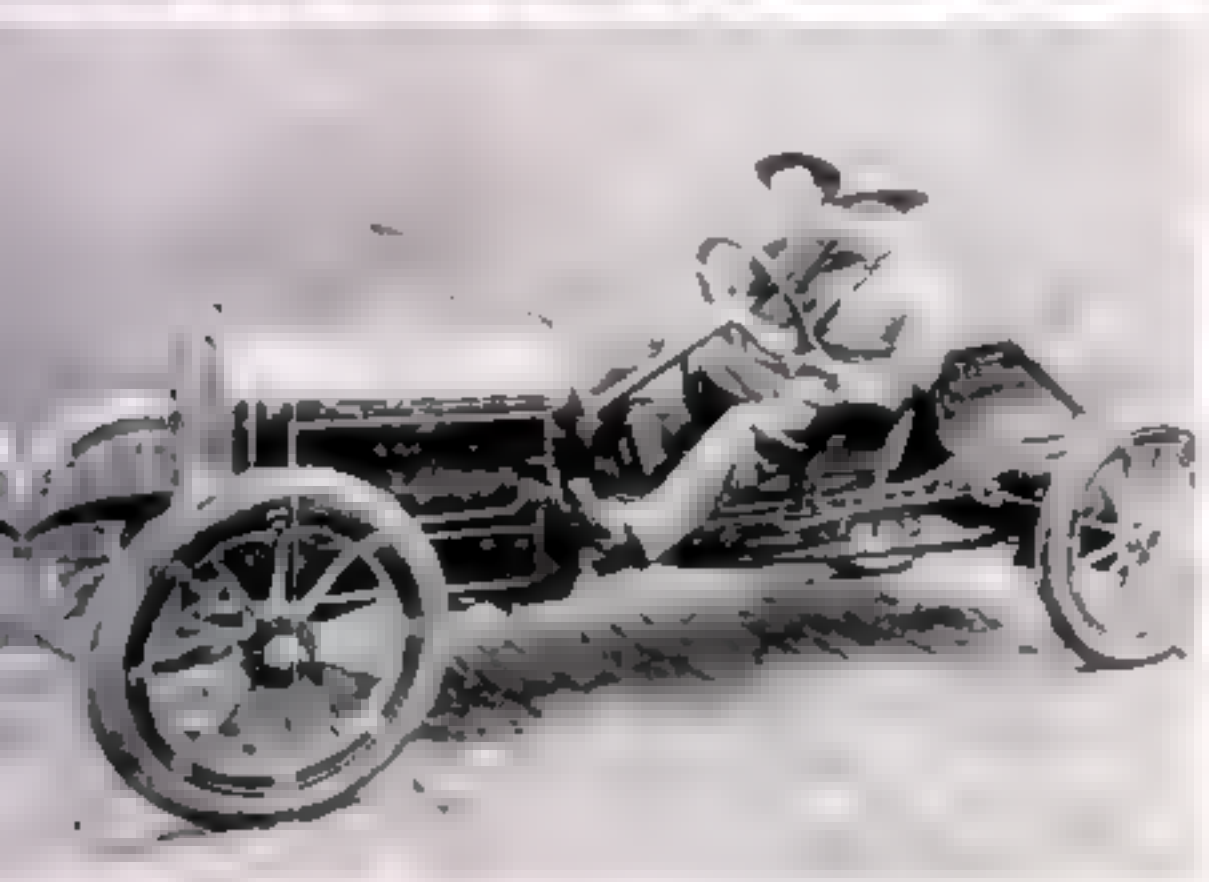
**PORTRAIT** by Howard Chandler Christy was done partly from girl model.



**DOCTOR** of Aeronautical Science degree was given by Penn. Military in 1938.



# EDDIE RICKENBACKER FROM RACING DRIVER TO HEAD OF AIRLINE



**AS A RACING DRIVER**, Ruck's motto was "Get out in front and drive like hell." This Firestone Columbia was one of his first cars.



**HIS FIRST WRECK** occurred in 1915 when he went through a fence in a Renault. As a racer, Ruck was almost as great a hero as DePauw and Orfield.



**IN 1915** Ruck drove this Duesenberg. He earned \$40,000 in his first year of racing.



**AS COMMANDER** of the famous "Hat-in-the-Ring" Squadron, Rickenbacker poses beside his Spad. Ten months after going to France, he got his first German prize.



**A LITTLE FAINT**, Ruck has just lost part of the upper wing in power dive.



**THIS GERMAN FOKKER** was bagged by Ruck near Montauk on October 19, 1918. He downed eleven of his countrymen in that month.



**AUTOMOBILE INDUSTRY** honored him at the old Waldorf in 1919. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, is at right of Ruck.



**HERO'S RETURN** was headed by 50,000 people as Ruck rode triumphantly through Los Angeles streets in this parade of flowers in 1919.



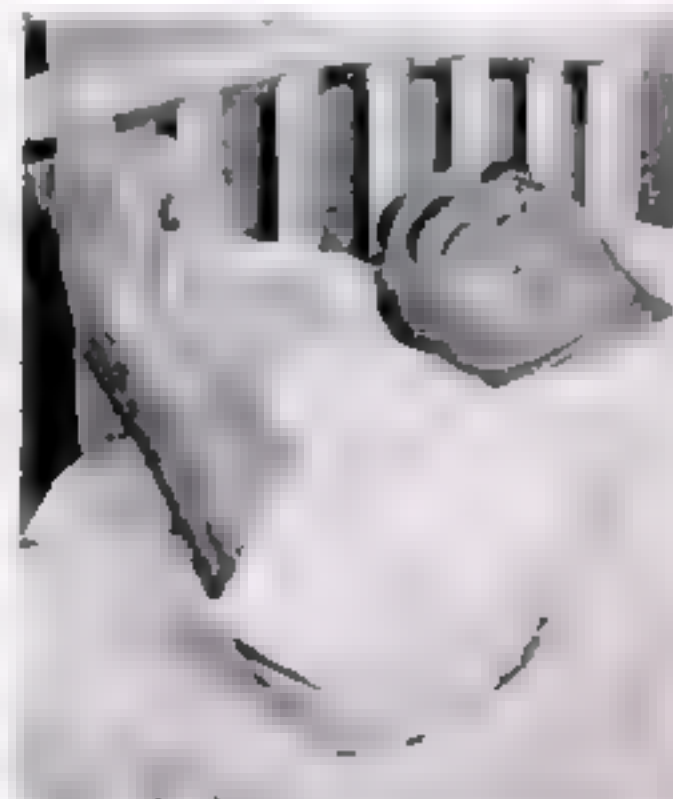
**RICKENBACKER CAR** 1921 did not sell well, but it was a success with innovations as four-wheel brakes.



**AS PRESIDENT** of Eastern Air Lines, Rickenbacker presides over a directors' meeting in Miami that includes such men as Harold Vanderbilt, far right, and Laurance Rockefeller, second from right.



**TRANSPORT CRASH** in Georgia pines on Feb. 27, 1941, took seven lives. Ruck suffered broken hip, fractured ribs.



**"THUMBS UP"** sign is given while he recovers in Atlanta.



## PACIFIC MISSION (continued)

Although deep down, the Fortress was still afloat. A good deal of shouting was going on between the rafts, and after we had drifted 50 yards or so downwind, somebody called out: "Who has the water?"

No one had it. No one had the rations, either.

I am quite sure that none of us wholly understood, then, what this meant. Life by itself seemed the most adequate of rations. If it seems odd that we should have left the food and water after all the careful preparations, I can only say that the shock and confusion, the hurt men, the rough seas, the trouble with the rafts, drove the thought of them out of mind. By the time the last man got out, the water was feet deep inside the plane; the pile of things we had collected was somewhere underneath, scattered by the crash. After arguing back and forth, we decided not to re-enter the plane, lest somebody get caught inside when it sank. This was another mistake. The Fortress stayed afloat nearly six minutes. I was bailing with my hat when I heard a shout: "There she goes." The tail swung upright, in true ship's fashion, hesitated, then slid quickly out of sight.

By my watch it was 2:36 p.m. on the afternoon of Oct. 21.

The line around my waist was now put to good use. Because the wind and seas were fast sweeping the rafts apart, I called the others in and, fastening the rope to the hand lines around the rafts, we formed a line astern, 20 ft. or so apart. Cherry being captain, his raft was first, mine was second and the two-man raft brought up the rear. The arrangement had its drawbacks. In the heavy swell, as the rafts rose and fell at their different

intervals, the interminable uneven shocks on the line made rest impossible. But I shall always believe that had we separated, few if any of us would now be alive. A strong man may last a long time alone but men together somehow manage to last longer.

My memory of that first afternoon is not wholly clear. The spray and the green water coming over the roll of the raft kept us soaked, and I bailed for hours with my hat—my wonderful old hat. This gave me exercise, besides keeping me from thinking too much.

### Food supply: four oranges

Some time during the afternoon we totted up our possessions. The only food was four oranges that Cherry had stuffed in his pocket just before the crash, together with the chocolate bar that I had and a half a dozen more that Alex had, which an Army doctor had given him the day before. The chocolate was never eaten. Alex's was ruined by his thrashing around in the water and he had to throw it away. Next day, when I felt in the pocket for mine, it had become a green mush, which neither I nor my companions would touch.

So, except for the oranges, we started with nothing. But knowing that a man can live a long time without food or water, I was more worried over the shortage of clothing. Only Adamson and I were fully dressed. He had his uniform and cap and I had on a blue summer-weight business suit, complete with necktie, pocket handkerchief, and refillable pencil. The others, expecting to swim, had taken off their shoes and hats before abandoning ship. None had hats or sweaters, but the two pilots had their leather jackets.

Several had even thrown their socks away. Bartek, in fact, was naked except for a one-piece jumper.

I may have forgotten an item or two, but these were our total possessions: a first-aid kit, 18 flares and one Very pistol for firing them; two hand pumps for both bailing and renewing the air in the rafts; two service sheath knives; a pair of pliers; a small pocket compass; two revolvers belonging to Cherry and Adamson; two collapsible rubber bailing buckets; three sets of patching gear, one for each raft; several pencils; and my map of the Pacific. We all had cigarettes, but the salt water got to these immediately, and they were thrown away. And, finally, Reynolds produced two fish lines, with hooks attached, which he had snatched from a parachute bag after the crash. But there was no bait, and unless we managed to shoot down a gull, our chances of "living off the country" were decidedly thin.

But that first afternoon no one was conscious of our poverty; we were too exhausted to care. Three or four of the boys were violently seasick and I didn't feel any too comfortable myself, although I never reached the point of vomiting. Adamson was in agony from his wrenched back; every jerk of the boat, he said, felt as if someone was kicking him in the kidneys. But I was more worried about Sergeant Alex, in the little raft astern. Long after the others had stopped, he continued to retch. "What's the matter with him?" I called to De Angelis. "I don't know," answered De Angelis, "he must have swallowed a lot of salt water when we tipped over."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

EDWARD V. RICKENBACKER  
NEW YORK CITY

January 7, 1943

To the Editors of Life

I have written the story of my Pacific Mission, partly because I feel that the story should be told - partly to help a good cause. I would like the proceeds of this story in Life to go to the Army Air Forces Aid Society, and accept your offer to contribute \$25,000. to this splendid charity.

At the same time, I should like to commend this cause to all readers of my story. The Army Air Forces Aid Society is a trust fund set up to help families of the U. S. Air Forces personnel after the war.

It has been my duty and privilege, during the past months, to visit many of the fronts where the men of the Army Air Forces are in action. Their magnificent spirit, their willingness to fight, bleed and die, deserves the best we can do for them.

These men of the Army Air Forces know the risks they run. They have plenty to worry about in carrying out their own duties. There is one thing they should not have to worry about - the future welfare of their families. The least we can do for these men is to give them assurance that, no matter what happens to them, their families will be taken care of.

No greater contribution can be made by any of us to the winning of this war than to give voluntarily to the Army Air Forces Aid Society, 703 Maritime Building, 1818 H Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. This will do more than anything else to inspire our men to deeds of even greater heroism and the ever swifter destruction of the enemy.

*Edward V. Rickenbacker*  
E. V. Rickenbacker

## RICKENBACKER GIVES TO AIR FUND

Captain Rickenbacker refused any payment for the story of his Pacific Mission and asked instead that LIFE make a contribution to the Army Air Forces Aid Society. The picture below shows him presenting LIFE's check to Mrs. Henry H. Arnold, wife of General Arnold and Vice President of the Society.

The Army Air Forces Aid Society is a trust fund set up to help Air Force personnel and their dependents after the war. It will aid the families of men killed or wounded in service and provide for their children's education. Also it will help Air Force men and their dependents to secure jobs.

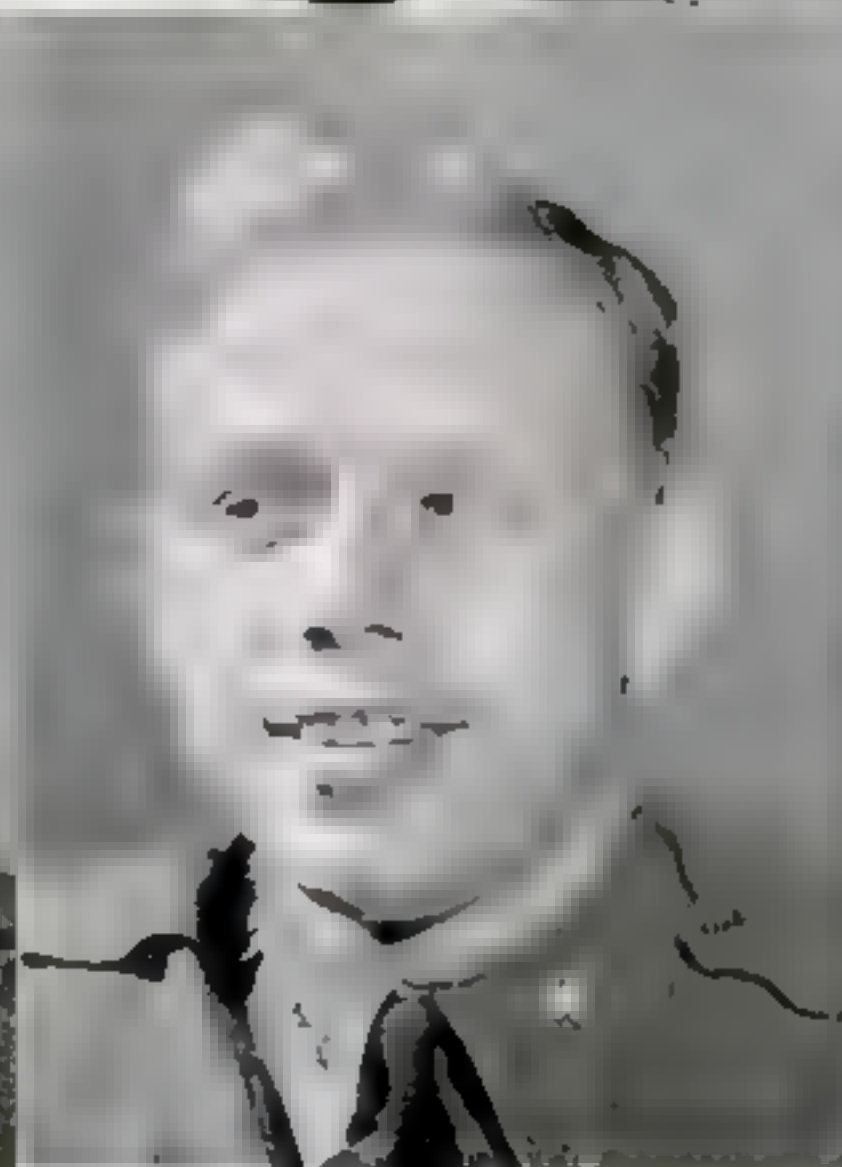
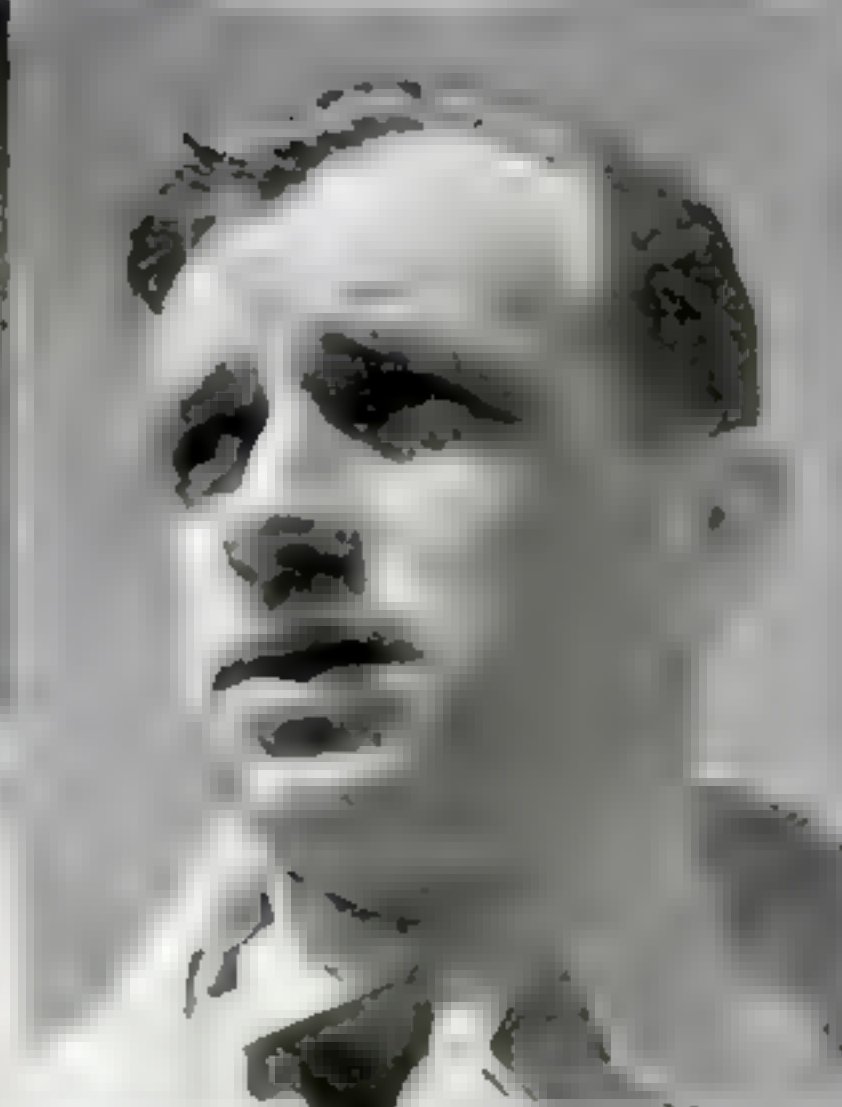
The Society conducts no drives, makes no public appeal for money. Rickenbacker's letter (*left*) emphasizes importance of such a fund.



RICKENBACKER PRESENTS LIFE'S CHECK FOR STORY TO MRS. H. H. ARNOLD



AIR AID FUND IS FOR AMERICAN FLIERS





# LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

## The East Coast Finds Out What's Pleasure and What's Business

There is in the making a new kind of optimism toward the war. It is not the gaudy optimism of the Hollywood war that we were fighting last spring. It is much more sober. It makes due allowance for the fact that unexpected reverses are bound to come. It concedes that terrible days, more heartbreaking than any we have had so far, may be ahead. Yet it sees victory ahead, too—sees it, not as a mere hope, but as the kind of thing that a sane man can expect, given half the breaks. Perhaps optimism is the wrong word for this new feeling. Call it, rather, confidence.

This confidence does not arise from spectacular victories changing the course of history. We have not yet turned in a performance equal to that of the British in the Battle of Britain. There is nothing in our record as yet to compare with the titanic effort of Russia. But we have, indeed, met a number of important tests. The Navy and the Marines have been tested in the Pacific. The Army has been tested with the Australians in New Guinea and with the British in North Africa. American airplanes and tanks have proved themselves competent. And American industry is well on its way to the tremendous production goals that sounded so fantastic a year or two ago. Confidence in these tests was the theme of the President's address on the state of the Union. As Walter Lippmann said, "He was the man who had seen the worst, and had faced the worst, and knew in his own heart that he had come through the worst."

### The East Coast

The home front also met a test last week. On the East Coast the gas shortage suddenly changed from a dire prediction to a dire fact. And the OPA got tough and banned all pleasure driving of any kind.

Nothing more disturbing to American life could be imagined. The interpretation of the broad term "pleasure driving" raised different problems for every community and individual. And of course there were some who acted like spoiled children. One of the worst performers was Pittsburgh. The Pittsburgh Press came forth with an editorial to the effect that "we want no Gestapo here," and the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette dubbed the OPA enforcement officers "the Gestapo." So the public boiled and grumbled. The town councils of two upper-crust communities, Mt. Lebanon and Ben Avon, ordered their police to decline to help the OPA. Since Pennsylvania law requires that police officers be present when investigators stop motorists, these orders seriously blocked the enforcement machinery.

By and large, however, the East put on a

wonderful show. The OPA, the mayors, the police, the State governments and the people themselves acted almost simultaneously, like a team. One day the big Eastern cities were crowded with traffic. Twenty-four hours later they were stripped. In the Baltimore business district there were hours when not a car was visible along Baltimore and Charles Streets—only buses, streetcars and taxis. A New York taxi driver, whizzing along a clean street, confided to his passenger, "It's the finest example of the war spirit yet."

### This Is War

The reason for OPA's success was that, for once, it was both definite and tough. The fact that cops were used to enforce the order does not in the least detract from the credit that the citizens deserve. The cops were merely evidence that the order meant business and that it was going to apply to all.

The amusement industry, of course, was the hardest hit. No one dared come near it in his own car. In sunny Florida the race tracks, golf courses, fishing camps and juke joints were avoided like the plague, except by law-enforcement officers. But LIFE's correspondent in Tampa added that "public opinion was the most potent factor in clearing the streets." In New York the OPA investigators climbed into the sidecars of cops' motorcycles and did the rounds of the night spots, the movies, the shows on gloomy Broadway, the Metropolitan Opera and Carnegie Hall. But within eight hours after the order, only eight ration books were picked up. Of course OPA inspectors cannot take your ration book away by force. Yet the number of books collected was small, not because of this legal restriction on the officers, but because the public was ready and willing to accept a war measure and make it work.

### What Is "Pleasure"?

Needless to say, there was confusion. There is no black-and-white distinction between driving for business and driving for pleasure, and the OPA's valiant efforts to close this gap will become part of the lore and humor of World War II. For instance, you can't drive "to wedding reception after church ceremony." Trying to apply this regulation, a Florida couple who were getting married drove to the church in their car but required the bridesmaids and groomsmen to take the streetcar. The couple's theory was that their trip was "business," whereas that of the others was "pleasure." If alternate transportation is inadequate the OPA says you can "take a child to a relative during the absence of parents," "transport therapeutic apparatus to a relative," or "drive sick person to relative's home to be taken care of." On the same condition (no other transportation) you can use a car to change your job, change your residence, drive to town to shop (rural districts) or "meet an emergency at

country home where cellar is flooded"; and if you are going to a hospital and your home will be vacant you can "transport dog to kennel." But you cannot use your car to visit a cemetery except as part of a religious service.

The striking thing was the eagerness of the public to do right. From Maine to Florida, OPA offices were flooded with calls, and in New York twelve lawyers were put on the telephones to answer questions. An Italian in Brooklyn who lives in a district that is predominantly Jewish wanted to know whether he could drive one mile to an Italian district once a week to buy food. In Pittsfield, Mass., a man called the police to ask if it was all right to drive to nearby Lenox to pick up a canary he had just purchased. "Better tell him to fly up," said the affable Irishman on duty. The pinnacle of "cooperation" was reached by a young man in Rochester, N. Y. whose wife was momentarily expecting a baby. He called the sheriff to ask if it was all right to drive her to a hospital.

### Their Daddy Never Quit

Thus the home front, not without humor, but for that matter not without minor tragedies, is learning to meet the test of war. We are a stronger nation than we were a year ago, not alone in our power to strike, but also in our power to discipline ourselves. As the people walk along their darkened streets, or drive gingerly down their deserted country roads, they are beginning to show a new spirit of determination which will be impossible to lick.

And there occurred a poignant incident last week, which can serve to symbolize this determination. Mrs. George F. Marshall of Augusta, Ga. has two sons, one aged three years, the other aged eight months. Recently she received an official notice that her husband, a colonel at only 31, had been killed in the perilous landing at Oran, Algeria, and had been posthumously awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. Mrs. Marshall wanted to know more about his heroic death because, she said, the children would ask her about it and she wanted to be able to answer "all their questions." By luck she was able to contact Leo Disher, United Press correspondent, who had been on the spot.

"You know the main facts of the story," Mr. Disher wrote—"how we plunged against the harbor boom hoping the French would not open fire. But they did. You know how we were trapped, how our ammunition began exploding, and how the guns of the warships in the harbor raked our little ship. But you can tell your sons, Mrs. Marshall, that their father kept striking back against guns so close it almost seemed we could touch them. You need never fear the boys' questions, Mrs. Marshall. You can tell them that their father tackled a job of greatest importance to the success of our armies, that he never quit fighting against impossible odds."

## PICTURE OF THE WEEK

Besides playing tennis, flinging a boomerang, making speeches about the post-war world, and presiding over the Senate, Vice President Henry A. Wal-

lace also knows a trick or two about "Indian wrestling." On Jan. 12 at Washington's Stage Door Canteen he entertained servicemen by wrestling with

Private George F. Davidson of Scranton, Pa. Using a simple feint which he learned as a boy, Mr. Wallace neatly dropped his opponent for a fall





Vice President Wallace topples a husky Army private in a demonstration of "Indian wrestling" at Washington's Stage Door Canteen





From bomb-blasted Henderson Field an Army Flying Fortress and a Navy fighter prepare to take off across the run-

ways. They are the only planes here able to fly. The rest are American Army and Navy fighters, transports, dive bomb-

ers and torpedo planes, destroyed either by Jap bombs or by routine accidents. Their intact parts have been salvaged.



Navy Wildcat fighter, F4F-4, riddled by a Jap bomb, lies on its belly on Henderson Field. In their first attempt since Dec

14 the Japs last week sent a lone bomber over Henderson Field which killed one American, wounded others, did little damage.

## SOUTH PACIFIC

### Tempo of its air battles increases

The tempo of air battle, inevitable prelude to new campaigns, increased last week in the South Pacific. Allied bombers and attack planes hammered incessantly at Lae and Salamaua and at New Guinea-bound convoys. In the Solomons both sides bombed enemy installations. From Guadalcanal's Henderson Field, still littered with wrecked planes, Army and Navy bombers took off for the new Jap base at Munda, bombed it heavily.

Said Brig. General La Verne ("Blondy") Saunders, commander of Army heavy bombardment forces in the Solomons area: "It seems that the Japs built an airfield at Munda under our noses. Our aerial observers saw them unloading material. One day we found a smooth coral strip under the palms at Munda. Overnight the palms were knocked down and there was the airfield. Since then the Japs have been using the field and also they've been getting the hell knocked out of them. The more they use Munda the better off we are."

Revealing the efficacy of both Allied and Jap bombings, the pictures on these pages arrived in the U. S. recently. They prove again that whoever controls the South Pacific skies, controls the course of the war.

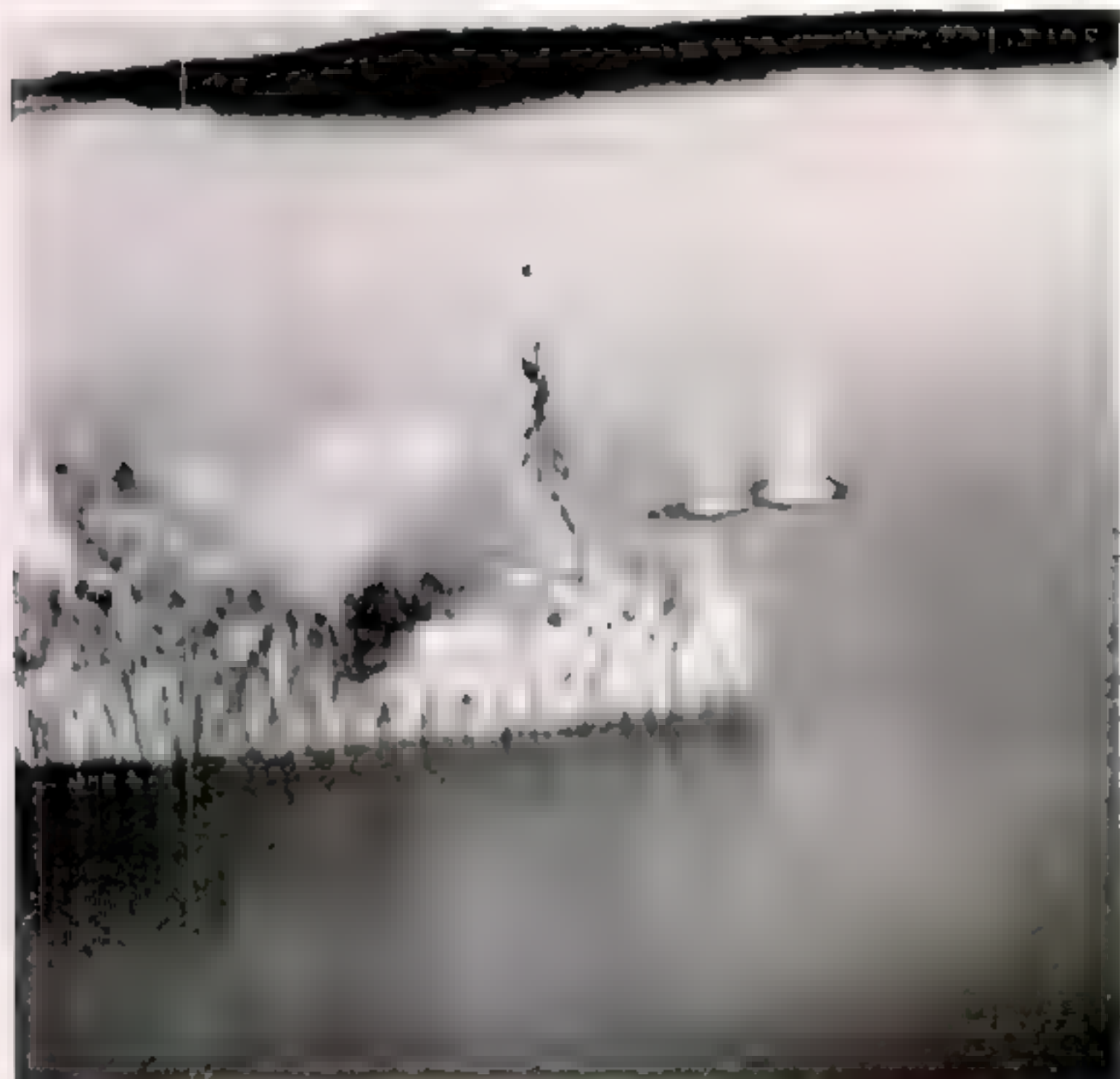




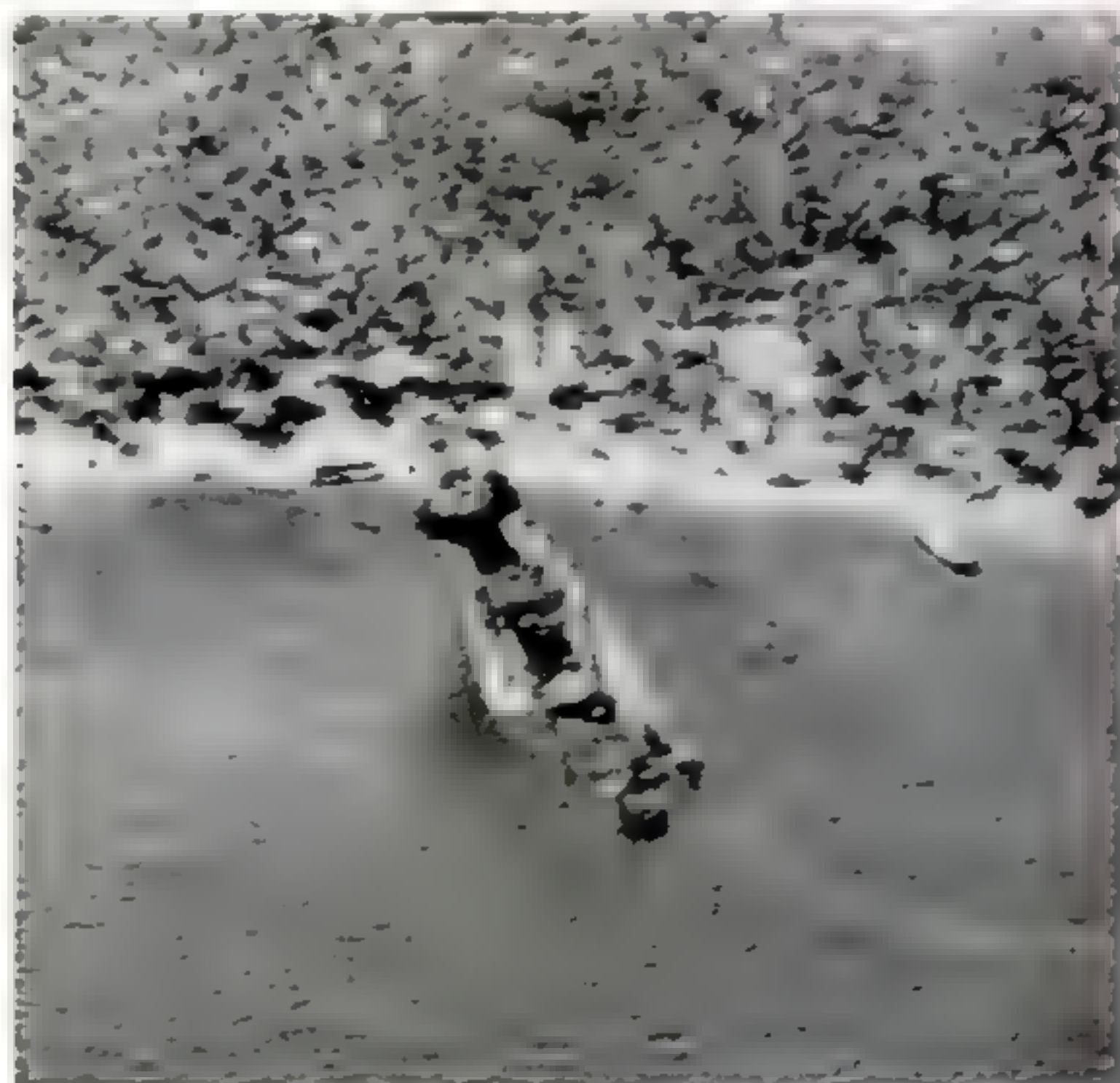
From a blazing American transport, through flaming oil on the surface of the sea, supplies are safely unloaded and ferried

in landing barges to an American base in the South Pacific. The ship apparently has been set afire by Japanese bombers.

Soon tugs with fire apparatus will appear to play huge streams of water on the transport, attempt to extinguish the flames.



A camouflaged Jap transport, hit by U. S. bombers, bursts into flames south of the Boniarch archipelago. The palm trees, covering her from bow to stern, proved intensely inflammable.



A beached Jap troop transport rides high and dry on the sand off Guadalcanal. It is one more ship sacrificed by the Japs in their attempts to supply their dwindling troops on the island.





JAP DIVE BOMBER DROPS TOWARD THE TWISTING, TURNING "HORNET," WHILE A TORPEDO PLANE ATTACKS FROM BEHIND. A SECOND LATER JAP DIVE BOMBER CRASHED ON DECK

# U.S.S. "HORNET"

## Death comes suddenly in Pacific

To the growing list of lost U. S. aircraft carriers last week was added the *Hornet*. She was identified as the carrier already announced sunk in the Battle of the Santa Cruz Islands, Oct. 26. Her death came suddenly in combat at sea. While her own planes were setting a huge Jap carrier afire, 34 Jap torpedo and dive bombers attacked her. Although 50 of the Jap planes were shot down, the *Hornet* was badly damaged, and when ten Japs returned five hours later she was

an easy target. At dusk torpedoes from her own destroyers sent her down.

Said the *Hornet's* bakers Frederick Plath and Joseph Laino of Brooklyn, "We had 10,000 doughnuts and 5,000 mince pies to serve the men during a lull in the battle but there just wasn't any lull."

The loss of the *Hornet* leaves only three big U. S. carriers known to be in commission. But led by the 25,000-ton *Enterprise*, many more will soon be in service.

ON ANOTHER U. S. CARRIER A PLANE HANDLER HOLDS UP BLACKBOARD GIVING INSTRUCTIONS TO LEAVE SINKING "HORNET" BEHIND. OTHER BOARDS GIVE LOCATION OF JAP SHIPS







THE SUN  
NEVER SETS  
ON THE  
FIGHTING JEEP

## U. S. MARINES CRASH SOLOMON ISLES

IN JEEPS FROM WILLYS-OVERLAND

**O**N the shores of Guadalcanal and on the beach at Tulagi Bay, the fearless, hard-boiled U. S. Marines speeded their attack with modern Willys Jeeps.

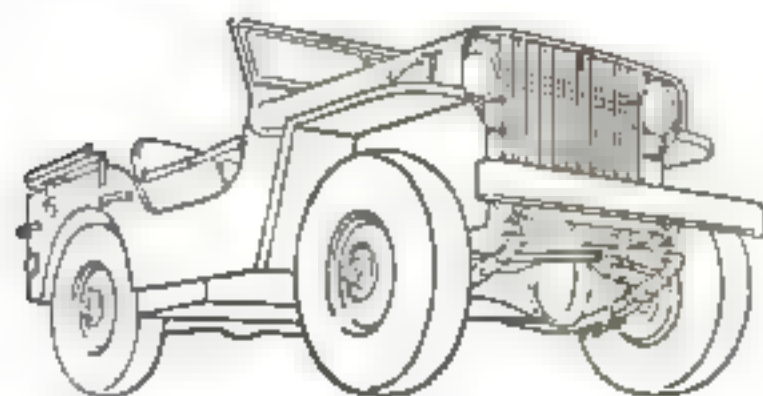
In the hands of men like these, the tough fighting Jeep now adds new drive and mobility to a striking power already famous throughout the world. The jabbering Japs in the Solomons found this

out when husky U. S. Marines charged up the beaches with their rugged Willys Jeeps and cleared the enemy out of those strategic bases needed for our advance in the far Pacific.

The Willys Jeep is outstanding among the various types of superior equipment being produced for our fighting forces and those of our allies by American manufacturing genius.

Willys-Overland civilian engineers, working with the U. S. Quartermaster Corps, designed and perfected the Willys Jeep adopted as standard by the U. S. Army. The amazing, world-renowned GO-DEVIL engine that drives it with such power, speed and flexibility, is an exclusive development of Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.

*Buy More U. S. War Stamps and Bonds*

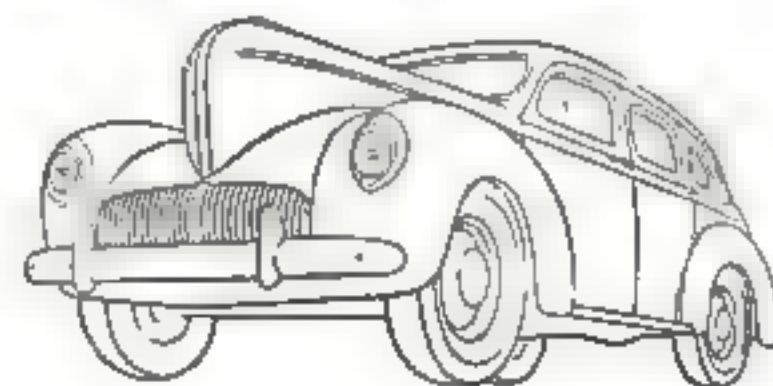


U. S. ARMY JEEP

# WILLYS

MOTOR CARS

TRUCKS AND JEEPS



AMERICAR—the People's Car

THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and all JEEPS





## Sorry, the Postman says "No!"

**W**E WISH we could mail you a Four Roses Hot Toddy—just to let you know what a downright marvelous cold-weather drink it is.

We can't. So we suggest the next best thing.

If you haven't a bottle of Four Roses on hand, get one at the nearest liquor store. Then just follow these simple directions:

### **Recipe for the world's finest Hot Toddy:**

*Put a piece of sugar in the bottom of a glass and dissolve it with a little hot water. Add a twist of lemon peel (bruse it firmly)... four cloves and, if you desire, a stick of cinnamon. Pour in a generous junger of that matchless whiskey, Four Roses... and fill the glass with steaming hot water.*

Now settle back in your favorite chair before the fire and slowly sip the warm

and fragrant masterpiece that you and Four Roses have created!

## FOUR ROSES

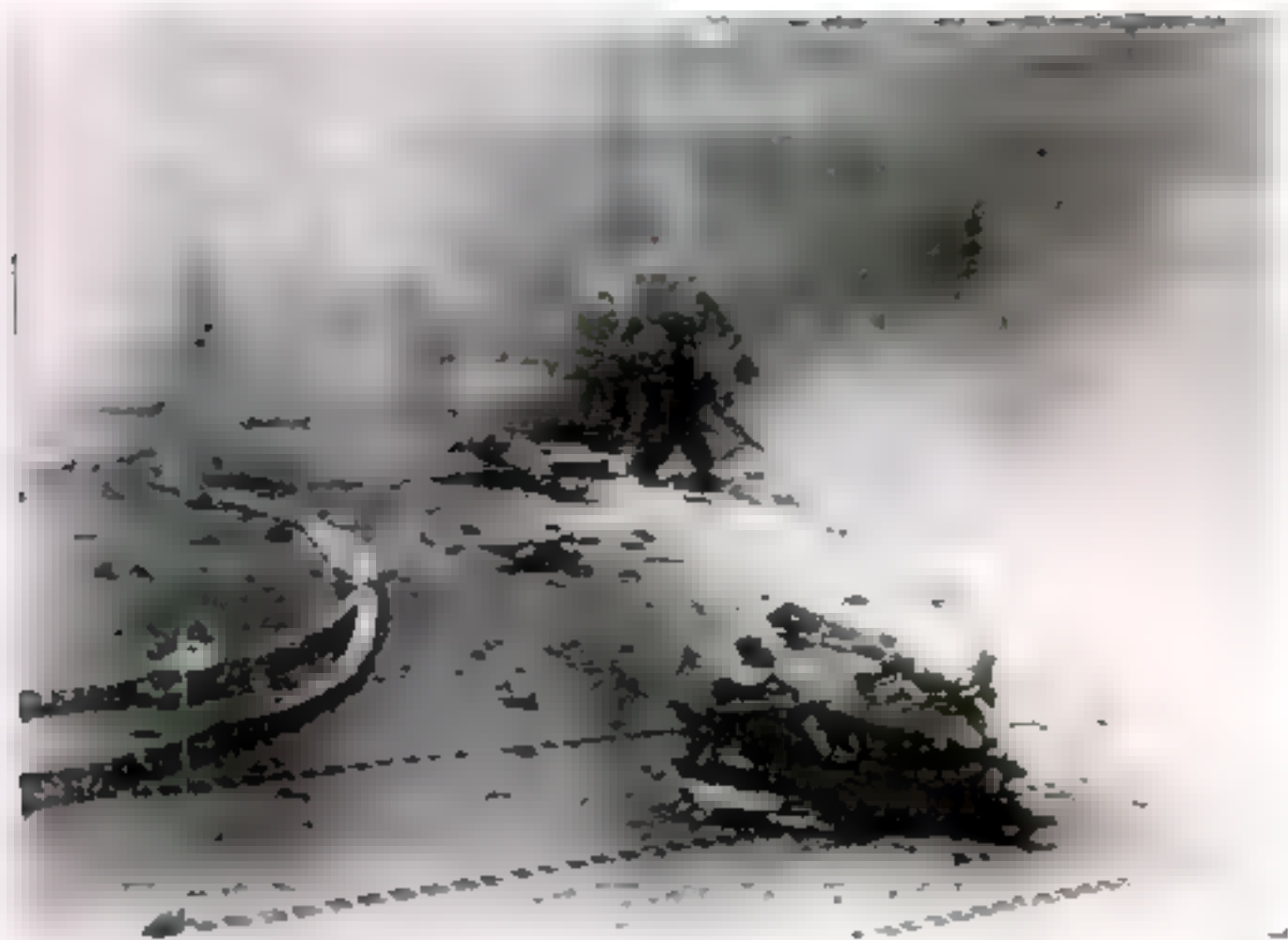


*Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskeys—90 proof  
Frankfort Distillers, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*





## Sinking of "Hornet" (continued)



On the blazing flight deck of the *Hornet*, fire-fighters try to get the flames under control. Debris in center is part of one of the Jap planes which crashed into the ship.



The flag still flies high up on superstructure of the island, though bomb hits and flames have destroyed the ship's bridge. Only 129 of the crew of 2,000 lost their lives.



Last picture ever taken of the *Hornet* shows a destroyer maneuvering alongside her to remove wounded crew members and a heavy cruiser of her task force standing by.

## 5 WAYS TO FIGHT A COLD

These are the *basic* things most health authorities say you should do for a cold. In addition to temporary relief measures. These 5 steps help your system *throw off the infection*. And lemons help with all 5.



AUTHORITIES SAY, DO THIS	HOW LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5 STEPS
<b>1</b> Keep warm; avoid further chill.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.
<b>2</b> Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Lemon drinks go down easily— <i>taste</i> good even when you have a cold!
<b>3</b> Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Fresh lemon juice is one of the richest known sources of vitamin C, which <i>combats fatigue</i> . It is a primary <i>anti-infection</i> vitamin.
<b>4</b> Keep elimination regular.	Lemon and soda (or lemon and plain water) is mildly laxative for most people. Gives gentle, natural aid.
<b>5</b> Alkalinize your system.	Frequent glasses of lemon and soda, or lemon and water, are excellent to offset acid condition.
To gain the above benefits of lemons, start with a hot lemonade, then take lemon and soda (or lemon and plain water) every few hours as long as cold lasts. Try it! If cold does not respond, call your doctor.	

### How to make Lemon & Soda



Pour juice of 1 lemon into half glass of water.

Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

Consumed at once soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.



### DON'T WAIT FOR COLDS TO START!

Keep from getting run-down. Lemons, providing a natural alkalinizer, a mild laxative and vitamin C protection *all in one*, can help you keep up to par. Millions now take this refreshing health drink daily. Try lemon and soda (or just lemon and plain water) each morning on arising.

Copyr., 1940, California Fruit Growers Exchange



**Sunkist Lemons**

**WHEN YOU TAKE COLD  
TAKE LEMONS!**

"Today at the Duncans" —CBS, 6:15 P.M., E.T.—Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays





## What can a man believe in?

This girl volunteered for a job that is not without peril. From a deadly virus she prepares vaccine that protects our fighting men from typhus—the dreadful plague that can cut down an army quicker than bullets or bombs.

She works in an isolated laboratory. She is protected by every safeguard of modern science. Yet she knows she cannot be wholly safe.

Her name, Anna Masterson. Her story, the story of all Squibb workers who volunteer to produce typhus vaccine. Each faces this danger gladly, proudly, to save the lives of others. A soldier can do no more!

Silent, unpretentious courage is all around us. It glows in every heart, waiting only for a moment of great human need to fan it into flame. Honor it. And believe in it always.



Every Squibb product—whether made especially for prescription by the medical profession or for proper everyday use in the home—bears an individual control number. It means that each detail in the product's making has been checked against Squibb's high standards and recorded under that number at the Squibb Laboratories. Look for the name and control number when you buy. You can believe in Squibb.



### E. R. SQUIBB & SONS

*Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession Since 1858*

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

Copy. 1943 by E. R. Squibb & Sons





# ROLL OF HONOR



LIEUT. GENERAL ROBERT L. EICHELBERGER

On Jan. 9 General Douglas MacArthur awarded the Distinguished Service Cross to Lieut. General Robert L. Eichelberger, commander of U. S. troops who have virtually wiped out a Japanese Army of 15,000 on the Papuan peninsula. The 50-year-old Ohio veteran frequently commented while at the front during the

Buna drive, "I may not be a good general, but I think I've got the makings of a good platoon leader." Eichelberger has served in the Philippines, China and Siberia, and was until a year ago Superintendent of West Point. After the last war he won a D.S.C., a D.S.M. and three high decorations from the Japanese.



THE SULLIVAN BROTHERS

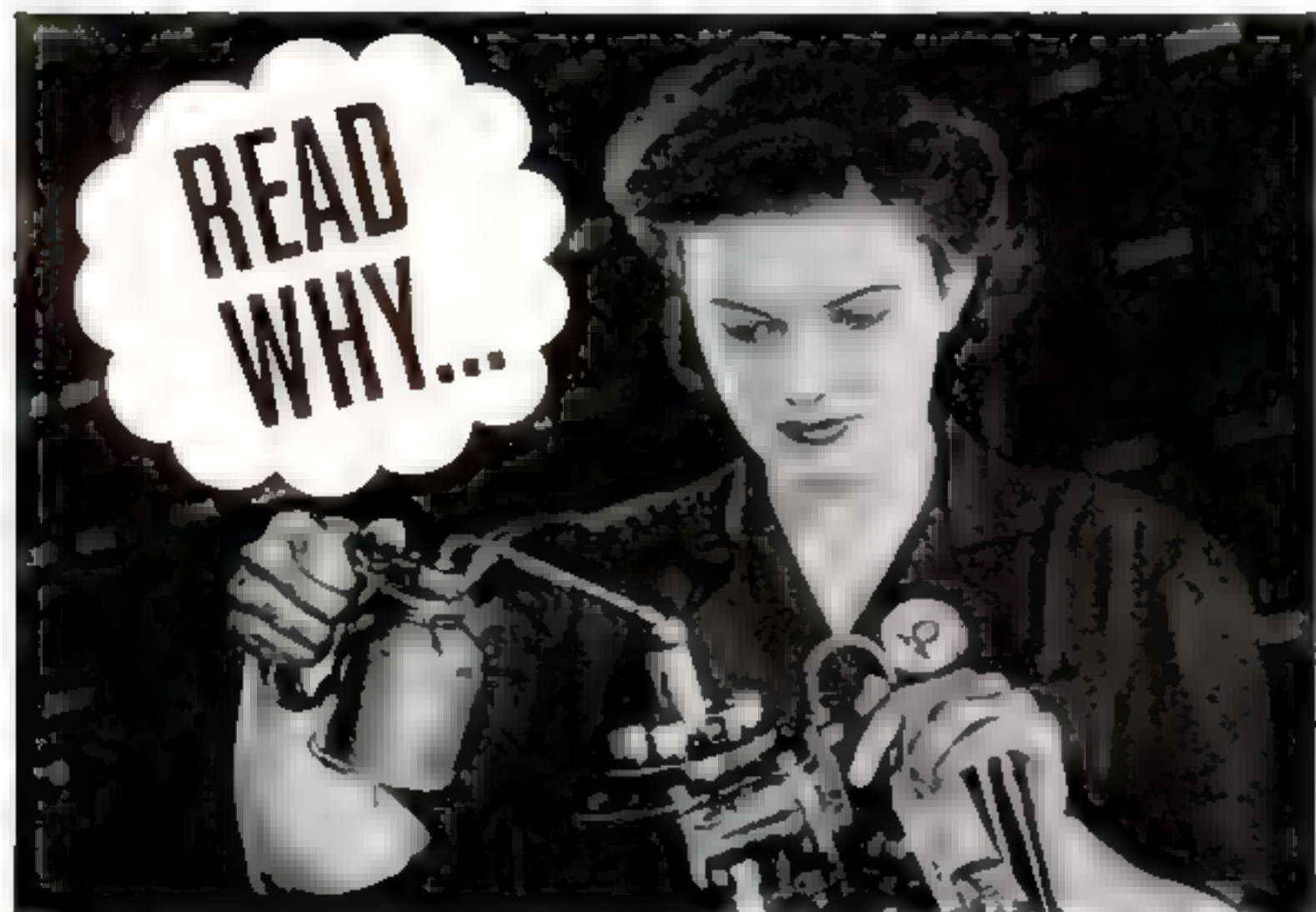
Last week the Navy informed Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Sullivan of Waterloo, Iowa, that their five sons have been missing in action since the loss of the cruiser *Juneau* off the Solomons in November. To avenge a friend killed at Pearl Harbor, the brothers (*above*) enlisted in the Navy with the provision that

they would not be separated. This, the heaviest blow suffered by one family since Pearl Harbor and "probably in American naval history," is even more overwhelming than the loss of Mrs. Lydia Bixby of Boston who received Lincoln's famous letter of condolence after death in battle of her fifth son in 1864.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



# HER HANDS FORGIVE AND FORGET THEIR DAILY BEATING



**No dishpan** was ever as hard on a girl's hands as *this!* Pretty Margaret Simpson handles greasy engine parts for Rogers Diesel & Aircraft Corporation... "So I have to wash and scrub my hands a lot," she explains. "In fact, my job was running my hands. They were getting rough, red, and sore—looked simply awful. I was heartsick, I tried various things—then I found Pacquins. *It worked!* It's *wonderful* the way it helped make my hands soft and smooth again."

"When night comes and you have a date," says Margaret, "you want to forget your hands do a man's work. You want them to be soft, smooth, and feminine. That's why Pacquins Hand Cream has been such a 'find' for me." She loves Pacquins' cream form and its complete freedom from greasiness or messiness.

**1 min. 15 sec.** after Margaret washed her hands and used Pacquins, this photograph was taken.



**This cream alone** among hand creams was created for doctors and nurses, whose hands are in water 30 or 40 times a day. Is used *most* by women in war industries. No wonder Pacquins is fine for house-working hands too!

**Pacquins**  
HAND CREAM

AT ANY DEPARTMENT, DRUG, OR TEN-CENT STORE

# ROLL OF HONOR

(continued)



**NIMITZ AND SON**

Lieut. Chester W. Nimitz Jr. was awarded the Navy's Silver Star by his father, the Commander in Chief of the Pacific Fleet, at Pearl Harbor on Jan. 5. Admiral Nimitz cited his 27-year-old son for outstanding service as a submarine officer. Lieut. Nimitz, whose wife and daughter live at Vallejo, Calif., had not seen his father for three and a half years until his submarine recently returned from enemy-controlled waters.

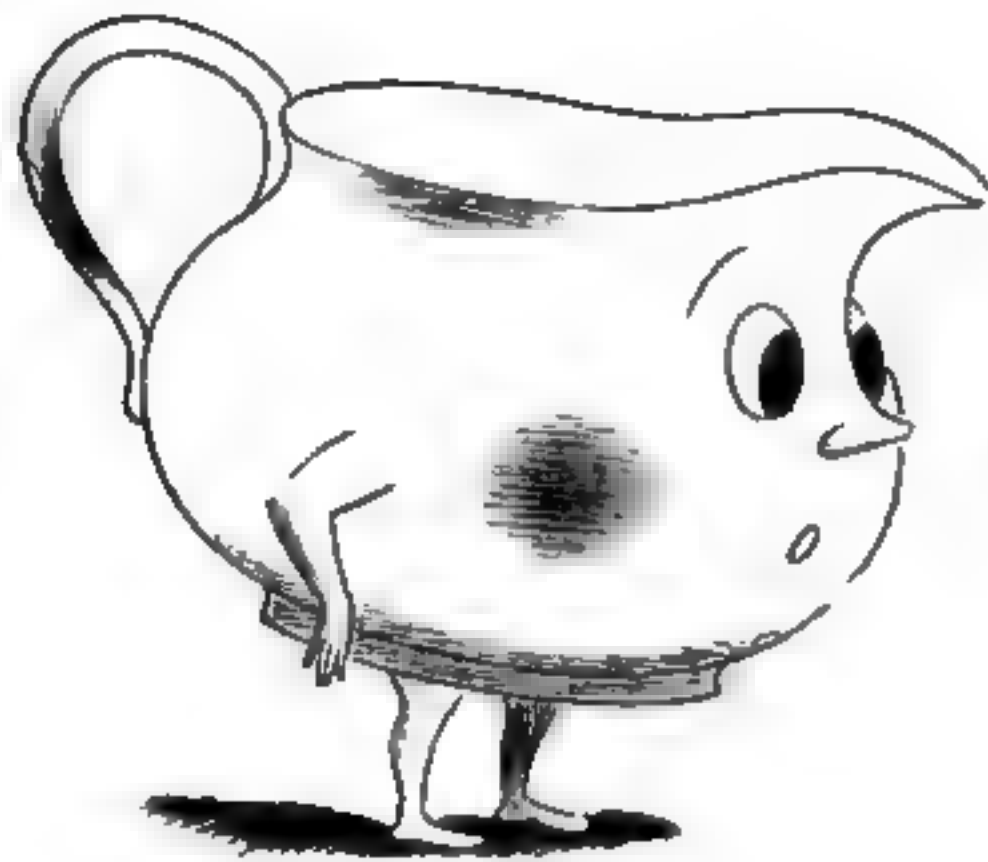


**LIEUT. COLONEL "BUZZ" WAGNER**

Last week the first U. S. ace of World War II came home to Johnstown, Pa. where, enclosed in a flag-draped coffin, he lay in state as friends and admirers paid their last respects. Lieut. Colonel Boyd ("Buzz") Wagner, the daredevil hero of many aerial exploits against the Japanese in the South Pacific, ironically met his death while making a solitary routine flight between Eglin Field, Fla. and Maxwell Field, Ala.



# You wouldn't fool me, would you?



SAID THE CREAM  
IN THE PITCHER  
TO THE POSTUM  
IN THE CUP



**POSTUM:** Hey, who said anything about fooling? I've never tried to fool anyone yet, and I never intend to!

**CREAM:** Come, come, now! Don't give me that! I suppose you're going to say you're *not* masquerading around like a hot cup of coffee! And I don't like to mix with coffee substitutes!

**POSTUM:** Well, of all the nerve—calling me a coffee substitute! Haven't you been around enough dinner tables to know better than that?

**CREAM:** To be honest, no. I'm fresh from the dairy and I was judging entirely by your looks.

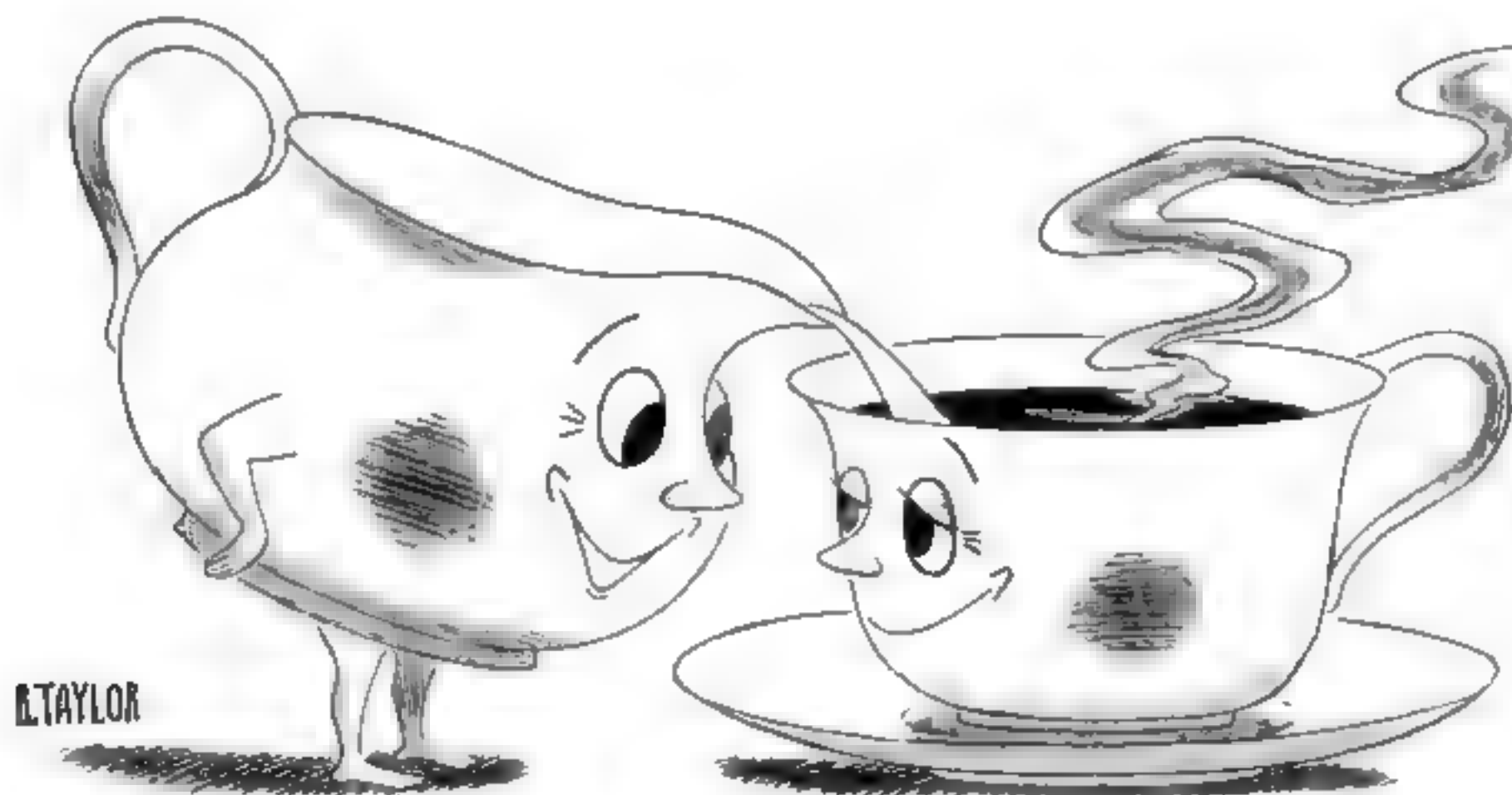
**POSTUM:** And that's where you're wrong. I may *look* like coffee. But I don't *taste* any more like it than coffee tastes like tea! I've a *very* distinctive flavor all my own. That's why I've

become One of America's Great Mealtime Drinks...enjoyed regularly by *millions of Americans*! Why, I'm a favorite with the whole family—even the children—because there's not a bit of harmfulness in me.

**CREAM:** Yep, guess you've got something there... sounds pretty logical! And, incidentally, with this tea and coffee shortage, you may be doing even better! Right?

**POSTUM:** Right! And I cost less than  $\frac{1}{4}$ c a cup—whether I'm bought as Postum Cereal, the kind you boil—or “perk”, or Instant Postum, made right in the cup by simply adding boiling water. Little enough for a great hot drink, eh?

**CREAM:** You bet! Okay, my friend, you've got me sold on your merits. Guess I'll join you after all!



**TUNE IN:** “The Aldrich Family,” Thursday nights, NBC Network. One of America's great radio programs, written by Clifford Goldsmith, sponsored by Postum.



## POSTUM—One of America's Great Mealtime Drinks



# COMBAT ZONE ERRORS

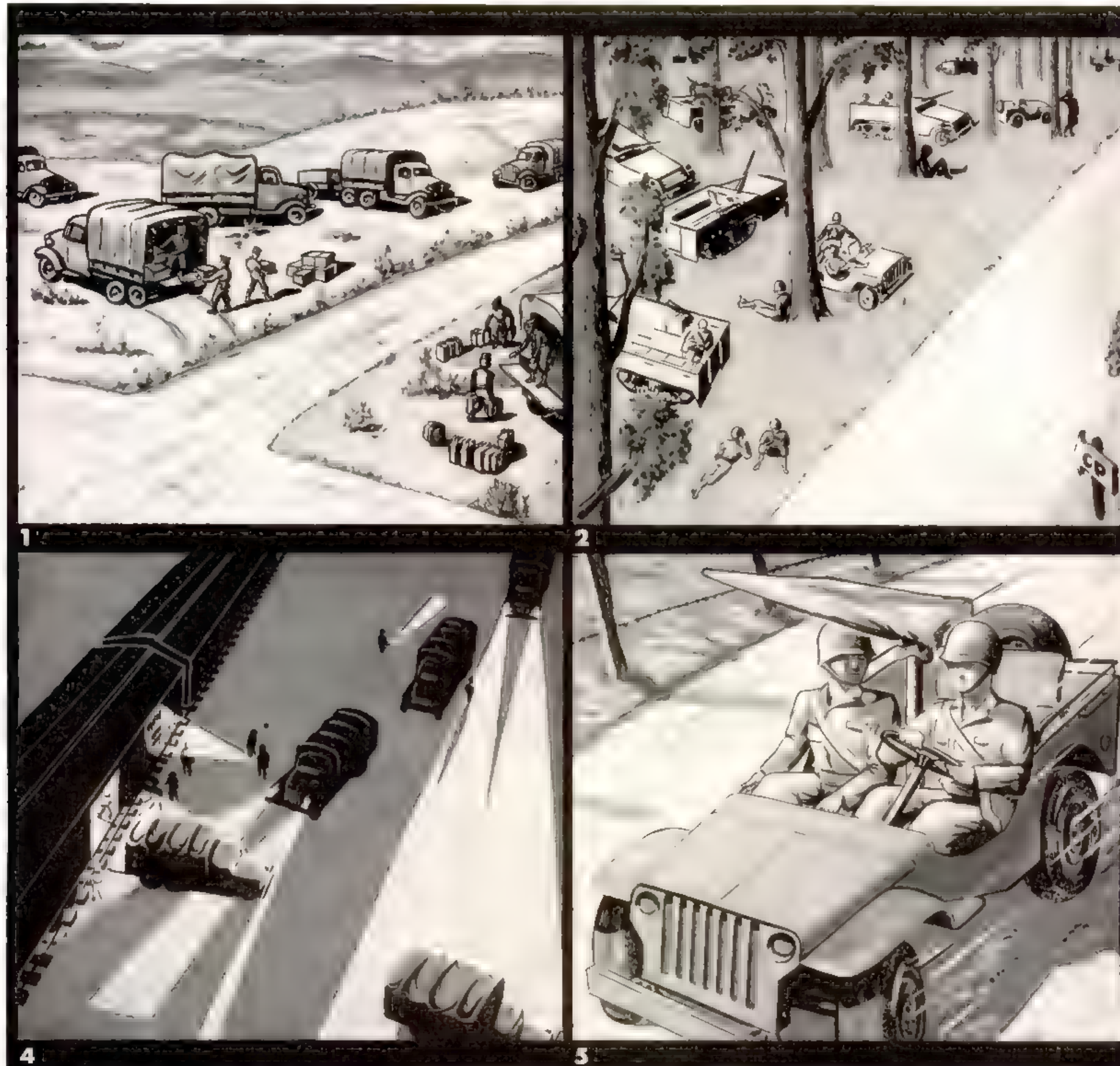
Can you identify these mistakes?

As the war progresses, more and more people become convinced that they are military experts. Reading newspaper and magazine articles, letters from boys in service and listening to learned commentators on the radio, they absorb just enough information to give them an impressive veneer of knowledge. With this they astound and impress their friends. Usually these self-styled military experts do not have the remotest idea of what they are talking about.

The six drawings below are a good test of anyone's

military knowledge. They are official Army drawings and all of them illustrate some of the most common and simple combat-zone mistakes in modern warfare. These mistakes were discovered by the Army after checkups during maneuvers and fighting. Because of them, many a soldier has lost his life and battles have turned to the enemy's advantage. By publicizing them among combat troops, the Army hopes to eliminate their recurrence.

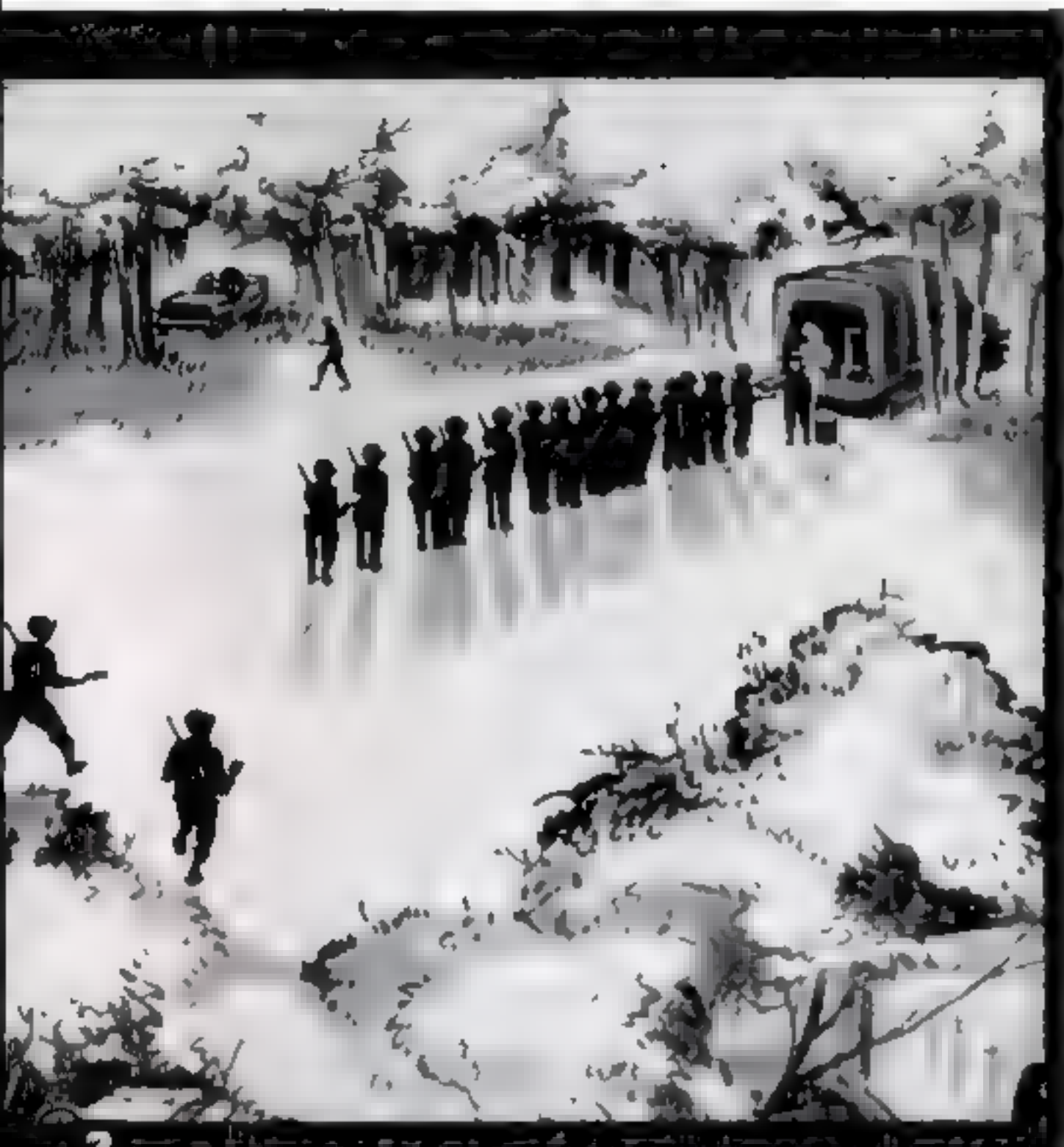
All six mistakes below will be immediately obvious



- 1 Although the vehicles of the men in this picture have been put under cover, they form a news line in open space where they may be seen and reveal their position to the enemy.
- 2 One of the most tragic mistakes of modern warfare is to reveal positions by exposed lights. Here an important railroad, crowded with important stuff of war is exposed.
- 3 A machine gun mounted on a jeep is covered by a tarpaulin and cannot be put into action quickly. Such a mistake can interfere with an attack and cost these men their lives.
- 4 A jeep is stalled on a badly disabled vehicle. A not commander should find out the trouble ahead of his column, space his vehicles out and put them under cover at side of road.
- 5 A vehicle on a road with a large fire.
- 6 A vehicle on a road with a large fire.



to military men and should be so to military experts. They provide a good chance to test the military knowledge of anyone who professes to know something about the Army. There is nothing tricky about them. For instance, in picture No. 5, the mistake is not that the men are improperly uniformed because they are not wearing ties. There is a grave tactical error in No. 5—if you remember you are in a combat zone. Careful examination, some military knowledge and a little logic is all that is needed to find the errors. Once you think you have found them, turn the page upside down to find the answers. If your answers correspond to the ones found there, it shows that you are able to grasp a few fundamental military precepts.



A truckhead should never be located at a prominent intersection where it can be easily seen. The soldiers are unloading in daylight with no cover. This is a serious mistake. (1) The soldiers should stand a strict security guard and dig slit trenches. (2)

2

1



1. And why not? Can you, for example, picture a masterpiece painted with but one color? No!



2. To achieve perfection... the artist "multi-blends" many colors with great skill. And so it is with Fine Arts Whiskey. Its matchless flavor comes from the "multi-blending" of several great whiskies.



3. Yes! Golden-smooth whiskies are tenderly blended with other deep-flavored whiskies... then "multi-blended" to perfection for rare flavor and aroma. And each whiskey is mellowed for a full 5-years!



# FINE ARTS WHISKEY

THE BLEND OF 5-YEAR OLD STRAIGHT WHISKIES  
90 PROOF

The straight whiskies in this product are 5-years old—90 proof. Distributed solely by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York.



FROM OUR GALLERY OF GOODYEAR VETERANS



**STILL IN SERVICE—AFTER 43,150 MILES**

This actual photograph of one of Mr. Schroeder's Goodyears shows how all four look today. After 43,150 miles, treads are worn down, but evenly—evidence he has kept wheels aligned and balanced. Freedom from sidewall breaks shows he has maintained proper inflation. No cupping indicates proper brake adjustment.

**★If you can't fight you can  
BUY MORE WAR STAMPS AND BONDS**



# "Takes WARTIME to show how good TIRES are"



As a Goodyear dealer I've always talked plenty about the extra value in Goodyear tires.

Maybe in ordinary times some people thought that was just "sales talk," even if it did come from the heart.

But it's different today — now my customers are telling *me* how good Goodyears are!

**New Yorker calls it "Unbelievable"**  
Just to show how quality proves itself in wartime, take the case of Mr. Walter W. Schroeder, Belcher Road, Hartsdale, New York. Back in 1940 I sold him a set of four Goodyear All-Weathers.

To date these Goodyears have run 43,150 miles — and they're still good for several thousand miles, as the picture shows. "It's unbelievable,"

Mr. Schroeder told me. "I never imagined tires could be safely driven so far."

I told him it wasn't so unusual; that the home office has records of many Goodyears still in service after going fifty, sixty thousand miles and even more. Now that folks have to get everything out of their tires they're discovering how much extra mileage has always been built into Goodyears.

## What about future tires?

That's going to be true, too, when you can buy tires built of Goodyear's own synthetic rubber, Chemigum.

I don't know when they'll be ready — maybe in another year. But I do know this: the tire-building "know how" that has made Goodyears the world's first-choice tires for 27 years will insure the same standout service from them.

So if you've got Goodyears now, you've

got tires that are worth taking care of. You should see your Goodyear dealer right away and have your tires inspected. You'll get a real reward in extra mileage if you follow wartime driving rules. And when treads wear smooth, a Goodyear factory-method recap job will add thousands of miles' longer wear.

See for yourself, and as the months roll by you'll find yourself saying, like millions of others, "As soon as I can buy new tires again, you can bet they will be Goodyears!"

## IMPORTANT—IF YOUR TIRES ARE READY FOR RECAPPING

Quality workmanship and materials are just as essential in recapping as in new tires. The facilities of Goodyear's coast-to-coast system of factory-method recapping plants are available to all Goodyear dealers. Your work is done by tire experts — using "natural shape" molds that prevent tire distortion and insure a longer-wearing rebuilt job.

**ON SALE NOW**  
... on Certificate



**WAR TIRE**

It's not as good a tire as our prewar Goodyears, but it's the best tire that can be made from re-generated rubber. First quality prewar cord carcass — plus the priceless ingredient of Goodyear experience. Delivers long and honest service. Sold only with certificate — get application from any Goodyear dealer.

**\$13.25\***  
6.00x16  
plus Federal Tax  
\*subject to change without notice.



# GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER





LIKE A WESKIT IS THIS HEAVY WOOL SLEEVELESS SWEATER. LONG GLOVES DRESS IT UP



THIS SWEATER LOOKS DIFFERENT BECAUSE OF BRIGHT YOKE AND SPARKLING BUTTONS



A CLASSIC COAT SWEATER IS DECORATED WITH SHINY BLACK-JET BEADS AND SEQUINS



WHAT LOOKS LIKE A GOLD NECKLACE IS REALLY GOLD THREAD STITCHED ON SWEATER



# DRESSED-UP SWEATERS

Many tricks serve to uplift the classics

**S**weaters are leading a double life this fuel-rationed winter. Not so long ago they were relegated to the campus and the field of sports. Now they are considered fitting apparel for day and night, at work and at play, with one exception. In factories where men and women work together sweaters are discouraged. They are considered unsafe and distracting.

The sweater, 1943 style, has been so camouflaged that it would be hard even for the Hays office to say when a sweater is a sweater and not a slurtwaist or top of an evening dress. The examples here show what has happened to the college girl's sloppy cardigan and slip-over and the movie starlet's unadorned, skin-tight favorite. With beads, ribbons and gold braid these sweaters have been dressed up. They look right because they fit.

Any woman who is handy with a needle can take an old slip-on or cardigan and give it a new look. The sweaters on these pages are full of useful tricks which can be copied. If a sweater is too loose, the first step is to take it in at the seams and make it fit snugger. The sweater at bottom, left, of opposite page and the two on page 46 suggest several ways of doctoring loosely fitting cardigans. A sweater worn out at the elbows can have the sleeves removed and the shoulders trimmed with epaulets of wool fringe, like the one at top, left, on the opposite page. For dressing up any classic sweater, embroidery is a sure-fire device. Fake pearls from old necklaces can be used as buttons or may be sewn on as beads. Dime-store beads of glass, wood or plastic can also be used. Sequins or metallic trimming from a discarded evening dress make fancy sweater trimming. To embroider a design on a sweater, professionals suggest basting a piece of paper with a design to the wrong side. Follow the design by putting the needle through the wrong side and stitching the bead or other ornament on the right side. When the design is complete, tear off the paper.



LIKE OLD-FASHIONED UNDERWEAR, THIS SWEATER HAS DRAWSTRING RIBBONS

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

## PREM...



in a 2-minute sandwich  
he'll ask for  
again and again!



To 1/2 cup drained baked beans add 1 tsp. catsup, 1/4 tsp. ground onion. Butter bread, put in lettuce, the beans and two slices of Prem!

## Sugar-cured

BY THE MAKERS OF  
**SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM!**



**W**ORKING at wartime speed he needs in his lunch pail the zest of good eating, food to lift his spirits, food that's savory hot or cold. And that's Prem.

Made of tender lean meat, Prem provides substantial nourishment—muscle-building protein, food energy, essential vitamins of the B complex.

Made by Swift, Prem has the exclusive Swift's Premium sugar-cure, a rich and savory flavor unaltered by spices or heavy seasonings.

Of special importance during these "Share the Meat" days is the fact that Prem is all meat—no waste. A big help toward s-t-r-e-t-c-h-i-n-g your share! Another reason for putting a Prem and bean sandwich in his lunch pail tomorrow.

SWIFT & COMPANY: PURVEYORS OF FINE FOODS



HIP - HIP - HOORAY!

# VITAL "Nutrition Guards" IN LIBBY'S

LUSCIOUS PINEAPPLE JUICE



➤ Hawaiian pineapples ripened to Peak Flavor are pressed for Libby's Pineapple Juice. Unsweetened, so you get the luscious natural tang. This juice is a good source of essential Vitamins C and B<sub>1</sub>, and it supplies small quantities of minerals—iron, calcium, phosphorus.

➤ Our armed forces are getting great quantities of this juice. If your dealer should be out of it, please try Libby's Tomato Juice or one of the 8 other Libby's Juices. The Libby label is your promise of exceptional goodness in over 100 Foods.



## Dressed-up Sweaters (continued)



CARDIGAN IS DECORATED WITH PEARL BUTTONS, PEARL & GOLD EMBROIDERY



V-NECK SPORT TYPE GETS FANCY WITH GLITTERING BUTTERFLY ON SLEEVE





## NO BLACKOUT...

No blackout can dim the light in your eyes. Steady, steady it burns — token of all the courage in your soul. A promise to America that you'll not waver — in strength or in faith. A promise to your man, wherever he may be, that you'll wait, and keep on loving. A grim promise to the foe that we shall *win*, and that you shall have a hand in the winning!

One way you can help is to be patient in the face of material shortages. Many of these shortages result from the greatly increased needs of our armed

forces. Your beloved Pacific Sheets, for instance, are serving now on a dozen fronts in a dozen capacities. But look sharply and you'll find Pacific Balanced Sheets still in the stores. From materials which are not required for military use, we continue to make them for you, as scrupulously as ever.

In them you'll find that all desired sheet qualities are present in perfect balance. None is skimped to enhance any other. They're as *strong* as they are *white* as they are *soft* as they are *smooth* as they

are *firm*! This proper balance of qualities assures better service for a longer time.

To choose the right Pacific Sheet for your needs, consult the Pacific Facbook on each one. It tells the size, thread count, breaking strength, weight, shrinkage, finish, type of weave and quality of cotton.

For the name of the nearest store which carries these fine sheets, write PACIFIC MILLS, 214 Church Street, New York.

*Made by the makers of Pacific Factag Fabrics*





★  
Ask Your  
**DELCO  
BATTERY  
DEALER**

to

**CHECK WITH  
HYDROMETER**

to determine if battery is in the proper state of charge. Should be checked at least once a month.



**ADD WATER**

to prevent damage to plates and separators, thereby prolonging life of battery. Electrolyte level should be checked every month.



**CLEAN TERMINALS**

to prevent corrosion and to secure good electrical connections. Insures full power from battery for cranking, winter or summer.



**CHECK FOR WORN AND  
CORRODED CABLES**

to guard against electrical failures due to short circuits and high resistance. Damaged cables should be replaced when needed.



**CHECK GENERATOR  
CHARGING RATE**

to prevent overcharging or undercharging of battery. Either shortens battery life. Overcharging is indicated by excessive need for water.



**RECHARGE BATTERY**

(if needed) to prolong life of battery. Dealer will determine and correct the cause of the run-down condition.



Delco batteries are available for every make and model automobile, as well as for trucks, buses, tractors and commercial vehicles. They are sold by 34,000 dealers under the direction of United Motors Service.

# The Miles You DON'T Drive Are Tough on Your Battery

This winter, under wartime mileage rationing, your battery is "up against it!" Those short trips at low speeds probably won't put as much charge back *in* as you take *out* for starting, lights, heater, radio and other electrical equipment. On top of that, starting will be harder, since engine and engine oils will become cold and stiff during the stretches when your car is not in use. To help protect your battery against these conditions, have it checked once a month, and recharged when necessary. See your local Delco battery dealer, whatever the make of your battery.

When you  
**MUST**  
replace...

**REPLACE  
WITH A**

**DELCO BATTERY**

PRODUCT OF Delco-Remy



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
**DELCO-REMY SUPPLIES  
MANY VITAL PRODUCTS  
FOR AMERICA'S LAND,  
SEA AND AIR FORCES**

Aluminum castings and machined parts for aircraft engines . . . generators, regulators and cranking motors for Diesel- and gasoline-powered trucks, tractors, tanks, landing boats, lighters and torpedo boats . . . military aircraft generators and regulators . . . aircraft magnetos . . . shielded electrical equipment for radio-equipped Army vehicles . . . radio noise-suppression filters . . . solenoid switches . . . blackout switches and instrument panel controls . . . storage batteries, cranking motors, generators, ignition distributors and coils for all types of military vehicles.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★





ENGLISH VILLAGE SEWING CIRCLE DEFTLY PUTS THE FINAL TOUCHES ON A CANVAS AND BURLAP LANDSCAPE OF COUNTRYSIDE WITH HAYSTACKS, PLOUGHED FIELDS, POPLARS

# BURLAP LAND

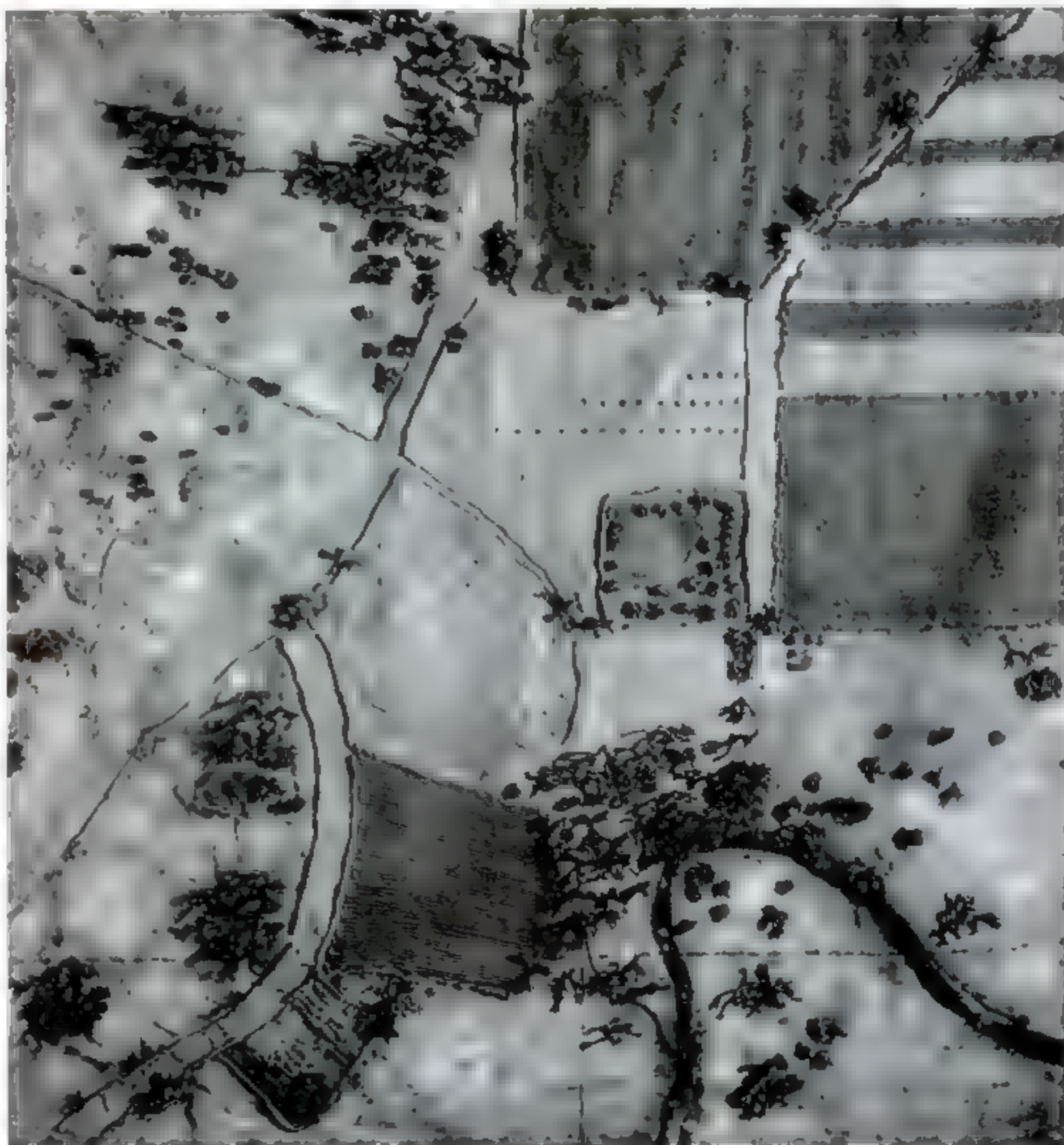
Englishwomen supply the RAF with hand-sewn model landscapes

An important part of war is training armor how familiar ground objects look from 10,000 ft. up in the air. But air photographs lack a three-dimensional quality. Models are slow and expensive to make. But the great women of England—now Women's Voluntary Service—have lately come to the rescue with what are called "flexible landscapes," now shown.

Crawling on their hands and knees, the cool art of a country house, these experts in the sewing have devised a series of tricks by which colored burlap thread worked on a canvas background can look precisely the way the surface of the earth looks to a flier. The photographs on these pages look as though they were taken from an altitude of 1,000 ft. The models can be rolled, stored and shipped. For a moment, they are perfect to a military school.

This new wartime art is evolving as it goes along. Burlap was chosen because it is fairly stiff but pliable, and fuzzy enough to give the effect of vegetation. Rivers, roads and snow patterns are painted on. Houses are wooden and detachable. Stone walls are double canvas strips. Ploughed fields are pieces of burlap that can substitute for ridges. Fenced knolls make cabbages and vegetable plots. Reeds and rushes are frayed burlap streams. Ponds are shiny black horse hair cloth. The canvases, mostly 6 ft. square, can be given any desired contours by putting boards underneath and will throw shadows for any time of day by shifting the lighting. They take a dozen women about three days of patient, fussy work to make.

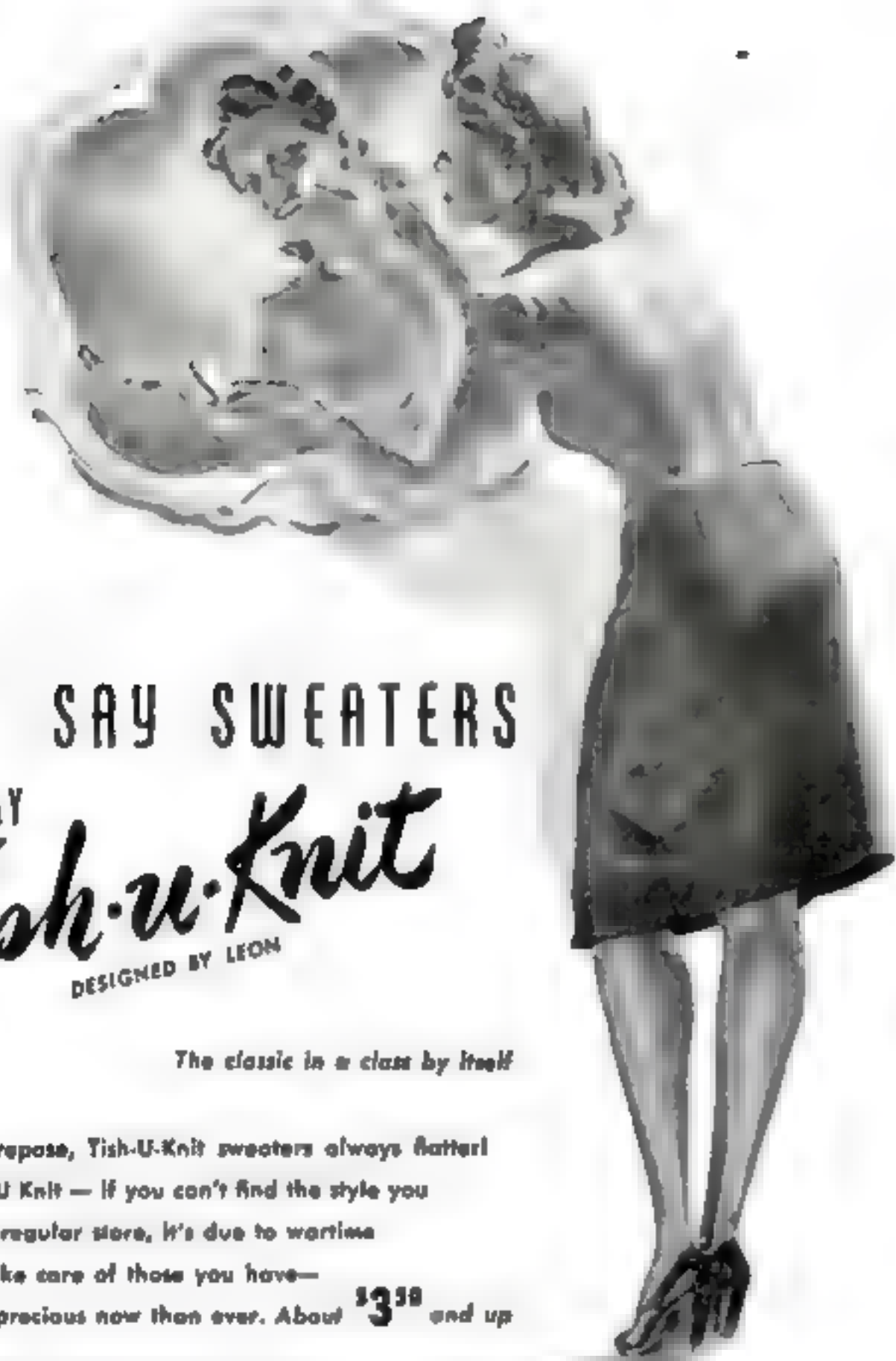
No better example could be found of how the multiplied energy of a democracy works in small ways to overthrow the military might of Nazi Germany.



Early stage of work shows stone walls made by stitching folds of canvas upright, leafless winter trees of burlap wrapped on

wires stuck in canvas, ploughed field (bottom) of machine-stitched ridges and pulled-thread stubble in other fields.





DON'T SAY SWEATERS

SAY  
*Tish-U-Knit*  
DESIGNED BY LEON

*The classic in a class by itself*

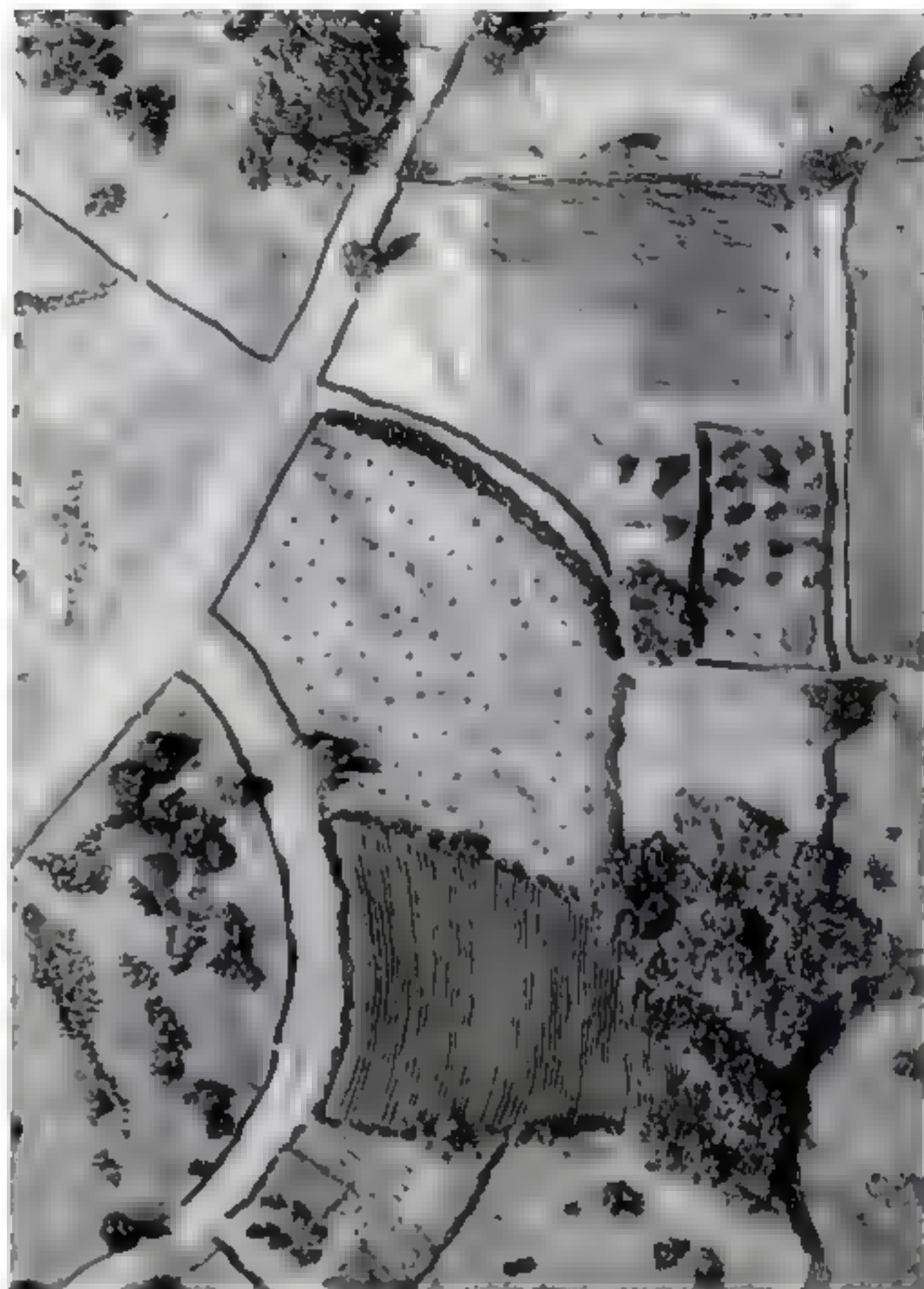
In action or repose, Tish-U-Knit sweaters always flatter!  
Insist on Tish-U-Knit — If you can't find the style you  
want at your regular store, it's due to wartime  
limitations. Take care of those you have—  
they're more precious now than ever. About \$3<sup>98</sup> and up

Write for **FREE** "Sweater-Girls-in-Action" illustrated fashion book

**FREE COLOR ENLARGEMENT** of this Sweater Girl picture, without reading matter, to pin-up or frame.

**TISH-U-KNIT SWEATERS** • 1373 Broadway, N. Y. C. • Canada: 303 St. Paul Street W., Montreal

## Burlap Landscapes (continued)



Same scene as on page 49 is shown here in more advanced, summertime version. The trees are lush and haystacks added (center). Dark loop (lower right) is painted river.



Final stage has movable wooden farm buildings and village (upper left), a truck on the road, field of standing corn above haystacks, village common with bushes (left).

**YESTERDAY...TODAY...TOMORROW**

*A Great Name*  
**Gordon's**  
**Gin**



100% Neutral Spirits  
Distilled from Grain

94.4 PROOF • GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, NEW JERSEY

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52



# ★★★★★ WARNER BROS. ★★★★★ WANT THEM ★★★★★ TO BE DANDY!

**Y**es-siree! Spare time's sure at a premium nowadays. So when you've spared an hour for the Movies we want you to be mighty glad you had. That's why Warner Bros. are on an all-out basis on the entertainment front. All day every day, all of us who *are* Warner Bros.—actors, writers, directors, technicians—have one purpose and one only; to give you the kind of entertainment that raises your spirits, lifts your chin,

and helps brighten things for any day ahead. 'Yankee Doodle Dandy', say those who have seen it, is that kind of Warner Picture again.

*[They tell us it's a new landmark on our own private pathway of progress which started 'way back when the Warners introduced the talking picture itself.]* We're glad that

people feel that way about 'Yankee Doodle Dandy'—because if they feel that way they feel good, and that's the feeling we Americans are shooting for.



# YANKEE DOODLE DANDY

JACK L. WARNER—Executive Producer

SPLENDIDLY SUPPORTED BY  
 JOAN LESLIE  
 JEANNE CAGNEY • FRANCES LANGFORD  
 GEO. TOBIAS • RENE MANNING  
 WALTER HUSTON • RICHARD WHORF  
 SONGS BY GEORGE M. COHAN  
 DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ  
 SCREEN PLAY BY ROBERT BUCKNER & EDWARD JOSEPH  
 DIALOGUE, STORY BY ROBERT BUCKNER

NOW AT  
 REGULAR  
 PRICES



# AMERICA IS SMOKING *MORE*\*

\* Government figures show all-time peak in smoking



SKY-PASSENGERS on Pan American Clippers are served with America's **FINEST** Cigarette!

And far more Americans  
are wisely smoking  
**PHILIP MORRIS!**

Doctors report, in medical journals, that:

**EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT  
DUE TO SMOKING, CLEARED UP COMPLETELY—OR  
DEFINITELY IMPROVED . . . WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED  
TO PHILIP MORRIS!**

No claim is made of any curative power in  
PHILIP MORRIS. *BUT*—this evidence clearly  
proves PHILIP MORRIS far less irritating for nose  
and throat—therefore better for you. Try them!

*And do they taste GOOD!*



**CALL FOR  
PHILIP MORRIS**

America's **FINEST** Cigarette

## Burlap Landscapes (continued)



**Libyan shore** uses blue and white waves of appliqued canvas (bottom), natural canvas beach, sand hills of stuffed canvas, inlet at low tide with white-painted rivulets.



**Desert detail** makes date palms of burlap and wire, beside a painted strip of road. The two African scenes shown here are along the cultivated part of the coastline.



**Railway** has four white-stitched tracks, telegraph poles of French knots connected with string, wooden bridge with tack and string railing and railway station at top.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54



# WHERE WILL YOU GET YOUR *Victory "Drive"?*



**T**HIS war won't be won by the driving force of fighting men alone.

It's going to take the same "push" and efficient use of energy at home—in factories, mills, mines—in every useful task and occupation.

The way you eat has a lot to do with the way you discharge your part in the war-job. One of the essentials is for you to get *adequate energy-foods*.

By all means eat plenty of such essential foods as vegetables, fruits and eggs. But be sure, too, you get enough solid, substantial, stay-with-you foods such as milk, meat, potatoes and *bread*.

Bread, for example, is more than 50% carbohydrate

—a food element the body readily converts into energy. It is therefore one of our best energy-foods.

Especially is this so of enriched white bread because its carbohydrates are balanced with adequate Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>.

You don't have to turn to the dietary charts for proof of the value of bread in times like these. We had hardly gotten into the war when bread consumption began to increase—clear indication of how people instinctively turn to this basic food when energy requirements go up.

Your energy, your drive, is needed now. Plan your diet carefully—eat *more bread every day*.

## MAKE HARD-TO-GET FOODS GO FURTHER RATION-EASING RECIPE No. 1

**BAKED TOMATO, BREAD AND CHEESE**  
6 slices bread  
1 cup cheese cubes  
2 cups tomato juice  
2 eggs  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 teaspoon pepper  
1 tablespoon minced onion

Plenty of good useful vitamin foods here make a main dish that will serve 6 persons.  
Butter bread and cut into cubes, put cubes of bread and cheese in baking dish in alternate layers. Beat eggs slightly, add tomato juice, salt, pepper and onion. Pour over bread and cheese and bake in moderate oven at 375° F. for 30 minutes.

## MOST GOOD BREAD IS MADE WITH FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

More commercially baked bread is made with Fleischmann's Yeast than with all other kinds combined, for reasons such as these:  
1. Fleischmann pioneered the methods of yeast manufacture which make possible the uniformity, potency and dependable quality of all others as well.  
2. More than 400 different strains of yeast selected from thousands gathered all over the world, are kept under constant culture and study in Fleischmann's laboratories. This assures bakers of the yeast best suited to American flours, methods and conditions year after year.  
3. Fleischmann research on vitamins brought about the yeast method of enriching bread with Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>.  
**FLEISCHMANN 1868-1943**  
7 years of good yeast for good bread

# Bread *is basic*





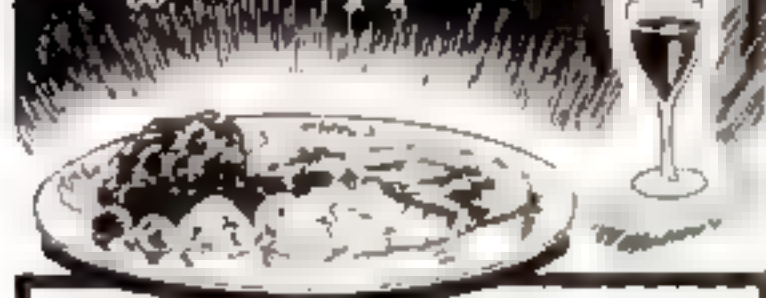
"FOR  
MY  
BOYS"

• Uncle Sam appreciates the wholesomeness and goodness of dried fruits. And to make sure that his boys and America's fighting allies get plenty he has "frozen" the entire crop of apricots, peaches, and other cut fruits, and most of the prunes. We don't expect any more of our fruit to be released for civilian use this season. There'll be no cut fruits except what small lots happen to be in dealers' hands and there'll be fewer prunes to go around. So if you have trouble getting SUNSWEETS, just remember, Uncle Sam's boys come first.

**SUNSWEET 'Tenderized' PRUNES**

Also APRICOTS, PEACHES, RAISINS, PRUNE JUICE, WHIP-PRUNE  
CALIFORNIA PRUNE & APRICOT GROWERS ASSN. • SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

## How to Glorify a Buffet Supper



BAKED HAM, PORT WINE SAUCE  
BAKED CREAMED POTATOES Burgundy  
BLACK CHERRY MOULD WITH CREAM CHEESE  
ORANGE BUTTER BREAD  
FRUIT COMPOTE  
LITTLE CAKES COFFEE

This is just one of the many menus in the Great Western "Dinner for Eight" Recipe Book which lists menus and recipes for every occasion and in addition tells you what wines to serve, when to serve them, and how to serve them - how to make each mealtime one of life's sparkling moments.

If for any reason you can't get the Great Western Wines of your choice, remember that though we are doing our utmost to meet your demands, wines of the quality of Great Western are not a product of mass production.

Ask your dealer for GREAT WESTERN AMERICAN WINES  
Champagne Sherry  
Sparkling Burgundy Tawny Port  
Vermouth Sauternes, etc.



Send for free "Dinner for Eight" Book

**Great Western**  
WINES—SINCE 1860  
PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO., RHEIMS, N.Y.

## Weary Feet Perk Up With Ice-Mint Treat

When feet burn, callouses sting and every step is torture, don't just groan and do nothing. Rub on a little Ice-Mint. Frothy white, cream-like, its cooling soothing comfort helps drive the fire and pain right out. Sore muscles relax in grateful relief. A world of difference in a few minutes. See how Ice-Mint helps soften up corns and callouses too. Get foot happy today, the Ice-Mint way. Your druggist has Ice-Mint.

## MEDICATED FOR SANDPAPER THROAT

Has a cold made it hurt even to talk? Throat rough and scratchy? Get a box of Luden's. You'll find Luden's special ingredients, with cooling menthol, a great aid in helping soothe that "sandpaper throat!"



## Burlap Landscapes (continued)



Green cornfield is made by stringing burlap threads around nails, stitching the wool crosswise, removing nails. The result, turned upside down, looks like piece at left.



Trimming trees to show species and season of the year is a delicate job. This is orchard and kitchen garden. Cabbages are French knots, onions double white stitches.



Work finished includes on wall two versions of farm country shown on preceding pages, a piece of hilly country (right) and WVS's biggest job, a village and farms.





## IT'S DINNERTIME IN AMERICA

**I**T'S DINNERTIME...or will be soon. What are you going to have? Steak's a little bit high. Maybe some lamb. Or chicken.

Enjoy it. Enjoy every bite of it while you can. Enjoy it even if it is rationed, even if you *do* pay more for it than you've paid in years.

At least you can still get it...

Not too far in the future...if the Japs and Nazis win...you may be glad to get a scrap of the cold skin of a chicken from a refuse pile. You may fight over a leaf of spoiled lettuce. May risk your life for a bone with a few scraps of meat on it.

Is this revolting? Does this seem drawing the picture a little too grim, a little too black?

It isn't. And it's time that we here in America realized it isn't. Right now, just to feed our armed

forces, we are rationing certain foodstuffs. Can you imagine the shortages the Germans and Japs would make here if *they* took over?

*Planned* shortages. Planned as part of their revenge for our being a "have" nation. Planned as part of their scheme to keep us subjugated for generation after generation.

There's no reason why they should spare *us*, if they're victorious. They've spared no one else. People in Poland and Greece and Yugoslavia now grub for miserable shreds of food from garbage piles. People like *us*.

Think about it. Think of it as something we and our families may face...think about it as one of the things that lost time, half-hearted effort, "letting the other fellow do it," can bring about...

think about it as one of the realities of total war.

Now is no time to relax. Now is the time for all of us...for you who read this advertisement and for us who sign it...to do all in our power to get this war over sooner.

It's up to *you*...and *us*.

## AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE

30 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y. • MANUFACTURERS  
OF TANKS • GUN CARRIAGES • ARMY AND NAVY  
ORDNANCE • STEAM AND DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES



# OF COURSE YOU CAN'T PICK AND CHOOSE SO — but don't blame



Less expensive meats such as boiled corned beef need something specially good to go with them. For instance, drained Del Monte Fruit Cocktail warmed in butter

will do the trick. And green beans are only one of many Del Monte Vegetables that'll add life and looks to everyday meats. Match them up to suit yourself!

It isn't his fault he can't always offer you all you want of everything.

He's doing the best he can to serve you well.

And he can serve you even better if you'll just back him up with your own cooperation and good sense!

If you really want to side-step shortages—just try building your main dishes around foods your grocer usually has. Then make them look and taste their best. With nice tender vegetables and bright, juicy fruits—like the ones you see here.

It doesn't make so much difference which Del Monte Fruits and Vegetables you use with what, either! They'll all give you the tempting contrast of color and flavor everyday dishes need.

Right there, you see why Del Monte's wide variety can help so much these wartime days. When you don't find just the Del Monte Food you planned to serve—look around! Take the ones your

grocer has. You're sure to enjoy them. And you'll help your grocer still more—save wear and tear on yourself—if you shop early in the week, and early in the day when his store isn't crowded.

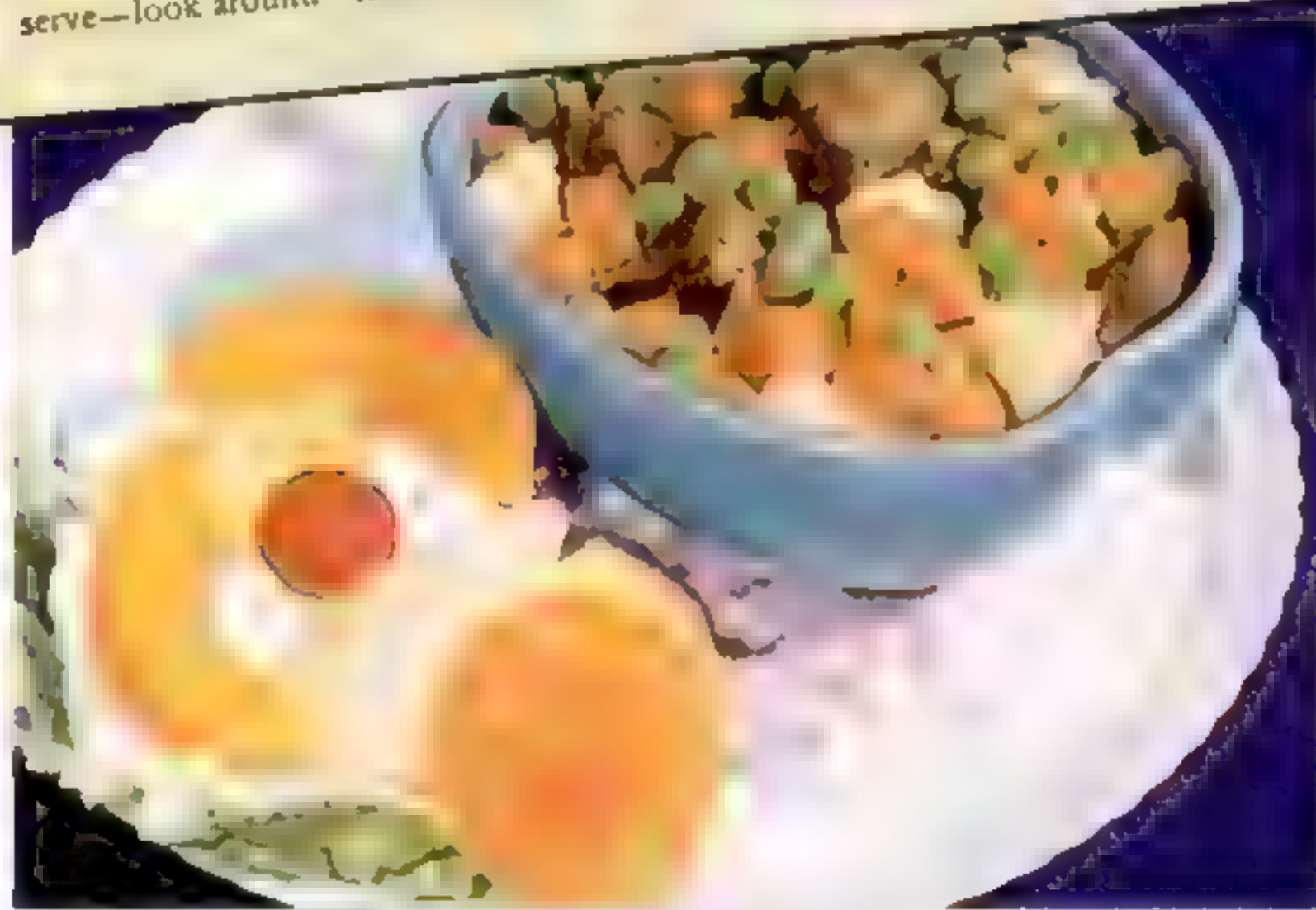
You'll save time, tires and gasoline, too—if you "Buy-for-a-Week" at a time. Simply map out meals a week ahead, and buy as many as possible of your week's needs in a single grocery order. You'll help your grocer serve all his customers better.

That's the brand of common-sense cooperation that will help to work out America's wartime food problems. You can do a lot for yourself by joining up now—and enlisting your neighbors, too!



Who'd miss the meat when there's Del Monte *Early Garden* Asparagus and a broiled peach to go with scrambled eggs! Such meals are easy when you follow the

Del Monte "Buy-for-a-Week" plan. You have what you need on hand. And every trip to the store you *don't* make saves time, gas and tires—for you and your grocer!

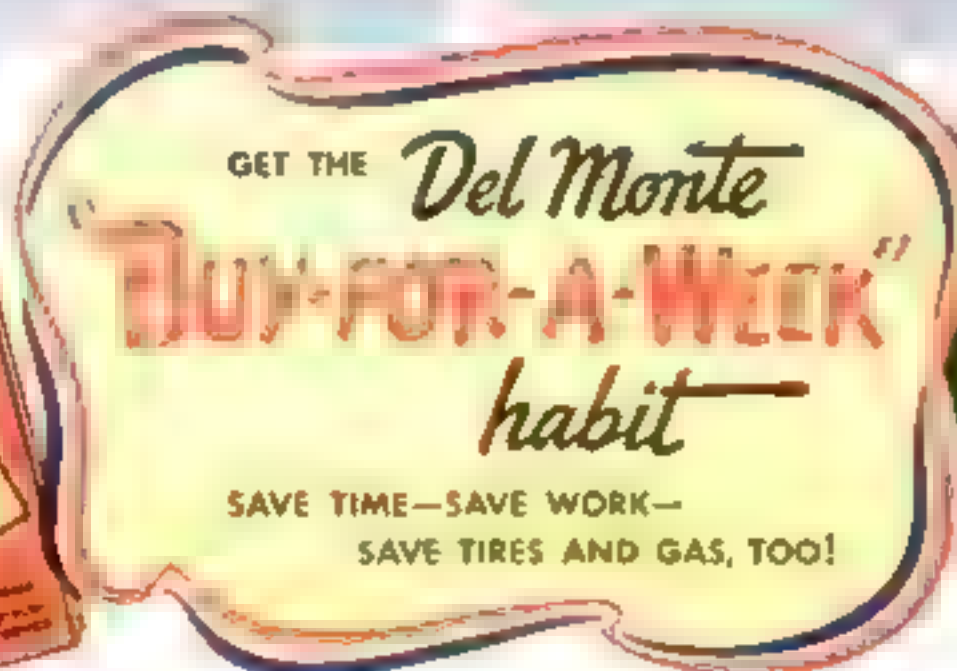


"Stew day" meals—and all meals are a lot easier to plan and "buy for" when you have the Del Monte Wartime Meal Planner to help you. At the left, below, you'll see

how to get your free copy. Don't forget, when you're picking out your week's supply of Del Monte Fruits and Vegetables you get exactly the same quality in cans and glass!

THIS SIMPLE LITTLE FOLDER MAKES WARTIME MEAL PLANNING SO MUCH EASIER

Lists the more commonly available everyday foods the government says you need. Gives you a practical, handy form for writing out your own menus for a whole week. Write Dept. 24, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.





MUCH THESE DAYS

*your grocer for that!*



**Pastes are plentiful**—and see if macaroni and cheese isn't a hit, dished up with hot Del Monte Bartlett's and Early Garden Peas. Or make your own combination!

Often you can use one Del Monte Food for another in the same food group. Try to "switch and swap" right in the Del Monte line. You'll find it good strategy!



**You can dress up meat balls** with any "green group" Del Monte Vegetable: Green limas, stringless green beans, peas, or green asparagus. And remember Del

Monte's yellow vegetables, too. Take what you find—you'll like them all. And to garnish meats, fill apricot centers with honey and butter, place in oven, serve hot.



**Frankfurters are fine** with broiled pineapple or other Del Monte Fruits too. There may be some you haven't tried. Find out! For the more Del Monte Fruits and

Vegetables you get to know, the better your meals will be. And you're getting full value in flavor and goodness for your food money. That's certainly an item these days!



**Have escalloped tomatoes** and honey-colored whole figs with cornbread and beans. You can do wonders with plain foods as long as you have plenty of fruits and

vegetables to keep up mealtime morale! But buy only what you need for the week, and no more! And give your grocer a lift by shopping early in the week and early in the day.

*Del Monte Foods*

TAKE THE VARIETIES YOUR GROCER HAS—BUY FOR A WEEK AT A TIME



*The baby's ability to walk begins with controlled movements. First he learns to lift his head, then he sits up, finally he stands erect. This physical development is directed by the brain, performed by thousands of muscles and nerves, and powered by dextrose sugar.*



# The first

FOR VICTORY  
Buy United States  
War Bonds & Stamps





# 100 steps are the hardest

**T**HERE'S a long, long walk ahead of those tiny feet...some 100,000 miles in an average lifetime. But, through the years, as those first difficult steps lengthen into the easy, vigorous strides of manhood, dextrose, the important fuel sugar of the body, will power all activity.

An eminent scientist says: "...not a twitch of our muscles, not a throb of our hearts, not a flash of our imaginations, but is produced by dextrose. The gas in the fuel tank of our human automobile is dextrose."

So, whenever you think of energy, think of dextrose; because dextrose *is* food energy in its purest form. It is the *natural* sugar of the body.

As produced from golden American corn, dextrose is pure white, mildly sweet, cooling to taste.

Modern food producers use dextrose as an important ingredient of their products, because dextrose generally improves flavor and texture, and always enhances food value.

So look for "dextrose" on the labels of foods you buy—canned fruits, fruit juices, candy, ice cream, crackers, cookies, soft drinks, jams and jellies—it is your assurance of quality, flavor and genuine food energy—at no extra cost.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY  
One of the producers of pure dextrose sugar

ALL THROUGH LIFE

\*  
**dextrose**

IS THE  
**SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY**



#### \*DEFINITION

"*dextrose*" is a scientific name. It is *not* a trade mark. It describes a vital sugar—just as the names "*lactose*," "*maltose*," "*sucrose*," etc., define other types of sugar.



#### FOOD FOR FIGHTERS

The U. S. Army selected dextrose as the basic food-energy sugar of Field Ration "K"—issued to fighting men to sustain them in emergencies.



#### ALL-AMERICAN

The chief source of dextrose is American corn, grown by American farmers. Dextrose is refined in American factories and distributed by American companies.





**Anya**, the most glamorous of night club fortune tellers, drapes her platinum hair over a black velvet fringe which adds to her mystical allure. Twenty-five years old, she is a former pupil of Albertina Rasch, worked as a dancer until four years ago

when she turned to her old hobby of palmistry. Now, with a soft, soothing voice she sits near the bar at the Copacabana, reads love lines in men's palms until 4 a.m. She has trouble with some customers who insist on having two or three read-

ings in one evening, but in general is adept at coping with aggressive clients. Besides the usual card goers, she has read the palms of various Vanderbills and Whitneys. Of her profession Anya says: "It takes people's minds off their troubles."





**Norman, card reader** at the Hotel Lexington, looks like an average businessman, has more men than women among his clients. He started out to be a lawyer but for the past two years has been card-reading according to a system he learned from a Kentucky hillbilly.



**Hugh MacCraig, astrologer**, was once a mining-engineering student. He studied astrology to prove that it was *locus-pocus*, became fascinated and then took it up professionally. He uses a complicated astrology disk, the original of which he found in France.



**Sydney Ross, palmist** has, he says, a Ph. D. from the University of London. He came to the U. S. to teach psychology, wound up doing card tricks in speakeasies. Ross now combines magic with palm reading.

## WAR BRINGS BOOM TO NIGHT-CLUB SOOTHSAYERS

The war and the uncertainty of the future has brought a boom business to the cafe fortune tellers who promise anything from a raise in military rank to the inheritance of a fortune. Today in New York a soothsayer is as much a part of a night club as the hat-check girl, the bartender or the master of ceremonies. Sitting in a quiet corner, she has a steady stream of customers who are waiting to have their futures predicted, to be told what day is their lucky one and whether the man they are going to meet is "tall and dark" or "gray-haired and wealthy."

If she is an attractive palmist she probably holds her male customer's hand tighter than she needs to. If she is middle-aged she makes herself up to look like an old-world gypsy or a Park Avenue matron. To impress her patrons she sometimes employs carnival razzle-dazzle such as burning incense or gazing into a crystal ball, which is dramatic if not scientific. A New York State law forbids for-

tune-telling for hire, so these "entertainers" have concessions with night clubs and if a customer is not moved to offer a "gratuity" for a glimpse into the future, the "entertainer" has no recourse to collect payment. But war or no war, fortune tellers have always been great favorites both with true believers in the occult and spinster school teachers off on a spree.

Not all necromancers are women. Of the men, some are ex-magicians who find it more profitable to read the cards than to do tricks with them. All fortune tellers have different methods, varying lines of patter. Some are palmists, some astrologers, some numerologists. Others read tea leaves, see the future in puffs of white smoke. To meet the demands of a sophisticated public they present their visions with a sort of pseudo science. A few of them will admit that a good course in psychology and the ability to do some simple card tricks will start the apprentice mystic off in business.



**Ber-Mar, psychic** at Cefe's Monte Carlo, has been reading minds for 18 years. Part magician, he wears a turban, finds messages in a crystal ball, has two Java sparrows which assist in his mysticism by picking cards for clients.



**Myrus, mind reader**, was formerly a mechanic, became interested in psychic phenomena. Working at the Hotel Pierre's Cotillion Room, he has patrons write questions on cards, then answers them without looking at the cards. He has read the minds of Joan Crawford and Ginger Rogers, predicts Hitler will commit suicide.



**Julienne, palmist**, covers the faces of her customers with a handkerchief, to prove she relies only on the hand. She has read the palms of Shirley Temple, Harry Hopkins.





JOHNNIE WALKER's the perfect whisky for every occasion. Its flavour is delightfully different... each sip reveals a world of mellowness. But let your taste tell you about the smooth, distinctive flavour of this fine scotch. Isn't it time you stepped ahead with Johnnie Walker?

**JOHNNIE WALKER**

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

RED LABEL  
8 YEARS OLD

BLACK LABEL  
12 YEARS OLD

Both  
86.8 proof



Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer



**Pundit Joe, palmist and astrologer**, works with a combination of dates and lines of the hand. He came from India, took up professional astrology after he got here, now works at the Gypsy Tea Kettle, wearing a satin blouse and turban. He is popular with clergymen, lawyers, other professional men who discuss religious lore with him.



**Shura, palmist**, is extremely interested in medicine, uses a flashlight and magnifying glass to study blood condition and skin texture as well as palm lines. Twenty-four years old, she was born in China, studied dancing but gave it up for palmistry. At La Marquise she reads palms mainly for character analysis and vocational advice.



# The kid who used to raid the icebox



Next time you shop for food, keep this boy in mind...

He is the kid who used to come in late at night and "polish off" mother's meal planned for the next day. Folks used to say he'd eat his parents out of house and home...

He's in the armed services now... along with millions of other boys. And, of course, he and all his buddies have taken their appetites with them.

Uncle Sam knows that these fighters need the finest food... and plenty of it. And so the men of our Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard are the best fed in all the world.

We "stay-at-homes" must make sacrifices in support of our fighting forces. So consider this...

When you visit your A&P Super Market and learn that some favorite item is repeatedly unavailable, know that it has probably "joined up for the duration." And should you be asked by an A&P manager or clerk to buy only one of an item you usually purchase in larger quantity, know that it, too, is scarce because it is "seeing service." But remember this...



Your A&P Super Market has hundreds upon hundreds of good things to eat. Any average homemaker can shop from the shelves and bins

of an A&P Super Market and assure her family of downright good meals... of tasty goodness and needed nourishment. And, of course, A&P's famous policy of selling foods at the lowest possible prices is in effect today... as always.



## How You Can Help Win the War

"Let patriotism dictate your shopping list. When you market, follow these important rules: (1) Buy what is plentiful. (2) Buy what is fresh. (3) Buy what is produced locally. (4) Buy what your Government asks you to buy in its Victory Food Features. (5) Do not hoard."... from a statement of Claude R. Wickard, Secretary of Agriculture, in *The American Magazine*.

## A&P SUPER MARKETS

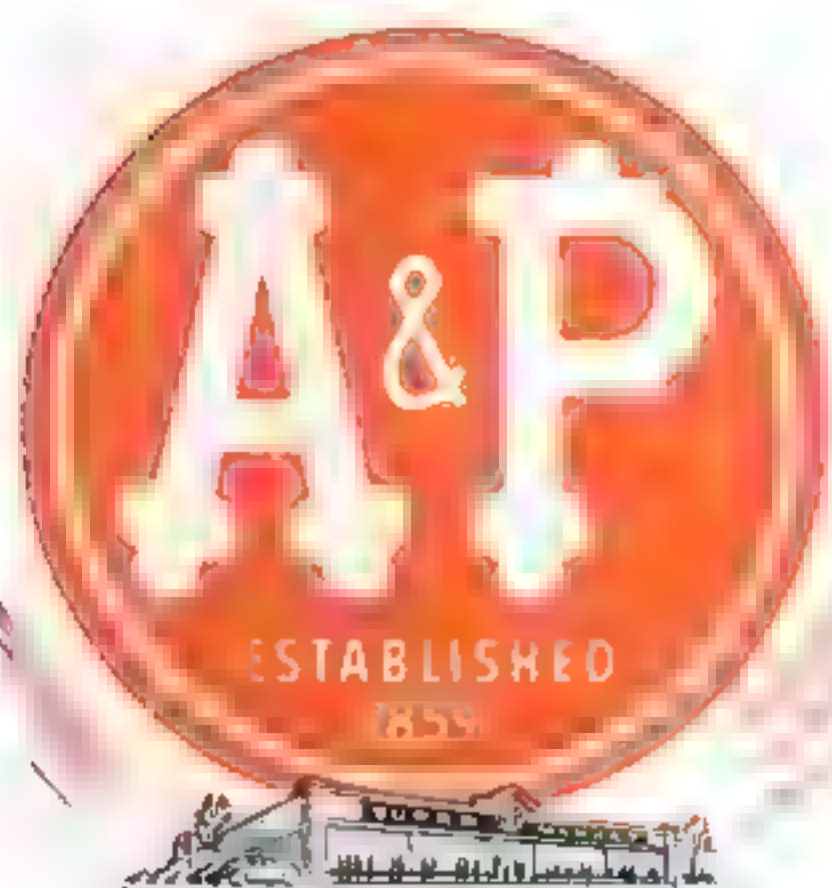
### SAVE UP TO 25%\* ON MANY FINE FOODS

\*Many A&P brands (sold only at A&P) bring you savings up to 25% compared to prices usually asked for other nationally known products of comparable quality. You'll enjoy the goodness of our—

33 Ann Page Foods  
White House Evaporated Milk  
Eight O'Clock, Red Circle  
and Bokar Coffees  
Jane Parker Cakes,  
Rolls and "Dated" Donuts

Morvel "Enriched" Bread  
A&P Canned Fruits & Vegetables  
Nectar and Our Own Teas  
Sunnyfield Butter  
Mai-O-Bit Cheese  
7 Sunnyfield Cereals

White Salt  
Household Products  
Sunnyfield Hams and  
Smoked Meats  
Sunnyfield Flours  
and many other fine foods







***CONSOLIDATED***



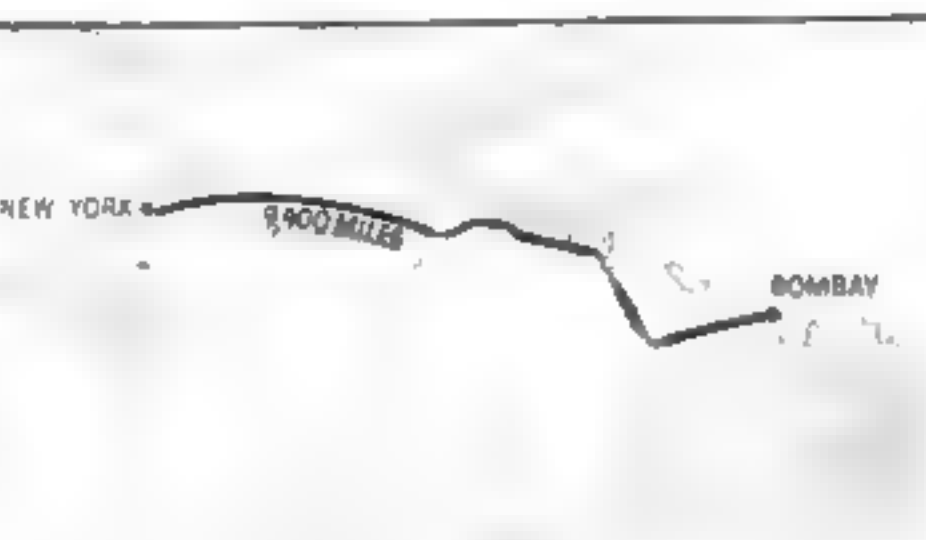
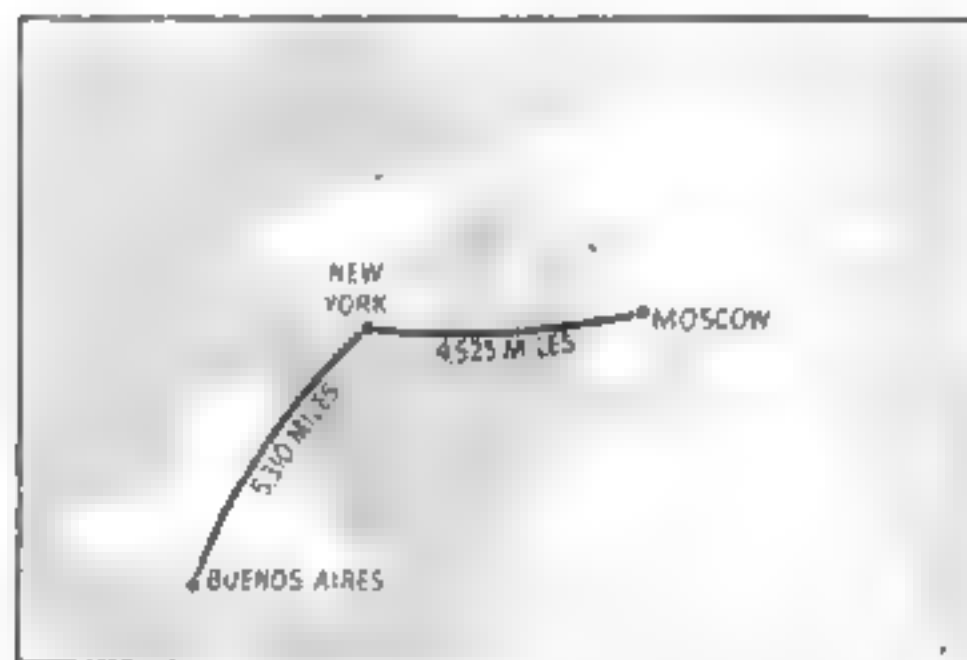
# TO AMERICA'S FIRST PLANE SPOTTER

We don't know who you were.

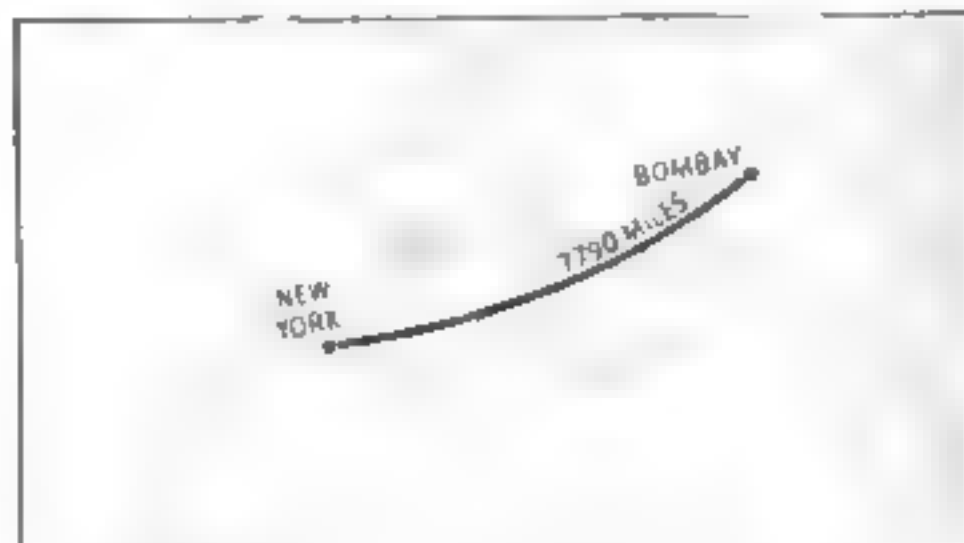
But the night you went on duty marked the end of the world, as most Americans had always known it.

You were a symbol of the realization that oceans are merely hours across by air. You were an admission that the barriers of land and water had been lifted. You were our first bow to the new global geography where distance is reckoned by the skyways as well as by nautical miles.

We are fighting the war today on that new global geography. We're fighting for remote pin-point islands in the Pacific because they can be potent air bases. We're fighting in the Aleutian fogs because from Kiska a bomber could strike at Detroit almost as easily as at San Diego.



The sea route from New York to Bombay is about 9400 miles. It is a 3-week voyage.



Today's skyward route from New York to Bombay is about 7790 miles. Flying time: 39 hours.

New York is closer to Moscow, by plane, than it is to our South American neighbor, Buenos Aires.

There is no need to labor the point that this is an air-minded war. The newspaper head-

lines never let you forget it. And as you read them, remember that we must remain equally air-minded in victory.

The countries of this new, sky-linked world will be bound together more closely, geographically and physically, than our own states

kind of peace that *can* last. With this new conception of global geography, you see the world as it is—a clustering of nations whose nearness makes them inter-dependent and inter-related. Without this new conception, you are looking at a world that used to be—a world where nations lived in the safety of remoteness, protected by distances that no longer exist and seas that have been narrowed to millponds.

FROM	TO	SURFACE TIME	AIR TIME
New York	Canton, China	11,300 M	31 days
New York	Moscow, Russia	5700 M	8 days
New York	London, England	3700 M	5 days
San Francisco	Brisbane, Australia	8200 M	21 days
Chicago	Fairbanks, Alaska	4000 M	8 days

Approximate traveling time and distances as you have known them in the past and as you will come to know them in the Air Age.

But understanding alone isn't enough. If the global community is to live together in freedom and enduring peace after the war, the nations which deeply believe in freedom and peace must possess air supremacy.

To bring this supremacy about, first in war and then in peace, is the aim of the tens of thousands of men and women who make up America's aircraft industry.

## Consolidated Aircraft Corporation

San Diego, California • Fort Worth, Texas

Member, Aircraft War Production Council

### QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

In 1929, Consolidated was already building America's biggest planes. The company is 20 years old this year.

Today Consolidated is building: the B-24 Liberator, (4-engine, long-range, land-based bomber)—PB2Y Coronado patrol bomber, (4-engine long-range flying boat)—PBV Catalina patrol bomber, (twin-motored, long-range flying boat)—the C-87 Liberator Transport, (cargo-plane version of the Liberator bomber).

In Fort Worth, Texas, where nothing but grazing land stood a year and a half ago, one of the world's longest aircraft assembly lines is now delivering a steady flow of 28-ton C-87 Liberator Transports. These planes are daily spanning both oceans with military supplies and personnel for our global fighting fronts.

Consolidated was one of the first aircraft manufacturers to establish a training school for Army Air Forces mechanics and ground crew. "Camp Consoir"—complete with barracks, officers' quarters, mess halls, laboratories, classroom buildings, and hospital—adjoins the Consolidated plant at San Diego.

Winston Churchill used a Liberator for his flight to Moscow. General H. H. Arnold flew in a Liberator from Brisbane, Australia, to San Francisco in the record time of 35 hours and 53 minutes.

It was a Consolidated Liberator, dubbed the "Gulliver," which carried Wendell Willkie on his round-the-world flight. The "Gulliver" was the first plane in history to span Siberia and cut across the Gobi Desert and Mongolia, the first to fly from China to the U.S. via Alaska.

The 31,000-mile route blazed by this globe-girdling Liberator will probably become one of the regular skyways of

post-war aerial travel and commerce.

Ford and North American are also building the B-24 Liberator under license from Consolidated. Similarly, in Canada, Boeing and Vickers are building the Consolidated Catalina patrol bomber.

Turning out great numbers of long-range bombers like the Liberator, is Consolidated's major wartime job. But we are not doing this job single-handed. More than 2000 sub-contractors and suppliers, in many parts of the U. S., are working round the clock to provide many of the materials and parts for this giant bomber.

# AIRCRAFT

DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS OF THE LIBERATOR,  
CORONADO, CATALINA, C-87 TRANSPORT



ARMY



↑ **Spinal anesthetic agent** is given by inserting needle between vertebral segments, as shown here, under covering of the spinal cord. Agent injected into spinal fluid but not into cord, anesthetizes body below the injection and for slight distance above. ↓ **Regional block**, anesthetizing only the limited section of the body involved in the operation, is given by inserting needles near spine into tissues close to nerve trunks arising from the spinal cord. Technique requires intimate knowledge of anatomy.





# ANESTHESIA

## Latest techniques are applied by Medical Corps

The already brilliant record of surgery in World War II bears implicit witness to equally brilliant achievements in another branch of medicine—the science of anesthesia. From an incidental operating-room procedure it has grown, during the past two decades, to the full status of a specialty, engaging the careers of some of the best men in medicine. A spur to the progress of anesthesiology has been the proven fact that improper administration of anesthetic agents was one of the major causes of surgical complications in World War I. The U. S. Army Medical Corps is determined that this tragedy need not and will not be repeated.

The Medical Corps has first of all accorded full recognition to the new status of anesthesiology. In the Army hospitals as in civilian practice, it is the anesthesiologist, a doctor of medicine and a medical officer, who determines what type of anesthesia is indicated for each surgical case. He has a wide choice of preoperative drugs, of local and general anesthetic agents, and during the operation is even more closely in control of the patient's condition than the surgeon. Sole obstacle to full operation of this system is the shortage of anesthesiologists. It is being met by a training program for medical officers and enlisted men, set up following the advice of the National Research Council. Shown here is the first school organized under this program, at Tilton General Hospital, Fort Dix, N. J.

Officer-anesthesiologists, assigned for duty at base and evacuation hospitals, get an intense twelve-week course which emphasizes the fundamental principles of physiology and pharmacology and teaches the advanced techniques, including the delicate procedure of regional anesthesia through spinal blocks (opposite and below). As an adjunct to their course in general inhalation anesthesia, they learn the procedures of resuscitation and oxygen therapy, a branch of medicine in which anesthesiologists have pioneered. Enlisted men who will serve in field medical units are trained as anesthetists to work under the direction of medical officers. They master only the standard, open-drop administration of ether. Above all, they must learn to recognize the stages of anesthesia and know how to meet emergencies.



Hypodermic syringe is attached to each needle in turn, and anesthetic agent is injected into tissues around nerves. Agent is procaine, which is mixed with spinal fluid.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

*because they're*

**BETTER**

Chelseas are now included among the select luxuries carried by all Pan American Airways' Clipper Ships for passengers' enjoyment. A superb cigarette, offering smokers for the first time, the long sought combination of new mildness and rare richness.

You'll enjoy Chelseas—because they're better.

**CHELSEA**

BETTER CIGARETTES

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF EDGEMORTH  
AMERICA'S FINEST PURE TOBACCO





## CORONET V. S. Q. very special quality BRANDY

You'll hail your first Coronet brandy and soda as a great discovery! It makes a light, sparkling highball. Fresher-tasting, as you sip...and afterwards! Try it. Plenty snooty, without being plenty costly. Handy in long drinks, cocktails, straight as a de luxe liqueur.

50c for unique Coronet snifter...yours without advertising, special brandy snifter of thin, hand blown crystal glass with snooty face and crown (illustrated above), satin-etched on side. 32 oz., 6" high. Order one or more. Shipped postpaid. Send check or money order to Schenley Distillers Corporation, P. O. box 78, dept. A, N. Y. C. California Grape Brandy 84 Proof, Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

June 1st JACK PEARL and Morton Gould's orchestra in Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival." Your Mutual station every week. ★ make your dollars fight...buy war bonds and stamps!

## Anesthesia (continued)



Administration of ether by open-drop method and recognition of stages of anesthesia are taught enlisted men. They must recognize shock and assist in giving transfusions.



Controlled airway is established by this method of anesthesia, in which tube is inserted directly into windpipe. By squeezing bag, anesthesiologist controls respiration.





FOR VICTORY, BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS

## **"COUNT ON ME FOR '43 - To help Keep 'em Rolling!"**

**THE OLDSMOBILE DEALER AND HIS ORGANIZATION ARE STICKING TO THEIR VITAL JOBS . . . SO AMERICAN WORKERS CAN GET TO THEIRS**

"It's going to be a tougher job than ever to 'keep 'em rolling' for Uncle Sam during the coming year. Everybody's car will be one year older. Many folks will have driven their cars longer than they ever did before. War workers will need more dependable transportation than ever. Gas rationing and reduced mileage will make every mile of travel a vitally important one!

"All of which places quite a responsibility on me as a dealer, and on my organization as well! We've got to keep engines, brakes, axles in prime condition. We've got to convert gas-eaters into gas-savers. We've got to help folks conserve their tires, their

oil, their engines and vital moving parts. It's a heavy assignment—and certainly a *vital* one in the national war effort—but I just want to assure every Oldsmobile owner, and owners of other makes of cars as well, *we're all out to handle the job.*

"We're equipped with the latest, finest types of machinery and tools for service work. We've got the 'know-how' that comes from long experience as well as thorough training in factory methods and technique. We've got what it takes to keep the wheels of America moving smoothly and dependably.

"Regardless of what make of car you may drive, whether it's an Oldsmobile or any other make, let us help you *care for your car for your country.*"



# **OLDSMOBILE DEALERS OF AMERICA**

**"IN SERVICE FOR THE NATION"**





On location in Santa Rosa, Alfred Hitchcock turns railroad depot into a movie set. In foreground Director Hitchcock (seated) explains scene to Actors Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright and

Henry Travers. Behind him is movie company consisting of two camera crews, grips, juicers, producer, assistant directors, child-welfare worker, actors, stand-ins, extras, sound men, script girl.

## \$5,000 PRODUCTION

Hitchcock makes thriller under WPB order on new sets

As a director of movies like *The Lady Vanishes*, *Foreign Correspondent*, *Rebecca* and *Saboteur*, Alfred Hitchcock has already proved himself ingenious in creating suspense-filled melodramas. As a director of one of the first movies to be produced under the Government restriction placing a \$5,000 ceiling on new materials used for sets, he has shown he has more than one trick up his sleeve. Accustomed to spending more than \$100,000 on sets alone for one picture, Hitchcock made *Shadow Of A Doubt* by reverting to the "location shooting" of early movie days. Instead of elaborate sets he used the real thing. To shoot scenes supposed to take place in New



On location in New Jersey Hitchcock (right) directs newsreel cameramen who are shooting view of Pulaski Skyway over Hackensack River to be used as an opening shot in the movie.



Scene from the movie shown being filmed at left is used as atmosphere and mood shot, establishing a slum district. River characters were nearby factory men who turned actors for the day.





On Hollywood sound stage, side of house which was used in *Santa Rosa* is reproduced. Most exterior scenes were shot on location, to keep set costs low. For this one Universal used old lumber

and nails which are not included in the War Production Board ruling on new materials. Seated on upstairs porch Alfred Hitchcock directs Teresa Wright, holding broken step and flustered

Jersey, he traveled cross-country and shot them in New Jersey. Instead of building a studio version of a typical American city, his main setting, he searched for a ready-made one. Selecting Santa Rosa, Calif. (pop. 13,000), Hitchcock with his cast and crew took over the entire city for four weeks, converted it into a complete motion picture studio. The result is an exciting and ingly realistic film whose new set cost, mainly for studio replicas, was well under the imposed limit. *see right*. The pictures on these pages of Hitchcock & Company in New Jersey, Santa Rosa and Hollywood, taken by three of LIFE's photographers, document the making of a motion picture in wartime.

#### COST OF NEW MATERIALS USED IN BUILDING FILM'S SETS

Exterior of House, Front	\$1,200.00	Interior of Train	OLD SET
Exterior of House, Back (above)	217.00	Interior of Restaurant	OLD SET
Interiors, Both Floors	430.00	Cafe and Bar	211.00
Garage	101.00	Wall Paper, Drapes, Paint, etc.	781.50
Interior of Library	38.50	Total	\$2,979.00



On street in Newark carpenters have built a level track for the camera to ride on. As "dolly" moves forward to make a "take," Hitchcock (left) directs two actors standing on street corner.



Scene from the movie shows Newark side street and two detectives shadowing a suspect hiding in house. As scene was shot before picture was cast, Broadway hit players served as doubles.





**Weathered house in Santa Rosa** was chosen for a setting by Producer Skirball (left) and Hitchcock. Hearing that his house was to be used, Dr. C. M. Carlson, the owner, painted it a gleaming white. Painters had to "season" it again with oil. Hollywood "green" men added ivy vines.



**Movie sequence** using the front steps of house shows Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten about to face each other. The story is another of Hitchcock's suspense-filled, psychological dramas. During the filming of these scenes Dr. Carlson and his family were practically dispossessed.



**Santa Rosa's town square** with policeman directing traffic was viewed by Skirball and Hitchcock as they contemplated using it in the movie. In the background is the Bank of America which was used for the exterior shots. To shoot the pictures Main Street was blocked off for three days.



**Street scene in the movie** has more realism than the most elaborate studio shots might have. Street traffic, parked automobiles, town buildings and pedestrians belong to Santa Rosa. In the foreground Teresa Wright plays a scene with a traffic officer (an actor from Hollywood).



**Front-lawn moviemaking** was a new experience for Hollywood crews, but more of a novelty for quiet-living Santa Rosa townsfolk. Hitchcock bends over to watch a rehearsal through camera set up in front of Dr. Carlson's house. Actor Hume Cronyn stands ready for a "walk through."



**To take this scene**, the camera set-up shown at left was used. In foreground Henry Travers (left), as the head of a Santa Rosa family, talks with his neighbor about murders and unsolved crimes, their favorite hobby. A Hitchcock touch, this talk produces both humor and suspense.













HITCHCOCK TALKS WITH THE CHILD STAR HE FOUND IN SANTA ROSA

## GROCER'S DAUGHTER ACTS IN FILM

Besides turning Santa Rosa into a great movie studio for four weeks, Alfred Hitchcock did a final bit of magic and turned one of the city's younger children into a motion-picture starlet. Before the *Shadow of a Doubt* company moved into town, 10-year-old Edna May Wonacott was just another little girl who rode home from school on a bus and occasionally helped her father run his grocery store (see below). Today she has a 7-year contract and a prediction from Hitchcock that she will be a star within a year.

The reason for this sudden transformation came about when Director Hitchcock wanted a little girl with freckles, pigtails and glasses to play the part of Teresa Wright's young sister. He looked around Santa Rosa for such a girl, just as he had looked for houses, banks and churches. Spying Edna May Wonacott, Hitchcock gave her a brief conclusive test, rushed her into the picture. Unlikely to be spoiled by Hollywood glamor, Edna May will go on living in Santa Rosa. According to her contract she can make only two pictures a year, these when school is out for the summer.



HELPING HER FATHER IN HIS GROCERY STORE IS AFTER-SCHOOL FUN



At the railroad station Edna May plays scene with Joseph Cotten. With her is part of her screen family made up of father (Henry Travers), sister (Teresa Wright), and brother (Charles Bates).



In the movie story Edna May is a very precocious little girl, fond of lug wares and leg books. In reality she is a normal 10-year-old, likes Hitchcock movies, chocolate sundaes and the funny papers.



Bedroom scene shows Edna May dropping her book long enough to talk to Teresa Wright. As part of her screen test Hitchcock asked her to read a long, long way in bed of what she does in the movie.



"The 'Little General' keeps  
my hands working  
overtime!"



No more red, weather-  
chapped hands since  
I've been using **Hinds**—  
that **Honey** of a lotion!

See, I have a baby sitting baby—my hands  
get pretty of hot-water punishment. But I  
smooth on Hinds Honey and Almond Cream  
before and after housework. For work, Hinds  
skin-softeners act like an invisible glove—help  
guard my hands against dry, scratchy rough-  
ness. At work, I use Hinds again to give my  
hands a softer, whiter look in a jiffy!



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#### HONEY—Beauty Advisor, says:

**EXTRA-SOFTENING!** Hinds Honey and  
Almond Cream is an extra-creamy emul-  
sion of true skin-softening ingredients.

**WORKS FAST!** Even one application of  
Hinds gives your red, chapped skin a  
softer, whiter look... a comfy feel.

**EFFECT LASTS!** Hinds skin-softeners help  
to protect your skin through greasy, dirty  
work and soapy-water jobs.

**DOES GOOD!** Not greasy, not sticky—  
doesn't just cover up roughness. Hinds  
actually benefits red, chapped skin.

At toilet goods counters



VICTORY  
FIRST!  
OUR POLICY

You better be proud  
of my hands—  
they're soft as  
baby's!

Buy U. S. Bonds and Stamps!

# HINDS for HANDS

and wherever skin needs softening!

## \$5,000 Production (continued)



"Wild wall" is the usual name for a particularly wild wall. It costs hundreds of  
dollars in set expenses. Here production men set one up for the scene shown below.



Exterior of cafe outside of which Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten play a scene is  
really the "wild wall" with an advertising poster and light wire added for realism.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78





## Blue Ox

He has sworn to protect its secret with his life. When it is not in his possession it is under double-armed guard, twenty-four hours a day.

He alone carries it from the guard-room to the airplane, and when the mission has been completed, he carries it back to the guard-room. It is his responsibility. It is the Norden Bombsight. . . . He calls it the "Blue Ox."

The bombardier of a Flying Fortress\* is the man around whom the great airplane is designed. Back of him and his instrument stretch thousands of man-hours, miles of blueprint, tons of aluminum, acres of floor space, barrels of midnight oil.

An American bombardier, a "Blue Ox" and a Boeing Flying Fortress are the most formidable

bombing team in the world. One reason for this is the great stability of the Flying Fortress, which provides a perfect bombing "platform" for "precision bombing." Another is the unequalled high-altitude performance, protective armament and fire-power, which enable the Flying Fortress to reach her objective in daylight, despite flak or interceptors.

"Precision bombing" first began to be effective when the Fortresses bombed their objectives in Europe by daylight—from great altitudes—and with unheard-of accuracy. This brand-new military tactic owes much of its effectiveness to Boeing engineers, who worked until they had designed an airplane with the speed, range, stability, load, fire-power and altitude to do the job.

The job still needs to be done, and the Fortresses are doing it every day—on major fighting fronts from Europe to the South Pacific. When the work of the Fortresses is over—when the war is won—Boeing engineers will find many potential outlets for their skill and talents.

*For in designing and building the Flying Fortress and other advanced aircraft, Boeing engineers and "productioners" continually acquire new "know-how" in many fields: acoustical, electrical, structural, lubrication, etc. It's the kind of "know-how" that helps to win wars, and will some day help to make peacetime products better and cheaper.*

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS

\*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

# BOEING



And here's to the quality of Teacher's Scotch that sets it apart . . .

*"It's the flavour"*

**TEACHER'S**  
Perfection in Blended Scotch Whisky

86 PROOF

Trim your cuticle  
to beauty

Today the modern La Cross factory is making a great many products exclusively for the armed forces. We know a little about it, it is a wonderful place, a very wonderful place, a very wonderful place, a very wonderful place.

At 105 Centre St. New  
Hatched Blades \$2.25

La Cross

AMERICAN FINEST MANCURE IMPLEMENTS

on the road  
to Victory

*Step Lively with Non-slip*

**CAT'S  
PAW**

**RUBBER HEELS AND SOLES**

**WAXTEX**

Guaranteed by  
Good Housekeeping

**WAXTEX**  
HEAVY WAXED PAPER

125 FEET

**HEAVY  
WAXED PAPER**

A black and white photograph showing a man in overalls working on a large, ornate wooden lattice structure, possibly a gate or screen, outdoors. The structure is made of light-colored wood with a complex crisscross pattern. The man is standing in the center, facing the structure, and appears to be adjusting or working on a section of it. The background is dark and indistinct, suggesting an outdoor setting at night or in low light.

78





*Studebaker of America*

## Studebaker craftsmen again give "more than they promise"

The devastating bombing power and matchless fighting power of the Boeing Flying Fortress make comforting daily items in the war news. Much of the flying power for this invincible dreadnaught of the skies comes from Studebaker, long regarded as one of the foremost builders of motor car engines in the world. Studebaker, America's oldest manufacturer of highway transportation, is privileged to collaborate with Wright, America's old-



est producer of airplane engines, in this vital assignment. And Studebaker is also building much other war matériel including tens of thousands of big, multiple-drive military trucks for the United Nations. Today, as for generations past, Studebaker craftsmen make their watchword—"give more than you promise." Every Studebaker employee is justly proud of his organization's achievements in the arming of our Nation and its Allies.



War Trucks for the United Nations! Studebaker, famed for years for dependable transportation, has now become one of the largest producers of big, multiple-drive military trucks for the fighting forces of the United Nations.

*Studebaker* BUILDS WRIGHT  
CYCLONE ENGINES  
FOR THE *Flying Fortress*



*How American it is... to want something better!*



SURE this war-plant worker looks forward to "something better"—resuming study for her chosen career, that long-planned trip or to marriage.

That's why she's putting a healthy part of her earnings into war bonds and stamps—to speed the return of peace and all the other things which help make this "the land of something better."

Some of us can help most in the front lines, others on production lines—*all* of us can buy war bonds and stamps!



EVEN IN WARTIME, free America still enjoys many "better things" which are not available to less fortunate peoples. P. Ballantine & Sons, makers of "something better" in moderate beverages—Ballantine—America's largest selling ale.







SHIRT-SLEEVED TOM OXBAY, HEAD OF CALHOUN COUNTY, MICH. FARM WAR BOARD, TALKS WITH COUNTY FARMERS ABOUT 1943 CROPS

# FARMING FOR WAR

## DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE FACES BIG JOB

**T**he weather in 1942 was wonderful for farmers. In the Corn Belt, spring rains brought the plants well along. They gave way to hot summer which ripened the ears big and full. Spring wheat sprouted well in the early moisture, grew heavy-headed in the heat just before harvest. Grass grew thickly on the prairie and in the pastures fattening the cattle. Wherever early spring was dry, late spring was helpfully wet. Crops matured early, beating the first frosts to save the crops. In this favorable year of 1942 the U. S. gathered the richest harvest in all its beautiful history.

Ever since 1918, weather has been generally good for farmers. But seven years is a long time for a favorable weather cycle to hold. Now the men in the U. S. Department of Agriculture are worried that the country is due for some bad growing weather.

To the Department of Agriculture the U. S. is one huge farm. The weather is just one of its worries.

the only one it can do nothing about. Facing its biggest job ever, the Department must find manpower, machinery, fertilizer, gasoline, rubber, transportation for the country's 6,000,000 farmers at a time when the country is short of all these things and in a year when the country must produce more food than it ever has before. Even so, no matter how hard and efficiently the farmers work, they cannot produce all the food the American people want and all the feed their livestock needs. If there were no armed forces to feed, no allies to supply, the U. S. could gorge itself. But there are armies and allies and whole continents full of hungry people. U. S. civilians this year, at best, will get about two thirds of the food they want. There will be enough feed none to waste.

On Farm Mobilization Day last week President Roosevelt paid tribute to the U. S. farmers, urging them on to the task before them. Farm Mobilization

Day officially opened the U. S. farm year. During the next weeks, every U. S. farmer will tell the Department of Agriculture how much of what he will try to grow. The Department's 1943 quotas call for more meat, milk, peanuts, vegetables, poultry and eggs, a little more corn, less wheat, oats and barley.

The man who will have to see that the job gets done is Claude Wickard, a square jawed but not very tough, Indiana farmer who is Secretary of Agriculture and Food Administrator. His Department is a huge organization. Its Washington office building has the longest, two blocks, straight corridors in the capital, where most corridors are an interminable. From cubicles on these corridors the Department reaches into the homes and fields of every farmer through county agents, home demonstrators, FSA men, Triple A committeemen and the heads of County War Boards, such as Tom Oxbay, head of Calhoun County, Mich.





**CLIFF PERSONS' CROPS** were diagrammed on the side of his barn last fall *before* to see how the year went. Harley King drew while Cliff read off figures. Few days ago, Cliff and Harley began to plan 1943 *chicken*. This year, Cliff's 120 well-worked acres will raise more cattle, poultry and corn, less wheat, oats, and hay, no barley or soybeans. Except in soybeans, this agrees with national farm quotas.



## FARMING FOR WAR (continued)



**THE HOME DEMONSTRATOR** gives advice to farmer's wife. In the Marshall High School auditorium, Mrs. Theresa Thornt explains rationing, conservation.

## A MICHIGAN COUNTY GETS DOWN TO WORK

**C**alhoun County, Mich., lies about halfway between Chicago and Detroit. Its 3,500 farmers raise corn, navy beans, cucumbers, onions, grains, soybeans, cattle, pigs, on their fertile land. The 1943 job of the Department of Agriculture is simply the job it has to do in Calhoun County, multiplied and complicated by the size of the world's most productive country.

To do its work in each county, the Department of Agriculture has set up a County War Board. On it are two full-time Department men: the county agent, the farmer's technical adviser who tells him how he can best grow his crops; and a Farm Security Administration man, who helps out and lends money to poor farmers. In Calhoun County, the other two board members are farmers who get paid \$80 a day for their time. Alward Farley, an apple grower, is the Farm Credit man, who gets crop production loans for farmers. Thomas B. Oxby, who is the county's elected Agricultural Adjustment Administration head, is chairman of the War Board. To Oxby's office in Marshall, the county seat *see previous page*, come the county's farmers to find aid or sympathy, to see what Oxby can do for them in getting machinery or loans, to ask if he will arrange draft deferment for their hard-working sons or hired men, to gripe about the high factory wages which lure men away from the farms, and complain about ration boards which don't realize that a farmer always needs more gasoline and tires.

The American farmer, traditionally an independent gent, has grown accustomed to bringing his problems to the Department of Agriculture, which has poked its carniest nose into every cranny of the farmer's business. The Department affects the farmer's seed, machinery, livestock, buildings. It changes the way he works, the way he lives, the way his wife keeps house. It coerces him into growing war crops by guaranteeing good prices for crops it wants and by being stingy with loans on ones it doesn't want.



**NEIGHBORHOOD WAR CLUB** of Alton sits in Alward Farley's parlor to discuss salvage, trucking. County Agent Ralph Helm (in shirt sleeves) sits on sofa.





**THE EVER-NORMAL GRANARY** on Cliff Persons' farm is a sealed bin filled with 1,600 bushels of wheat. AAA gives Persons a loan on the wheat so he can hold it until it wants him to sell.

**FIELDS OF SOYBEANS** spread over U. S. farmland last year after the Department guaranteed farmers a good minimum price. Soybean harvest was 200,000,000 bushels, double the 1911 yield.



**TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM** sits on the Department's doorstep in Callum County, where farmers come to register trucks for rationing. FSA Supervisor (seated left)

**SOYBEAN SEEDS** were produced in sufficient quantity because Department anticipated need, pushed seed growers to increase output. Soybeans are valuable for oil.





## FARMING FOR WAR



**PEANUT PLANT** grows best in loose soil. Fine commercial variety is White Spanish, easy to cultivate and harvest. In Georgia, where these grow, planting starts in April.

## PEANUT COMES INTO ITS OWN

When the U. S. was cut off from the Far East, it faced an annual loss of a billion pounds of vegetable fats and oils. The Department of Agriculture had to make this up. So it turned to the peanut, a remarkably fatty vegetable which gives out more oil per pound than either cottonseed or soybeans. Last year the Depart-

ment coaxed farmers into doubling their peanut acreage but it did not reach its goal of 5,000,000 acres of peanuts. This year the goal is 5,500,000 acres.

The peanut, which grows in the South, is more pea than nut. As a matter of fact, it is no nut at all, being a bean-like vegetable which develops its pod underground.

**PEANUTS THEMSELVES** grow underground. After flower falls, stalk bends over to ground. The fertilized flower pushes down into soil, where its seed develops into peanut.

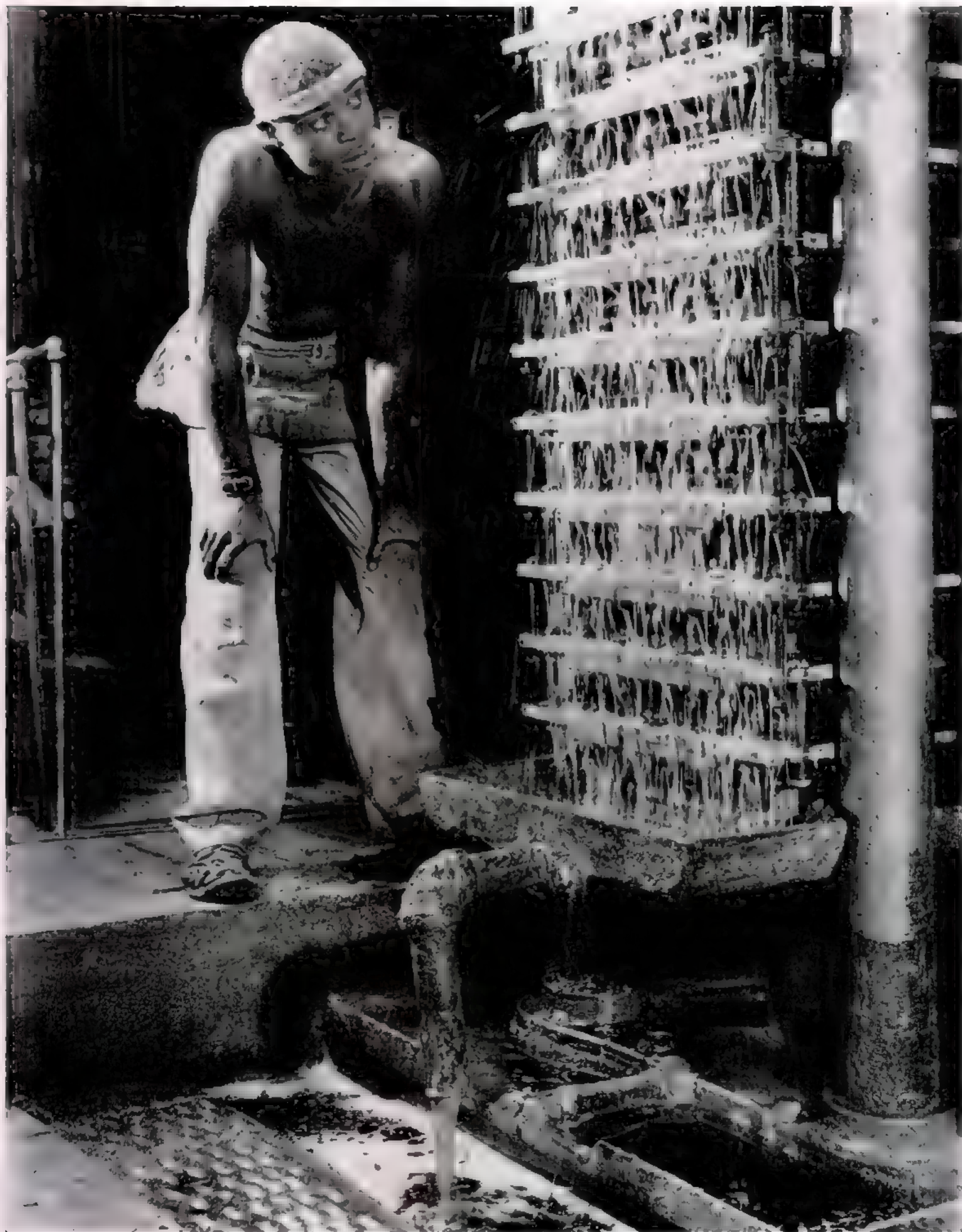


**PEANUT STACKS** dot the fields at harvest time. The vines are pulled out of their rows, piled loosely around high poles where the peanuts dry, and lie for a few weeks before being picked off.

**AT PEANUT-PICKING TIME,** red-iron wagons carry stacks of vines to a machine which picks peanuts off. Peanuts are then bagged. The vines are baled, used for hay, stuck in wire-







**PEANUT OIL POURS** from the hydraulic press of the Dawson Cotton Oil Co. in Terrell County, Ga. After being picked, graded, ground, separated and cooked, the peanuts are squeezed under 4,500-lb. pressure. Normally used as cooking and salad oil, peanut oil now goes into face lotions and shaving creams, is a source of glycerine used in munitions-making.





**TO GET QUININE**, now that the Japs have cut off the Java supply, the Department grows cinchona plants at Glendale, Md. When set out, plants grow into small trees whose

bark, after ten years, yields quinine. Meanwhile two synthetic drugs, atropine and physostigmine, are proving satisfactory substitutes for quinine and may make cinchona unnecessary.



**TO GET RUBBER**, the Department experiments with half a dozen plants, including poinsettias and dandelions. In nurseries at Salinas, Calif. (above) it grows guayule plants which

are promising rubber producers. This year 32,000 California acres will be planted to guayule, a shrub native to Texas and Mexico. Below, demonstrator shows dehydrating apparatus.



## NEED GROWS FOR NEW CROPS AND WATERLESS FOOD

**T**he war has changed the Department of Agriculture from a modest paternalistic agency into a hustling, go-getting organization. Today its Agricultural Marketing Administration, once largely concerned with food inspection, is the biggest single food buyer in the U. S., spending \$5,000,000 a day for Lend-Lease and foreign-relief agencies. The Farm Security Administration, once a kind of welfare outfit which worried about the unwanted migratory workers, is a busy manpower agency trying to fill the big demand for the once-scorned "Okies." Plant researchers who once plugged away in their greenhouses are being called on to produce quick miracles to replace crops cut off by war.

For 70 years, the Department's plant hunters have brought back new and better plants from the world's far corners—soybeans from China, fine alfalfa from Turkestan, hardy wheat from Russia. They took the wartime demand for new crops in their stride. The Department is growing plants for rubber and quinine. It has a waxy corn as substitute for tapioca, needed in adhesives and sizings. It has persuaded U. S. farmers to grow the apothecary's flowers—foxglove to get digitalis, deadly nightshade to get belladonna.

The Department also had to solve new problems of packing, processing and shipping. When shipping space went to a premium, the Department had to rush its work on dehydrated foods, which take up only a tenth as much space as bulk or canned foods. To enlarge the dehydration industry, which will expand fivefold this year, the Department had to set up schools to teach the drying process. Process consists of heating foods to high temperatures, then drying them in hot air. From this come the unappetizing-looking shreds and wisps, shown on opposite page, with amount of water that comes out in dehydration. When soaked and cooked, dehydrated foods taste as good as canned foods.

Its work on dehydration brought a curious complication to the Department. It had bought up 27,000,000 cases of evaporated milk, then found dehydrated milk was preferred for foreign shipping. Now it has 15,000,000 cases on its hands. This is a useful reserve, but it costs \$100,000 a year just to turn the cases every few weeks (below) so that the milk will not spoil.



**MILLIONS OF CASES** of evaporated milk, bought as reserve, are stored, and turned regularly to prevent spoiling.



**LIMA BEANS**



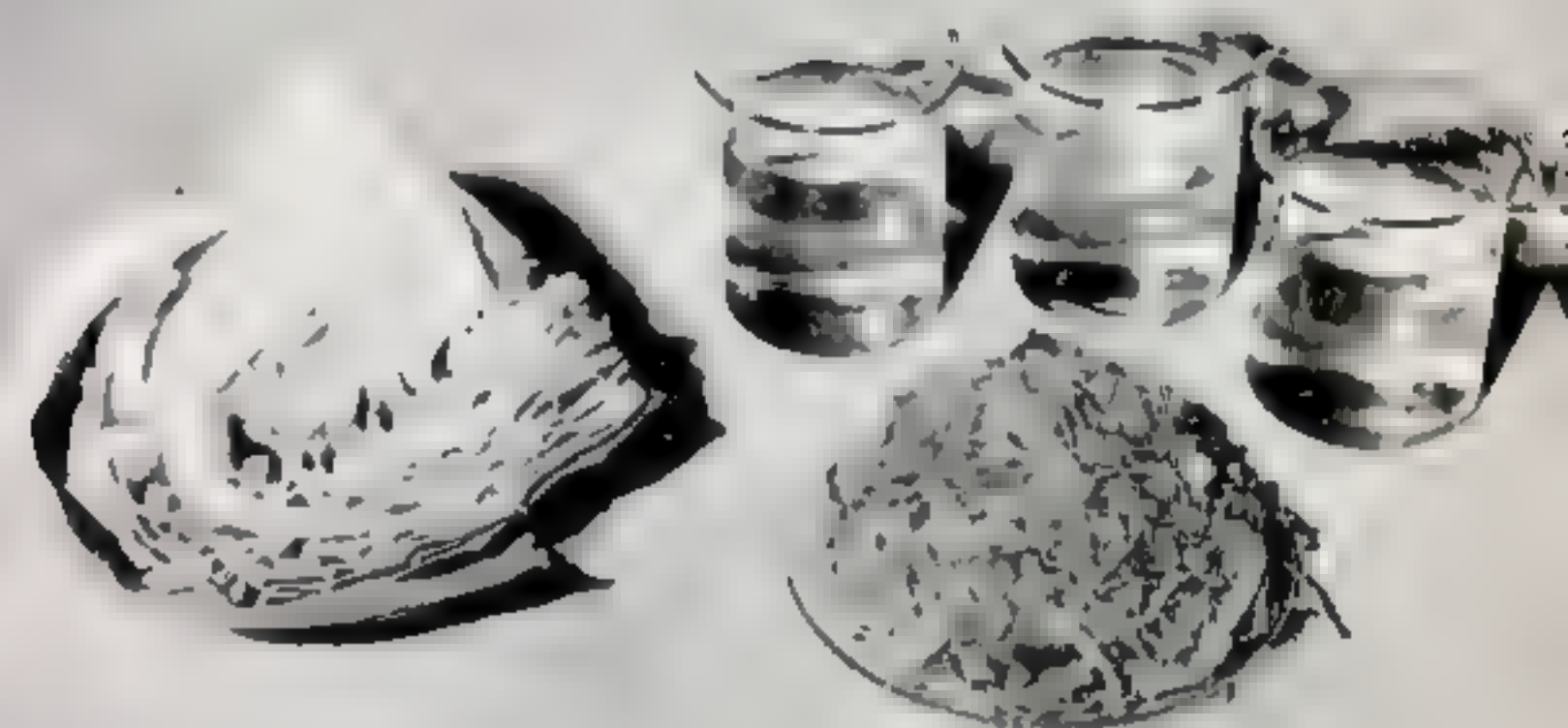
**POTATOES**



**CARROTS**



**CABBAGE**



**EGGS**



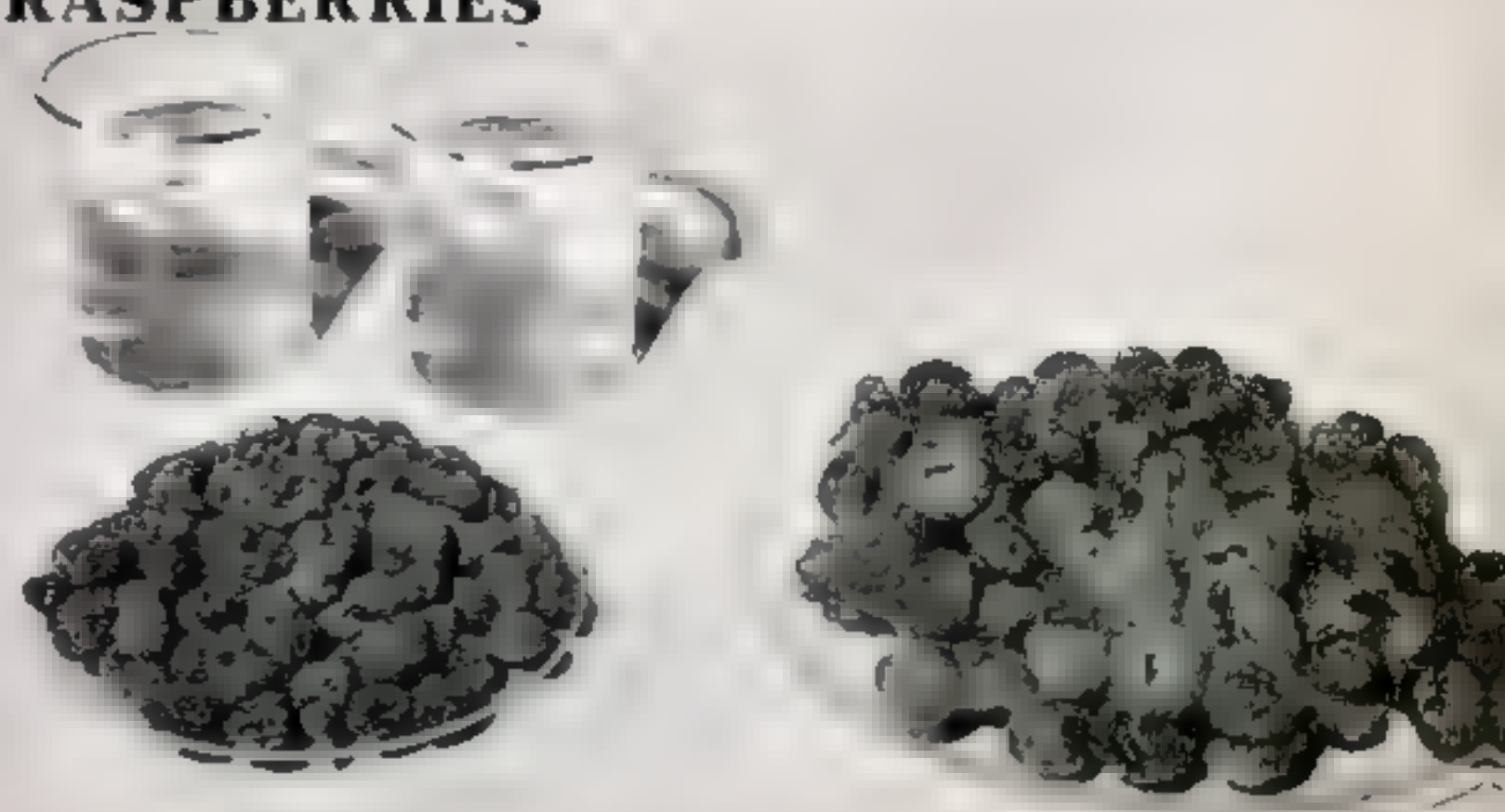
**ONIONS**



**STRING BEANS**



**RASPBERRIES**





## EXPERIMENTERS HAVE BROUGHT MANY CHANGES

**T**he things with which the Department of Agriculture deals are things that seem unchangeable—the soil, the weather, the character of animals and plants. But in its quiet and studious way, the Department is a revolutionary and presumptuous outfit. It tries to change the soil, mitigate the weather, alter the character of things that grow. Some of its work shows up in today's war production.

The Department's soil-conservation program, finally put into effect after years of dreadful dryness, has changed and saved soils for today's use with simple devices like proper plowing and planting. Its experiments with the effect of length of day on plant growth make it possible to grow new crops in northern climates, taking advantage of the long summer daylight hours to offset the short growing season.

In animal breeding, the Department works slowly and patiently. It breeds cows which will have more than one use (*bi-line*). It develops turkeys which grow to 10-lb. size, more convenient weight for modern families than big old-style birds. In Vermont, using a flock of sheep developed by Inventor and Breeder Alexander Graham Bell, it works on sheep twinning (*left*).

In East Lansing, Mich., the Department's researchers are trying a radical experiment in genetics. They are trying to breed chickens which will be resistant to a disease called "avian-leukosis complex," whose manifestations are sometimes known as "big liver" or "pearly eye." This disease is responsible for half the chicken deaths from disease in the U. S. By careful breeding and inbreeding, apparently resistant lines have appeared. On the opposite page an egg has been neatly exposed. The embryo will be inoculated with the diseased blood. Thus scientists will prove that the disease can be passed from one generation to the next.



**SHEEP THAT BEAR TWINS** are sought at Middlebury, Vt. Ewe (*middle, above*) that bears twin lambs is more

valuable than ewe that bears a single lamb. Researchers also breed ewes for multiple nipples, to make it easier to feed twins.

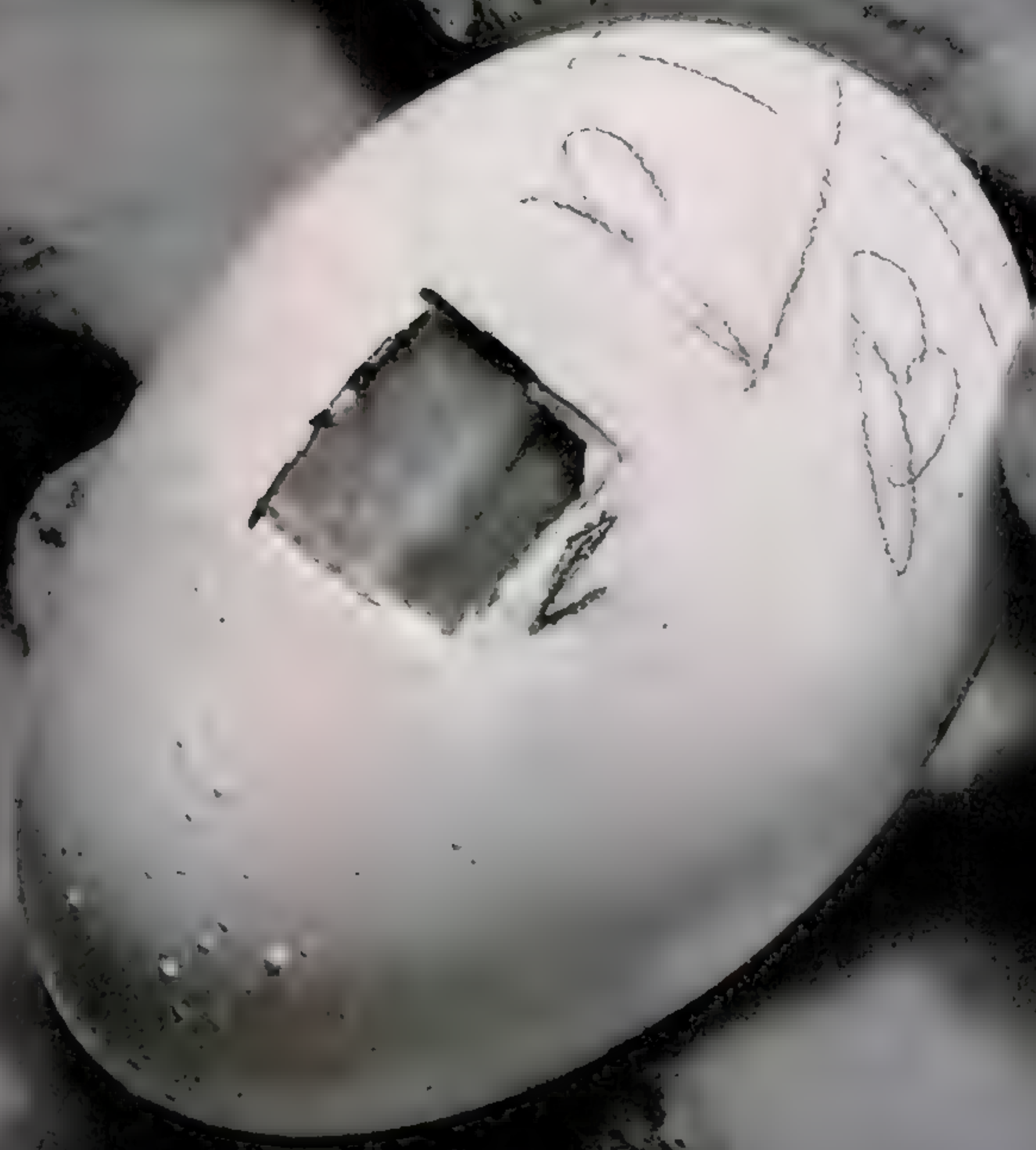


**DUAL-PURPOSE COW** is being bred at Beltsville, Md. to produce cow which will be good both for beef and for giving

milk. At the left above is a Shorthorn cow, good only for beef. In the middle is a champion Holstein, bred through care-

ful sire selection for milk production only. At right is a Shorthorn which produces milk and is still a good meat producer.





THROUGH WINDOW IN EGG, CHICK  
EMBRYO WILL BE INOCULATED  
TO GIVE IT A DREAD DISEASE





**RAFTS LIKE THESE** saved the lives of Rickenbacker and companions. Each of Walter K. Lee's C-10s, which makes them, here, is made of three men crowded into large "five-man" raft. After three days, the raft is still afloat.

# PACIFIC MISSION

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26)

The sun went down swiftly, a cold mist gathered on the sea, and the moon came up—a three-quarter moon—beautiful to see. The wisecracks and the small talk, which sounded pretty silly in the immensity of the night, petered out and we were beginning to realize that we were in for hard times.

## Sharks bump us all night

Of course, we set a watch—what we called an alert—relieving one another in turn every two hours. It seems pretty silly now, but I offered \$100 to the first man to see land, a ship, or airplane. But nobody slept that night. We were wet and miserable. Although the swell moderated just before midnight, the waves kept slopping into the rafts. Both air and water were warm, yet with each splash I felt as if I was being doused with buckets of ice water. Bartek and I changed positions every hour or so, to share the comfort of the other's lee. But I was never warm, and put in most of the night bailing. Sharks followed us from the plane; the water seemed full of them. Every now and then one would bump his back against the bottom. You could feel his hard body through the thin canvas bottom. The force of the blow was enough to lift you three or four inches.

The second day came on slowly, first a gray mist and then the sun breaking through clear. It took hours to get warm, for the night mist penetrated to the bone. As I have said, we had those four oranges, but we decided to save them against the future. By popular vote I was made their custodian, and Cherry generously handed them over. We agreed to divide the first that morning, and the others on alternate days. That way, they would last eight days.

I cut the orange in half, then halved the halves, then halved the quarters, giving each man one-eighth. With seven men watching, you can be sure I made an exact division. In fact, I studied the fruit a full minute before I cut. Some sucked and ate the peel, but Cherry and I saved ours for bait.

Men have been lost at sea before; others have spent more days on rafts than we did. A good deal of what we went through was what you might expect—hunger, thirst, heat, cold and a slow rotting away. In some respects, the period from the second to the eighth day was the worst. A glassy calm fell upon the sea; the sun beat down fiercely all day; the rafts stood still, with the lines slack between; I even imagined I smelled flesh burning, and the sweet stink of hot rubber.

Face, neck, hands, wrists, legs and ankles burned, blistered, turned raw, and burned again. In time, De Angelis and Whittaker, having darker skins, developed a protecting tan, but the rest of us cooked day after day. My hands swelled and blistered: when the salt water got into the flesh, it burned and cracked and dried and burned again. Three months later the scars still show on the knuckles. Our mouths became covered with ugly running sores. Reynolds, having no covering for his legs, turned into a sodden red mass of hurt. Even the soles of his feet were burned raw.

These first five or six days were the worst I have ever known. The night I lay in a wrecked

plane near Atlanta, with a dead man half-crushed under my chest, had produced its own kind of suffering. But then the pain had been dulled by delirium, and after a while I could hear people moving around in the dark. But on the Pacific I was something being turned on a spit. Without my hat, I would have been badly off. I would fill it with water, then jam it down over my ears. Before our rescue, the brim was half torn away from the crown.

Some of the others, to escape the terrible heat, paddled for hours in the water. But they paid a stiff price for the relief because their flesh burned again as it dried, and the salt brine stung. Without my handkerchiefs we would have had a much harder time. I passed them around and, folded bandit-fashion across the nose, they protected the lower part of the face. But there was no sparing the eyes. The sea sent back billions of sharp splinters of light, no matter where one looked it was painful. A stupor descended upon the rafts. Men simply sat or sprawled, heads rolling on the chest, mouths half open, gasping. Reynolds, from the cut on his nose, was a horrible sight. The sun would not let the wound heal. He washed the blood off with salt water, but it soon oozed again, spreading over his face, drying in a red crust. Bartek, too, was in agony from his cut fingers. He splashed them with iodine from the first-aid kit, but the salt water ate it away.

Daytimes we prayed for the coolness of the nights; nights we craved the sun. But I really came to hate the nights. Daytimes, I could see my fellow men, the play of the water, the gulls, all the signs of life. But the night brought us all close to fear. A cold dense mist always rose around us. The damp soaked our clothes and we pressed together for warmth. Sometimes, when the mist was very heavy, the other rafts would be hidden. If the sea was calm and the line had fallen slack, I would sometimes come out of a nightmare, and pull in the tow lines until they fetched up hard, and I knew the others were still there. Other times, I would hear moans or groans, or a cry and often a prayer. Or I would see a shadow move and twist as a man tried to ease his torture.

## Like two men in a bathtub

What made the night hardest was that we could never stretch out. Some day I shall meet the man who decided these rafts could hold two men and five men each. When I do, he is either going to revise his opinions or prove them on a long voyage, under conditions I shall be happy to outline. Adamson weighed over 200 lb. and I was not much lighter. On our five-man raft, he and Bartek and I shared an inside room measuring 6 ft. 9 in. by 2 ft. 4 in. Counting the narrow inflated roll, on which a man could stretch out for an hour or so with his feet dangling in the water, the dimensions were 9 ft. by 5.

Because Adamson was in such pain, Bartek and I gave him one end to himself. He lay with his bumpus on the bottom, his head against the carbon dioxide bottle, his feet across the roll. Bartek and I lay facing each other, or back to back, with our legs crooked over the roll. This was the way it was in Cherry's boat.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27)





## ***Watch it, sister...it bites!***

**T**HAT BIG-TOOTHED milling cutter you are operating can chew your hands a lot faster than it eats steel.

Give it an instant's chance and it will put you off the war production line for keeps.

Workers get hurt when they get careless—or when their eyes let them down. Defective vision causes far too many accidents and far too much lost time.

70 percent of all the people over twenty-one have defects of vision. At least 98 percent of these have defects that can be corrected by modern ophthalmic science. Yet the majority of them either do not

realize that their eyesight is bad or just let it slide.

Those are the folks who misjudge distances... whose eyes tire rapidly, flicker and mist... whose nerves can't take an eight-hour day... who ruin material, slow up the pace, are sent to the hospital.

Where do you stand? If you haven't had your eyes examined lately you don't know.

For your own sake and for the sake of your country's survival in a world at war, find out!

Go to one of the reputable, competent eyesight specialists in your community. It

is folly to take chances. Assure yourself of the most exacting professional services and technical skills to safeguard the one pair of eyes to see you through a lifetime.

Sharpen your vision for safety and for victory.

**VISION FOR VICTORY**



BETTER VISION INSTITUTE, INC., 630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



## HISTORY ... in the making



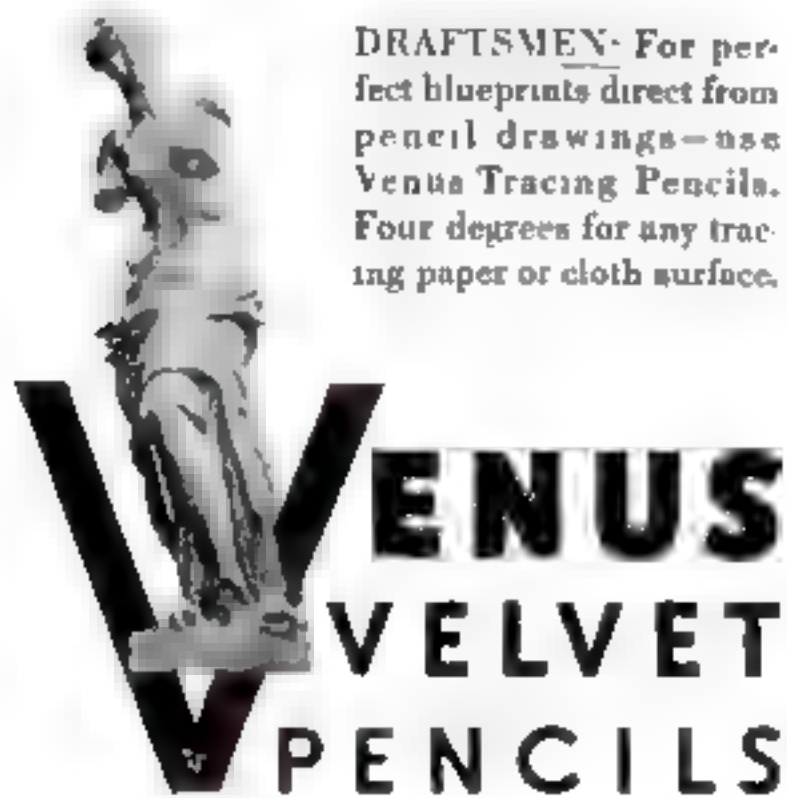
**HENRY VIII**, King of England and monarch of all he surveyed, was away on a little surveying trip. And mighty annoyed was Henry—for his current Queen, Anne Boleyn, had not written him a line in a month. Instead Anne was spending all her time at the movies. Henry sent her a telegram:

Queen Anne Boleyn, Royal Box, Bijou Theatre, London (Collect). Suggest you wash dishes at home



instead of collecting dishes at double features . . . . Why no letters? Plenty of Venus-Velvet Pencils in palace . . . . Venus-Velvets made with Colloidal Lead which means sharp lasting points and velvet-smooth writing . . . . Also Pressure-Proofed so neither wood nor lead splinters . . . . Write me or else Anne won't be living any more . . . . Love Henry.

Venus-Velvets are inexpensive—ask your stationer or office supplier.



AMERICAN PENCIL CO., NEW YORK  
In Canada: Venus Pencil Company, Ltd., Toronto

## PACIFIC MISSION (continued)

But Alex and De Angelis in the two-man raft, although the smallest men, were much worse off. They had to sit facing each other, one with his legs over the other man's shoulders, while he took the legs of the other under his armpits, or they sat back to back, dangling their legs in the water. And sometimes De Angelis lay sprawled out, with Alex on his chest. Imagine two men in a small, shallow bathtub, and you will have a reasonably good idea of how much room they had.

Whenever you turned or twisted, you forced the others to turn or twist. It took days to learn how to make the most of the space, at an incalculable price in misery. A foot or hand or shoulder, moved in sleep or restlessness, was bound to rake the raw flesh of a companion. With the flesh, tempers turned raw and many things said in the night had best be forgotten.

Yet, it would be wrong to give the impression the night was empty of blessings. I was awake a good part of the time, hoping to catch the loom of a ship. In those first nights of utter calm, staring up through the mist, I saw cloud shapes in the moonlight that were the most authentic imitations of living things I have ever seen—elephants, birds, castles, beautiful women, a wild boar. I thought my mind was playing tricks but on the third night I roused Adamson and pointed them out. He recognized the shapes too, and said he had never imagined that cloud structures could be so positive. Adamson, until his strength ebbed, used to tell me about the stars of the Southern Hemisphere, about which he knew a good deal.

### How not to lure fish

On the fourth morning the second orange was divided. Except for the orange on the second morning, we had then been 72 hours without food or liquid. Fish were all around; I could see hundreds swimming idly just below the raft. Cherry and I fished for hours with pieces of orange peel. I even borrowed Adamson's key ring, which was shiny, and tried to manipulate it as a spinner. The fish would nose the hook, fan their tails in curiosity, but they never struck.

For six days on that glassy, sizzling sea, the rafts did not seem to move. But by our watches we knew we were drifting, each morning the sun rose just a little bit later. This meant the rafts were inching west and south. We argued interminably over where we were, but it turned out only Cherry and I were right. We were positive of having overshot our island and, if our guess was true, we could count on no land nearer than certain Japanese-held islands 400-500 miles away. I studied the map two or three times a day, always returning it to my inside coat pocket, to protect it against the water. But the colors were already beginning to run.

Commencing the second night, Cherry sent up a flare every night. Having 18, we first decided to use three a night, the first after sundown, the second around midnight, the last before dawn. But of the first three sent aloft, one was a complete dud and the second flickered for only a few seconds. The third, swinging on its parachute, gave a scary, blinding red light, lasting perhaps a minute and a half. Next night, cutting down the expenditure to two good ones, we had another dud, this decided us to reduce the nightly allotment to a single good one.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31



**FOUR ORANGES** which Cherry saved were the only edible food taken from the place Rickenbacker, as custodian, slices one into eighths for distribution among the men.



● Sparklet Bulbs, that have saved so many home drink mixers money, time and trouble, are now being used to save lives at sea. Used for instant inflation of life belts and vests—they add to the safety of sea and air-borne members of our fighting forces.

**SPARKLET BULBS AND SYPHONS**  
for home use still available at some dealers

**SPARKLET DEVICES, INC.**  
DIVISION OF KNAPP-MONARCH CO., SAINT LOUIS



AMERICA MARCHES TO VICTORY ON TIME



## How do you fix a fix?

A "fix" in naval lingo is determining the ship's position at sea. To do this, the quartermaster looks at the ship's chronometer, sets his comparing watch to the second and reports to the navigator on the bridge. The difficult plotting of the ship's position depends entirely on the chronometer's accuracy.

So you can see why a ship's chronometer has to be a time-keeper of infinite precision. It swings in cradles, or gimbals, in a padded case so the ship's motion won't affect it. It's so accurate that day after day, month after month, it seldom varies from its steady rate by so much as half a second.

A chronometer is the pulse of a ship. The timing of everything that happens aboard depends on it...the ship's routine, the ship's po-

sition, the ship's logs, the take-off and return of planes, yes, even the salvos of the big guns!

That's why we're eternally proud the Government has found Hamilton able to build these vital chronometers, chronometer watches, comparing watches, and many other timing instruments for our fighting men.

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"Moves like lightning!" —MIRROR  
"Worthy of your cheers!" —PM

It's a  
**REPUBLIC PICTURE**

## PACIFIC MISSION (continued)

Always, after the light had exhausted itself, my eyes strained into the darkness, hoping to catch a responding gleam—a gleam which would not settle into the steadiness of a star. It was plain that unless we soon had food or water or the terrible hot calm relented, some of us were bound to die. Adamson, being portly, felt the heat worse than the rest. Reynolds, thin anyway, was fading to skin and bones. Alex, though, was really in a bad way. His mouth was dry and frothing; he cried continually for water. He was only a boy—barely 22—and thinking he was quitting, I pulled his raft in close and asked why the hell he couldn't take it? It was a brutal thing to do, yet I was determined to shock him back to his senses. I found out then what was wrong. He was only three weeks out of the hospital. In addition, he had contracted a lip disease, something like trench mouth, with a scientific name I do not remember. All this had left him with less strength than the rest from the start, and the salt water he swallowed when his raft capsized had helped to do him in.

Unfortunately for him that wasn't the only salt water Alex had had. De Angelis woke one night to find him half out of the raft, gulping salt water. Alex admitted he had been doing this persistently. It explained the cries for water we didn't have. "I tried not to," Alex said, "but I had to. I just had to have water."

So it was only a question of time for poor Alex. He sank deeper into delirium, murmuring his "Hail Mary" and other Catholic prayers. In his wallet was a photograph of a young girl to whom he was engaged: he talked to it, prayed over it. Finally he could neither sleep nor lie down. De Angelis tried to keep the sun off him, but there was no shadow anywhere. So he burned and burned. At night in the moonlight I could see him sitting on the raft shaking as if with ague. He literally vibrated, he was so horribly cold. Yet, except to cry for water, he never really complained.

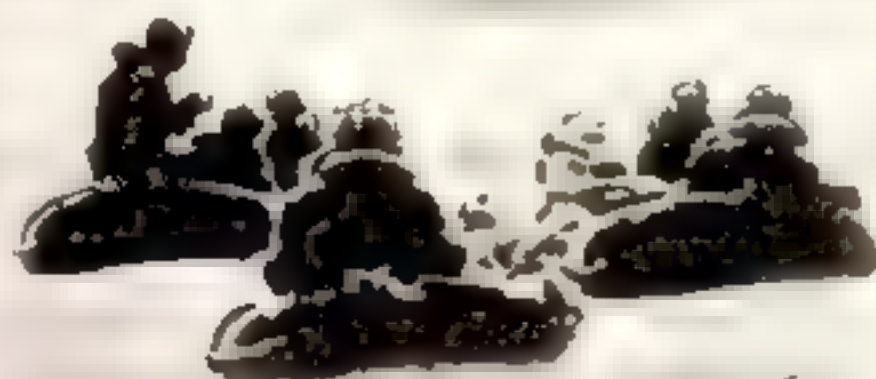
### We start reading the Bible

Bartek had a New Testament in his jumper pocket. Watching him read it, the thought came to me that we might all profit by his example. I am not a religious man, but I was taught the Lord's Prayer at my mother's knee and I had gone to Sunday School. If I had any religion in my later life, it was based on the Golden Rule. Yet I have always been conscious of God.

With the New Testament as an inspiration, we held morning and evening prayers. The rafts were pulled together, making a rough triangle. Then, each in turn, one of us would read a passage. None of us, I must confess, showed himself to be very familiar with them, but thumbing the book we found one that more than any other bespoke our needs. This we never failed to read.

*Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? . . . For your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.* (Matthew 6:31-34)

One or two turned scornful and bitter because the answer was slow



**THE BIBLE IS READ** by Rickenbacker as dusk falls over the barren ocean. With the three rafts pulled together, each man reads a passage from Bartek's New Testament.



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in coming, but the rest went on praying with deep-felt hope. Yet we did not neglect anything that might help us to help ourselves. Whittaker tried to make a spear from one of the aluminum oars, tearing the flat corners away with the pliers. He drove it into the back of a shark which rubbed alongside, but the hide was tougher than the point. After several tries it was so blunted as to be useless. Whittaker threw it angrily into the bottom of the raft. He had gained nothing and wasted an oar.

Also, Cherry sat all day long with a loaded revolver in his lap, hoping to knock down a gull. But none came close enough for a shot. He broke the revolver open two or three times a day and rubbed the moving parts with oil from his nose and the back of his ears, but he could not halt the sea-water corrosion. When the parts froze solid he threw the gun into the Pacific.

To keep the sick men alive, we finished the oranges faster than we had intended. We had the third on the morning of the fifth day, the last on the sixth. The last two were shrunk, much of the juice appeared to have evaporated, and the last one was beginning to rot. So long as there was that sliver of orange to anticipate, no one complained of hunger. Now, memories of food and drink began to haunt us.

## Visions of chocolate malted milk

Reynolds talked about how much soda pop he was going to drink the rest of his life. Cherry couldn't think about anything but chocolate ice cream. As I listened to the thirsty talk between the rafts, my own mind slowly filled with visions of chocolate malted milk. I could actually taste it, to the point where my tongue worked convulsively. The strange part is that I hadn't had a chocolate malted milk in nearly 25 years.

The eighth day was another hot, flat calm. It did not help our stomachs any to look down and see dolphin and mackerel, sleek and fat and twelve to eighteen inches long, and thousands of smaller fish swimming in the depths. That afternoon Cherry read the service, with the usual quotation from Matthew. About an hour later, when I was dozing with my hat pulled down over my eyes, a gull appeared from nowhere and landed on my hat.

I don't remember how it happened or how I knew he was there. But I knew it instantly, and I knew that if I missed this one, I'd never find another to sit on my hat. I reached up for him with my right hand—gradually. The whole Pacific seemed to be shaking from the agitation in my body, but I could tell he was still there from the hungry, famished, almost insane eyes in the other rafts. Slowly and surely my hand got up there; I didn't clutch, but just closed my fingers, sensing his nearness, then closing my fingers hard.

I wrung his neck, defeathered him, carved up the body, divided the meat into equal shares, holding back only the intestines for bait. Even the bones were chewed and swallowed. No one hesitated because the meat was raw and stringy and fishy. It tasted fine. After Cherry had finished his piece, I baited a hook and passed it over to him. The hook, weighted with Whittaker's ring, had hardly got wet before a small mackerel hit it, and was jerked into the raft. I dropped the other line, with the same miraculous result, except that mine was a small sea bass.

All this food in the space of a few minutes bolstered us beyond

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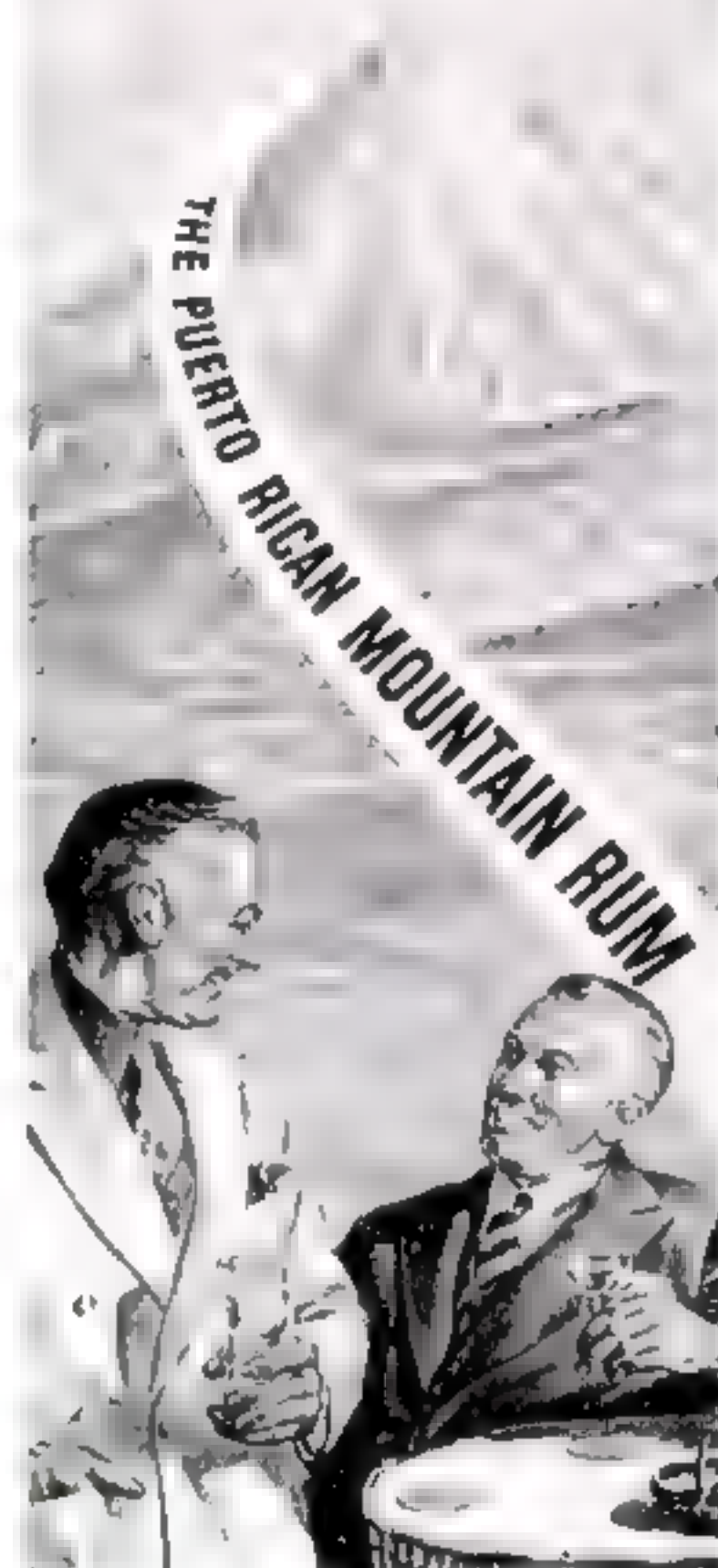
A GULL lands on Rickenbacker's hat on the eighth day. Slowly and surely, Rick's hand reaches up to clutch the bird's legs while Bartek looks on intently and hopefully.

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## PACIFIC MISSION (continued)

words. We ate one of the fish before dark, put the other aside for the next day. Even the craving for water seemed to abate, perhaps from chewing the cool, wet flesh while grinding the bones to a pulp. Alex and Adamson ate their shares, and I was optimistic enough to believe they were immediately better. I say in all truth that at no time did I ever doubt we would be saved, but as that eighth night rose around us I was sure we could last forever. The ocean was full of fish, and we could catch them.

As the sun went down, the sky clouded over, the air turned cool, a soft uncertain wind made cat's-paws on the water, all portents of rain. I tried to stay awake to have everything in readiness if it came, but I finally dozed off with my head across Adamson's knees.

My next recollection is of being jolted awake, as if from a blow. The raft was slamming up and down on a heavy irregular swell. It was pitch black—so black that I could scarcely make out the other rafts, except when they were thrown up on a swell. Gusts of wind came at us from every quarter. And I knew, if I ever knew anything, that rain was near.

### Rain!

From midnight we were on the watch for the rushing shadows of rain squalls. About 3 o'clock in the morning I heard the cry, "Rain." Drops splattered against my face and mouth, clean and sweet to taste. After the first few drops there was nothing more, but far off I could see the squall. The wind had a new sound as if it were no longer empty. We paddled toward the squall and I prayed to God to put us in its path. We had a plan all worked out—bailing buckets ready and the empty canvas covers for the Very light cartridges. We took our shirts and socks off to spread over our head and shoulders. The handkerchiefs were to be laid on the inflated roll until they became soaked. Adamson had even taken off his shorts to wring.

It was one hell of a night—all wind, waves, noise, lightning and big black shadows. We paddled into it, shouting at the top of our lungs. Out of that uproar came a cry for help. The little raft, with De Angelis and Alex, had broken loose. Bartek and I, with an oar to the side, set out after them, Cherry's raft following in our wake. I was afraid we'd lost them, but we sighted the raft against the white rush of a breaking wave, overtook it and made it fast. A moment later the squall enveloped us.

Rain fell as from a waterfall. I spread the handkerchiefs on the roll of the raft, where they would catch the water and fluffed my shirt over my head. Adamson, roused by the cool water on his body, draped his underpants over his chest to catch more water. I appointed myself wringer, and as fast as the others passed over the soaked pieces of cloth, I would twist them hard, forcing the water out, to rid the cloth of salt rime. I had done this several times with each piece, always tasting the last drippings for salt. I had finished rinsing out the bucket and cartridge covers, and was ready to collect the first water when a sharp pull came on the bowline, twisting the raft around. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Cherry's raft being rolled over on its beam ends by a wave.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 21



**THE FIRST RAIN** comes on the ninth day to cool the parched air. The men spread out shorts, shirts, handkerchiefs to catch the precious liquid, wring it out into pail

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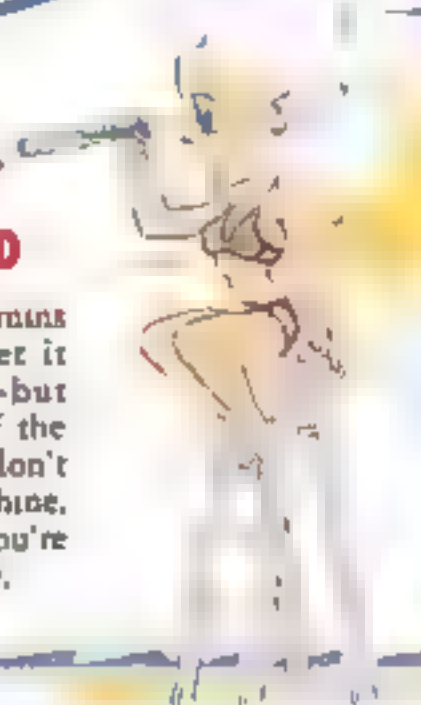
## of course VITAMIN B<sub>1</sub>

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## PACIFIC MISSION (continued)

All three men were thrown out, and with Reynolds so weak I was sure he was going to drown. But in the next flash of lightning I counted three heads bobbing around the sides. While they clung to the hand line around the sides, we pulled in the line, bringing them in on our lee side, holding the raft steady while they helped each other in. Reynolds, gasping, mustered the strength to haul himself back. I shall never stop marveling at the hidden resources of men whose minds never give up. Cherry and Whittaker saved the oars, but they saved little else. The Very pistol and the last of the cartridges were lost. So were the bailing bucket and the little water they had collected.

All this—from the breaking away of the little raft to the righting of Cherry's—took no more than ten minutes, perhaps as little as five. But rather than wearing us down the exertions seemed to fill us with strength. I passed Cherry the bailing bucket, and while he bailed I watched anxiously for any let up in the rain. Adamson and Bartek sucked at the wet cloths, filling their mouths with the first water in eight days. To make up for his lost bucket, we gave Cherry the cartridge cover.

When they finally pulled away, I fell to wringing the sopping garments Bartek and Adamson had ready for me. Lightning flashed, the sea rumbled, the raft tossed wildly, but I was not really aware of them. I was gauging matters by just one thing—the water level in the bailing bucket.

Quite suddenly the wind died down and the rain stopped. The squall could not have lasted more than 20 minutes. But I had nearly a quart and a half of water in the bucket. Cherry in his boat, had about a quart, but De Angelis and Alex, who had nothing to catch water in, had none. They had simply sucked their shirts.

In the calm that followed, the rafts were pulled in close. The round-table decision was that we'd better try to go on with as little water as possible—a half jigger per man per day. In the dark I poured what I guessed to be that much into one of the empty Very cartridge cases, and passed it seven times down the line of hands. It was the sweetest water I ever tasted. And the rain that had drenched our bodies, washing away the salt rime and cleansing the sores, had refreshed us quite as much.

On the ninth morning we shared the second mackerel, and another half-jigger of water. From this point on my memory may be hazy. Alex got no better, and on the tenth day, for his safety and Adamson's, we increased the water ration to two jiggers a day, one in the morning and one at sundown. On the following day we added another at noon.

### Death of Sergeant Alex

It was on the tenth evening, I think, that I asked Bartek to change rafts with Sergeant Alex, thinking that Alex, might rest better. It took the combined strength of Bartek, De Angelis and myself to move him. I stretched him on the lee side on the bottom of the boat and put my arm around him, as a mother cuddles a child, hoping in that way to transfer the heat of my body to him during the night. In an hour or so his shivering stopped and sleep came—a shallow sleep in

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



**CUDDLING SERGEANT ALEX**, Rickenbacker lies beside him in the hope that the heat from his own body may stop Kaczmarek's shivering. He died two nights later.

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## PACIFIC MISSION (continued)

which Alex mumbled intermittently in Polish—phrases about his mother and his girl "Snooks."

I kept Alex there all night, the next day and night, and the twelfth day. He was weaker, although more rational. When evening came, after the customary prayer, he asked to be put back in the little boat with De Angelis. I knew he couldn't last many hours longer, and so we pulled the other boat up and changed around again. We had to lift him like a baby. A strong wind came up and I slept fitfully that night, worrying about that little raft bouncing on the rough sea. Yet I must have dozed off, because my next recollection is of the sound of a long sigh.

I called to De Angelis: "Has he died?"

De Angelis said, after a pause, "I think so."

### Sharks sense the presence of death

It was about 3:00 a. m. and very dark and although it was hard on De Angelis to wait for dawn with a dead man across his body, I did not want to make a decision until there was light to see by. The other men stirred, woke up, and understood, almost without being told, what had happened. I remember someone saying, "Well, his sufferings are over." I think we were all a little frightened, with the wind blowing and clouds rushing across the sky, and Alex dead in that plunging raft. Somewhere I have read that sharks can sense the coming of death. That night there seemed twice as many as we had seen before.

At daybreak Bartek hauled Alex's little raft alongside, and Cherry paddled up in his. The body was already stiff, but I checked the heart, the pulse, checked in every way I knew. And I asked Cherry and Whittaker to do so, not wishing to accept the responsibility alone. We agreed Alex was dead. We removed his wallet and identification disc, which Captain Cherry has since returned to the family, and we saved the jacket. De Angelis murmured what he remembered of the Catholic burial service. Then we rolled the body over the side. It did not sink at once but rather floated off face down a little while.

This was the 13th morning

## NEXT WEEK: PART II OF "PACIFIC MISSION" by Captain Eddie Rickenbacker



**SERGEANT ALEX'S PARENTS**, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Kaczmarczyk of Torrington, Conn., mourn their son. With them is Coreen Bond ("Snooks"). Before he left on his fatal trip, Alex left a stack of letters to be sent, one each day, to "Snooks."

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**BUY MORE WAR BONDS**

## Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess acid in your blood and wastes in your blood are the cause of many ailments. Getting up nights, itchy skin, backache, swollen ankles, nervousness, irritability, poor digestion, loss of appetite, loss of energy, loss of interest in life, loss of ability to enjoy life, loss of ability to work, loss of ability to play, loss of ability to love, loss of ability to live. All these are the result of acid in the blood. Laxolox gets right to work helping the kidneys flush out excess acid and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying is a natural process, and it is easy and makes you feel younger, stronger and better than ever. As you feel better, you will be able to do more. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Order this powerful money back guarantee today. Laxolox from your druggist today for only 35c.

**Royalton**  
**QUALITY  
PIPES**  
Tops in smoking pleasure



# "COME AND GET IT"

## ... three miles up!



**IN A GIANT NAVY FLYING BOAT** somewhere over distant seas there's a vision today of tomorrow's better living. A **VISION OF TOMORROW'S KITCHEN**, reflected in a gleaming Tappan Navy galley, where Uncle Sam's fighting men get hot meals—three miles up.



**THIS SKY KITCHEN** combines range, refrigerator, sink, cupboard into one cooking center. Kitchens on the ground will benefit later from precision methods learned while Tappan builds these galleys and other war equipment.



**FOR FAMILIES** who'll be buying ranges after the war, Tappan has a practical suggestion: set aside War Bonds today to purchase a Tappan tomorrow. By investing in War Bonds, families save money, help the U. S. war effort, help hasten the day when plants like Tappan will return to peacetime production.



**AND THAT TAPPAN** of the future will be "even better"! For from the designing done for instruments of war have come ideas for instruments of peace. In Tappan laboratories, skilled engineers work constantly on amazing new developments and improvements.



**TAPPAN OWNERS** are being looked after, too. Realizing the shortage of repair men and equipment, Tappan offers this handbook free to all *Tappan users*. Besides common-sense tips on gas saving and care and cleaning of ranges, the book gives Dad the technical advice he needs to make adjustments and repairs. Send for your *free copy today!* Write—giving the model number of your Tappan—to Tappan Stove Company, Dept. L, Mansfield, Ohio.







IN WASHINGTON'S CONSTITUTION HALL MARIAN ANDERSON FACED A CAPACITY AUDIENCE OF 1,300 PEOPLE, A THIRD OF THEM NEGRO. WHITES AND NEGROES SAT SIDE BY SIDE



Mrs. Roosevelt sat with Lady Noble, wife of British Admiralty delegation chief (left), and Mrs. Morgenthau. Even

for Washington, audience was notable. Money raised, including Miss Anderson's fee, went to United China Relief

## MARIAN ANDERSON AT LAST SINGS IN D.A.R.'S HALL

**O**n Jan. 7 in Washington, a modern musical *celebre*—that of Marian Anderson *vs.* the Daughters of the American Revolution—came to an end when the Negro contralto finally sang in the D.A.R.'s Constitution Hall.

It took almost four years of dispute before the D.A.R. and Miss Anderson could come to terms. In 1939, the D.A.R. refused to let Miss Anderson sing in their hall because she was a Negro. A fierce protesting storm blew on the D.A.R. for its discrimination, but the D.A.R. kept a stiff neck against it, even when Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt resigned as a Revolutionary Daughter in protest, and even after Miss Anderson gave a historic substitute open-air concert to 75,000 people in front of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington.

Few months ago, the D.A.R. planned a series of war-relief concerts in Constitution Hall. Reversing themselves, the Daughters invited Miss Anderson to sing. She agreed, provided the D.A.R. promised not to Jim Crow the seating arrangements and not to ban her in the future. The D.A.R. accepted the first provision, refused the second. There was more arguing. Finally Miss Anderson agreed. When she walked out on the stage of Constitution Hall, the place was packed. As always, she sang simply and beautifully.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101





## ***Call it Lightning!*** **- SAY THE PILOTS**

Nobody had time to name this Lockheed fighter plane when it was born. They just called it by a number, P-38.

Then the pilots sent it climbing over eight miles straight toward the stratosphere, up where even the highest-flying bombers couldn't go. They brought it screaming down out of the clouds like forked vengeance. They jammed down the throttle and it flew faster than any fighter ever flew before. They pressed the trigger-button and saw how *concentrated* fire-power from its cannon and machine guns could rip apart anything on wings—and there was only one name for it: *Lightning*.

So that's its name, a name it's earned from British and American pilots alike, a name to watch: Lockheed *Lightning*. Lockheed Aircraft Corporation... Vega Aircraft Corporation... Burbank, Calif.

**for protection today, and  
progress tomorrow, look to**

# ***Lockheed***

**FOR LEADERSHIP**  
Member Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.



Copyright, 1943  
Lockheed Aircraft Corporation





**TAX NOTE:** You pay no tax on the quality of a whiskey—only on the quantity. Why not choose the best?

**I**T'S an illustrious family—this bourbon family—with many distinguished members. But Old Grand-Dad heads it—heads it unmistakably, as our taste will tell you. There's sunny mellowness to Old Grand-Dad's fine fragrance, a delightful taste. You will like it from the first. And you will never stop liking it.





Backstage guests included Attorney General Biddle and his wife, patrons of concert along with two other Cabinet members, two Supreme Court justices, four Senators.



Accompanist and impresario beam on Miss Anderson. Accompanist is short Franz Rupp. Impresario is round S. Hurok. She is his most valuable asset since Pavlova.

**BEST  
LOVED  
OF  
FINE  
BATH  
SOAPS**

Treasured  
because each perfect  
bath cake is richly  
huge, delicately perfumed  
and highly polished — mark  
of a superbly textured,  
lovely-to-use bath soap.

## BATH SUPERBE SOAP

*Wrisley*

CHICAGO  
NEW YORK

**OUR  
OFFER  
TO  
NEW  
FRIENDS**

Buy four cakes—1.00—and use  
one up! If it isn't the finest bath soap  
you've ever found, return the other three  
cakes for your money back.





Milk-drinking derby is performed by mess hall volunteers, aided by cooped-up hostesses. Seaman Paul Smith, Lieutenant Philip Shorter, R.N.R., and Private George Hiss are pictured out above. Below, climax of a wheelbarrow relay race in which a senior and AWSS girls made a successful team.



## Life Goes to Lunch

Hotel Edison's canteen in New York City serves

Fun at lunch is the theme of a highly popular canteen for service men at the Hotel Edison in New York, just around the corner from Times Square. There every day but Sunday men in uniforms of all the United Nations, regardless of rank, may be seen scuffling and scrabbling over a sandy dance floor in lighthearted games and relay races. Those who plan to sit quietly and watch the fun are—despite protests, inexorably drawn in. In addition to being sociably enjoyable, the canteen has a further appeal in a two-for-one arrangement whereby two men, or a soldier and his girl, may lunch for the price of a single meal.

Sponsor of this novel project is Mrs. Maria Kramer, a clever businesswoman who owns a string of New York hotels, including the Edison, and



LT. R. L. GREEN, R.N.R., & SEAMAN DON GOWETT HIDE FRACTIOUS HOBBY HORSES



HAT-RELAY WINNER IS SEAMAN FELNER, SEEN FROM ANOTHER ANGLE AT LEFT



# With Servicemen

up girls, games and music with noonday meal

who founded a hospital in France for Allied soldiers in World War I. The canteen is financed by her personally, with a \$50,000 appropriation for food and music—five piece orchestra—for two years. AWWB girls and models, two of whom became engaged to RCAF boys they met there, help entertain boys who have come unescorted. Since September some 10,000 servicemen have been entertained at the canteen, many of whom left with prepaid dinner checks to night clubs or cash prizes up to \$10 won by exerting themselves at musical chairs or hobby horse races. There have been nine wedding parties at the canteen, and a "Mr. Victory" contest won by a Canadian. An important attraction is Cartoonist Sam Norkin, who draws free caricatures for the boys to send home. For examples, turn the page.



SLOWLY LOWERED POLE IS OBSTACLE IN DOWN-AND-UNDER DANCE CONTEST



GOING GETS TOUGHER AS SYLVIA BALDRICH AND PARTNER SCRAMBLE UNDER



DOROTHY GILCHRIST AND LOUIS AMBROSIO RISK DECAPITATION FOR \$10 PRIZE



Scrambled-slipper contest finds Bosun's Mate Paul McManus successful in role of Prince Charming (above). Carlan uniform at left is Edith Kramer, daughter-in-law of canteen sponsor. Fun variation of "Boompse-laisy" begins—the boys carry the girls and result is fun for both participants and spectators

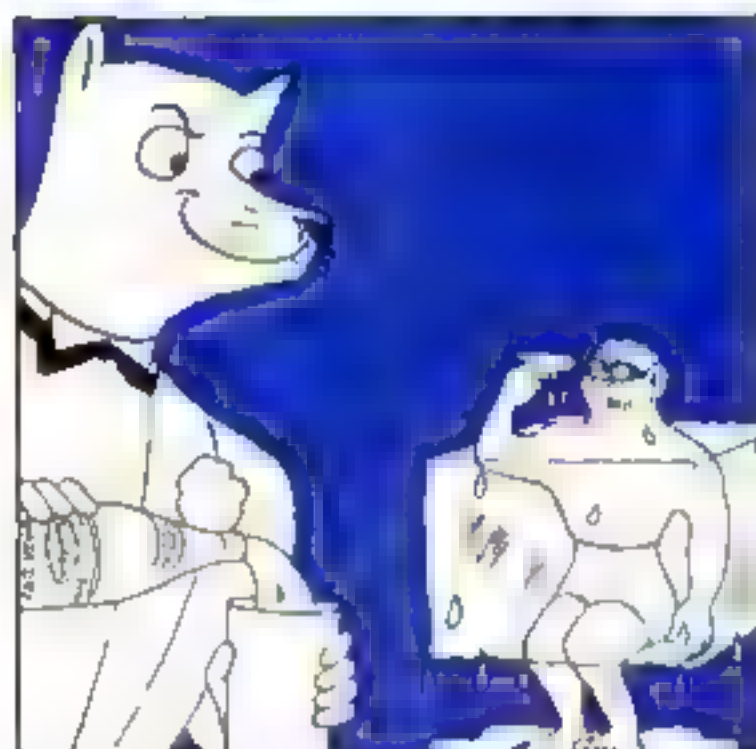




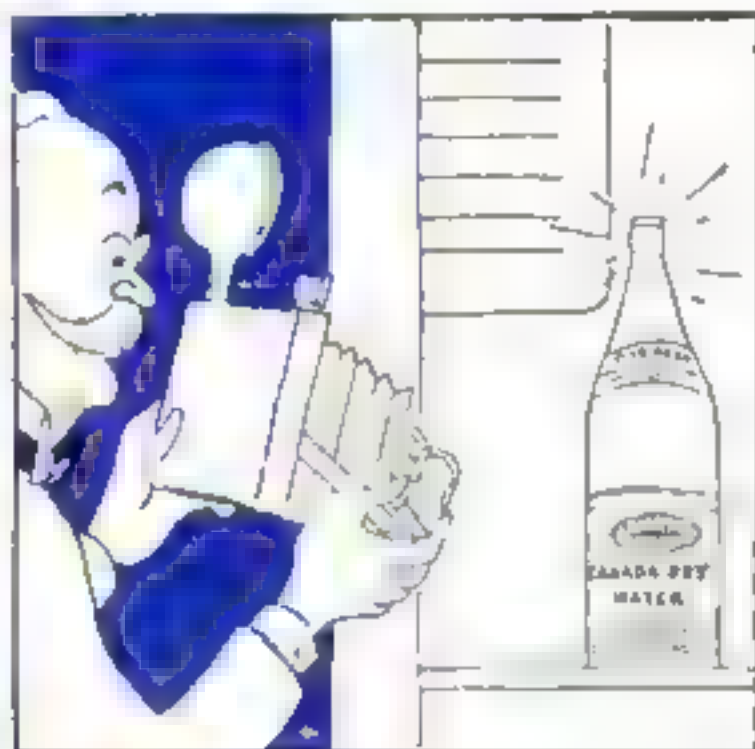
# Case of the bridge-table murders



An assassin lurks in drinks made with ordinary club soda. Who is it? Melting Ice. His air bubbles sneak out and take your drink's bubbles for a ride—right out of your drink. Ice water drowns what's left. Sparkle's murdered.



**Outfox this bubble-killer.** Use Canada Dry Water as thousands of smart hosts do, and sip finer-flavored drinks with lasting sparkle! Its "PIN-POINT CARBONATION"—millions of tinier bubbles—stays lively to the end!



**Hold that life!** You'll be amazed how much longer an opened bottle of Canada Dry Water, recapped and put in the refrigerator, keeps its sparkle and liveliness.\* You can buy the big bottle—save money—conserve caps.



**P. S.** When you're out, speak up for this finer club soda and get a better drink. For better ginger ale highballs, always get "the Champagne of Ginger Ales"—Canada Dry! Also try Canada Dry Tom Collins Mixer and Lime Rickey.

## CANADA DRY WATER

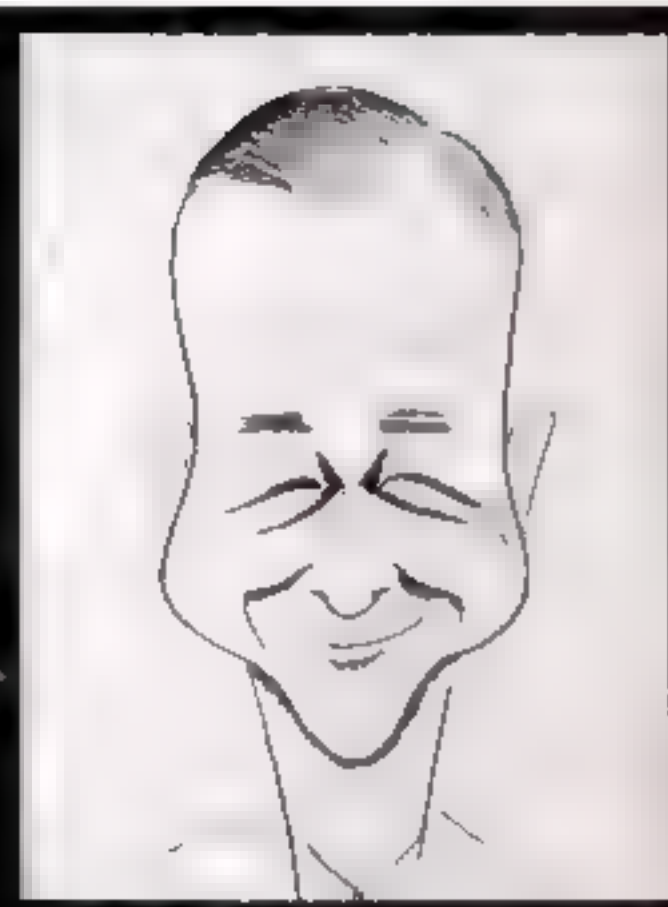
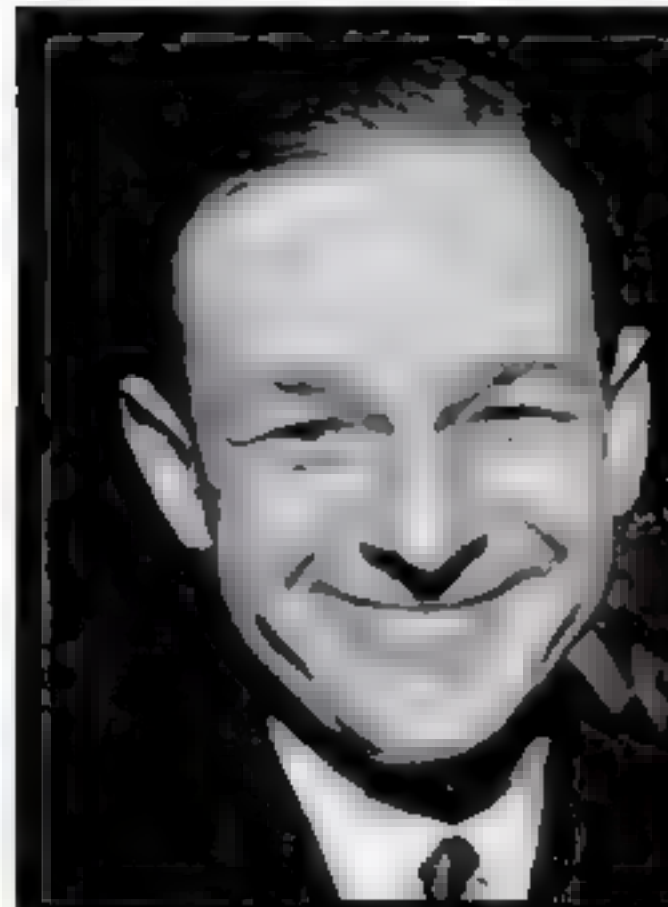
**\*PIN-POINT CARBONATION**

the famous Canada Dry method of achieving livelier and longer-lasting zest!

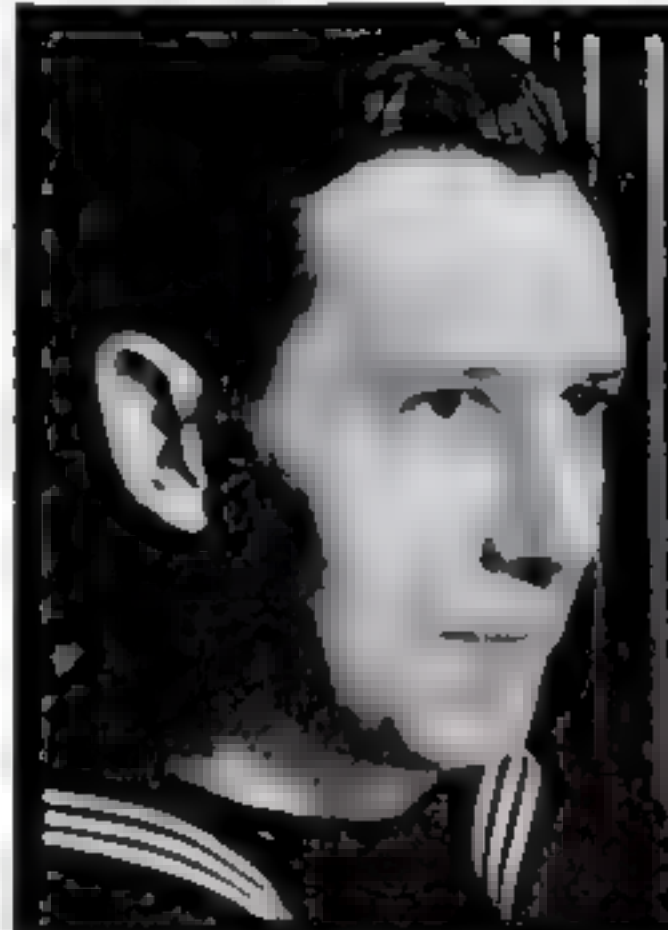
**MIX WITH FRUIT JUICES—IT'S DELICIOUS!**



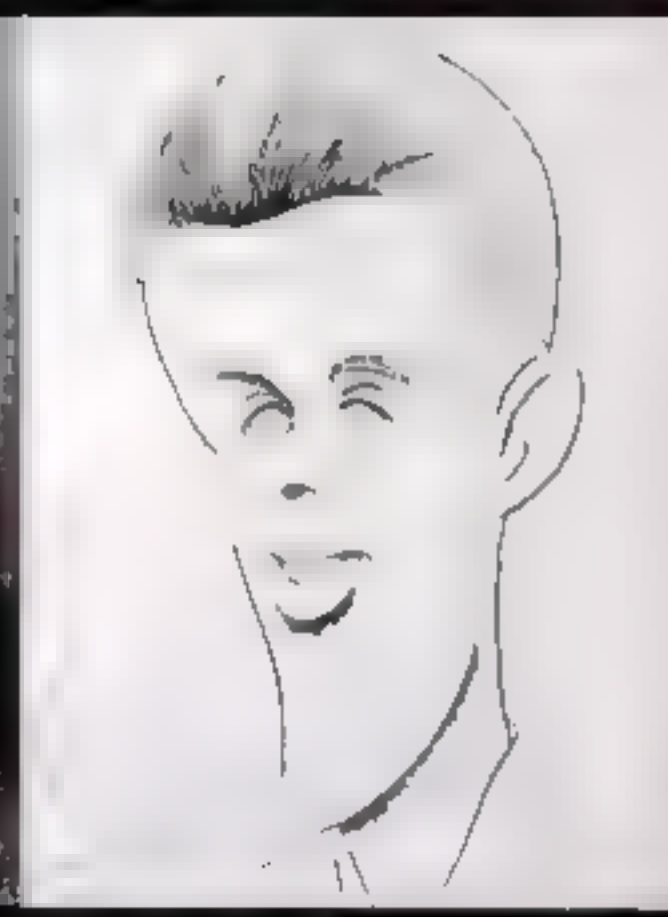
## Servicemen's Lunch (continued)



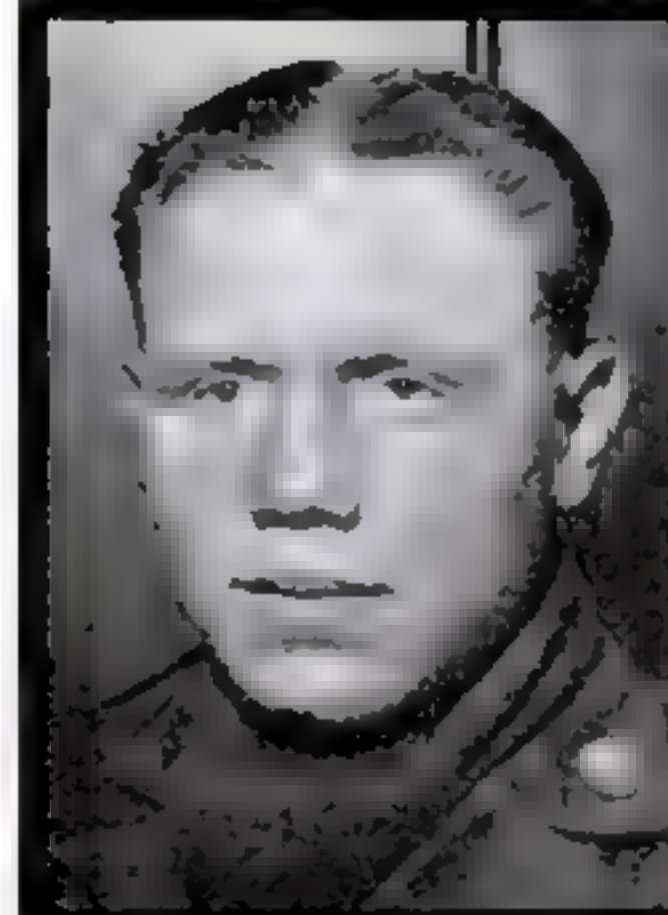
LIEUTENANT R. L. GREEN OF THE U. S. N. IS ENGAGED IN ANTI-SUBMARINE WORK



EDWARD L. HILEY JR. OF NEW YORK CITY IS STOREKEEPER IN THE U. S. G. N.

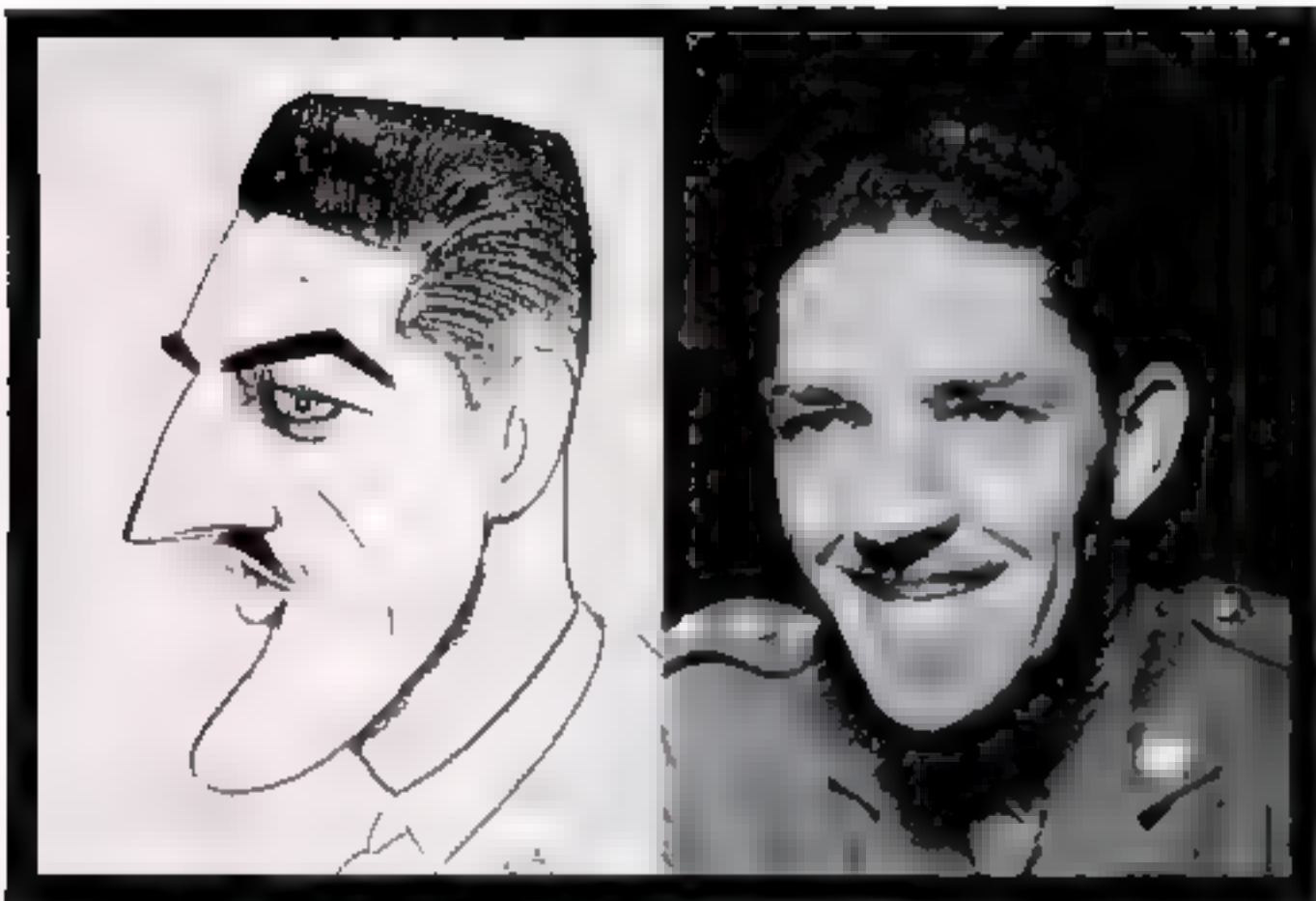


SERGEANT JOE LEGGETT OF FORT BRAGG COMES FROM BROOKHAVEN, MASS.

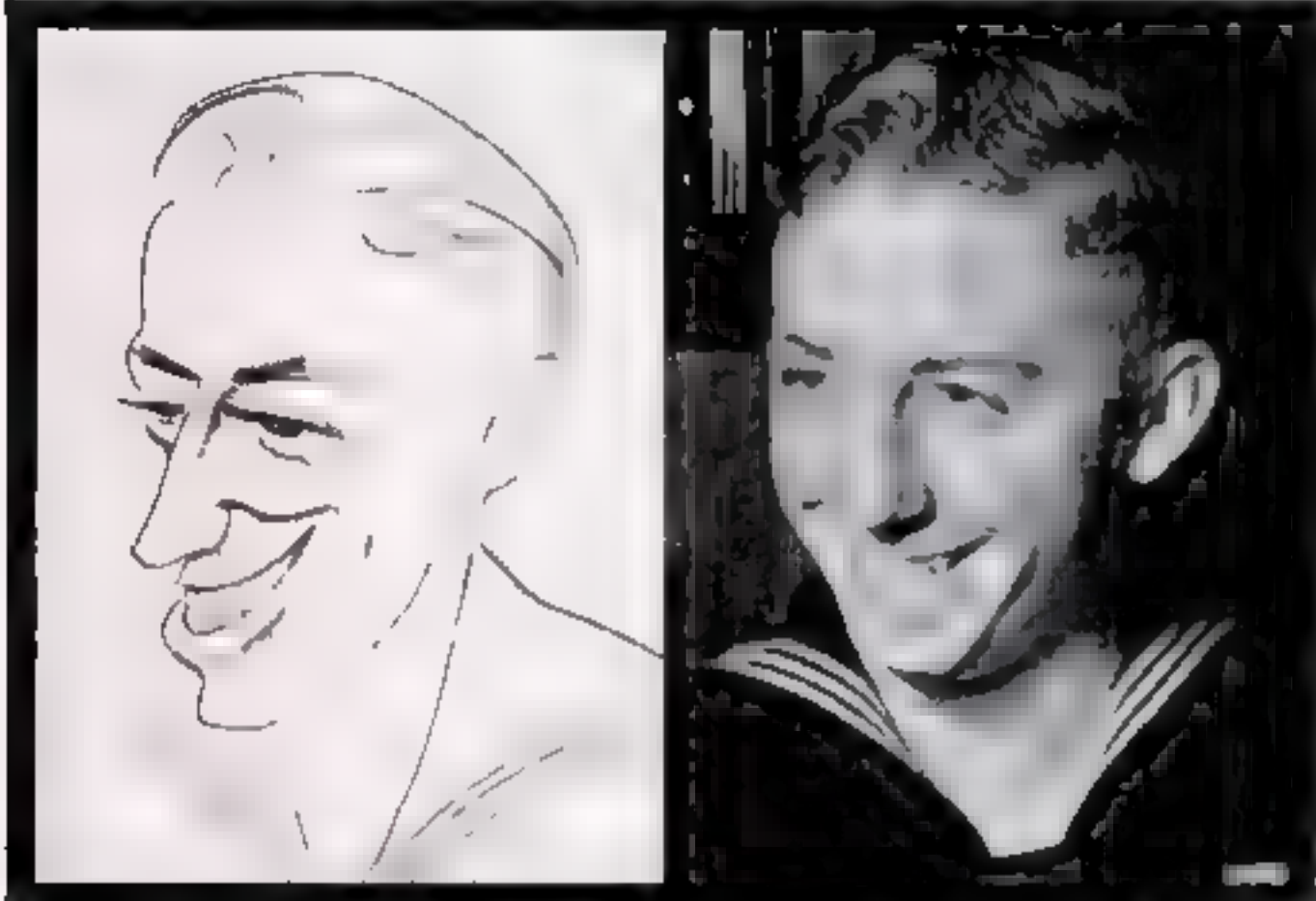


CORPORAL FRED TUCKER OF ORLANDO, FLA. IS ALSO STATIONED AT FORT BRAGG





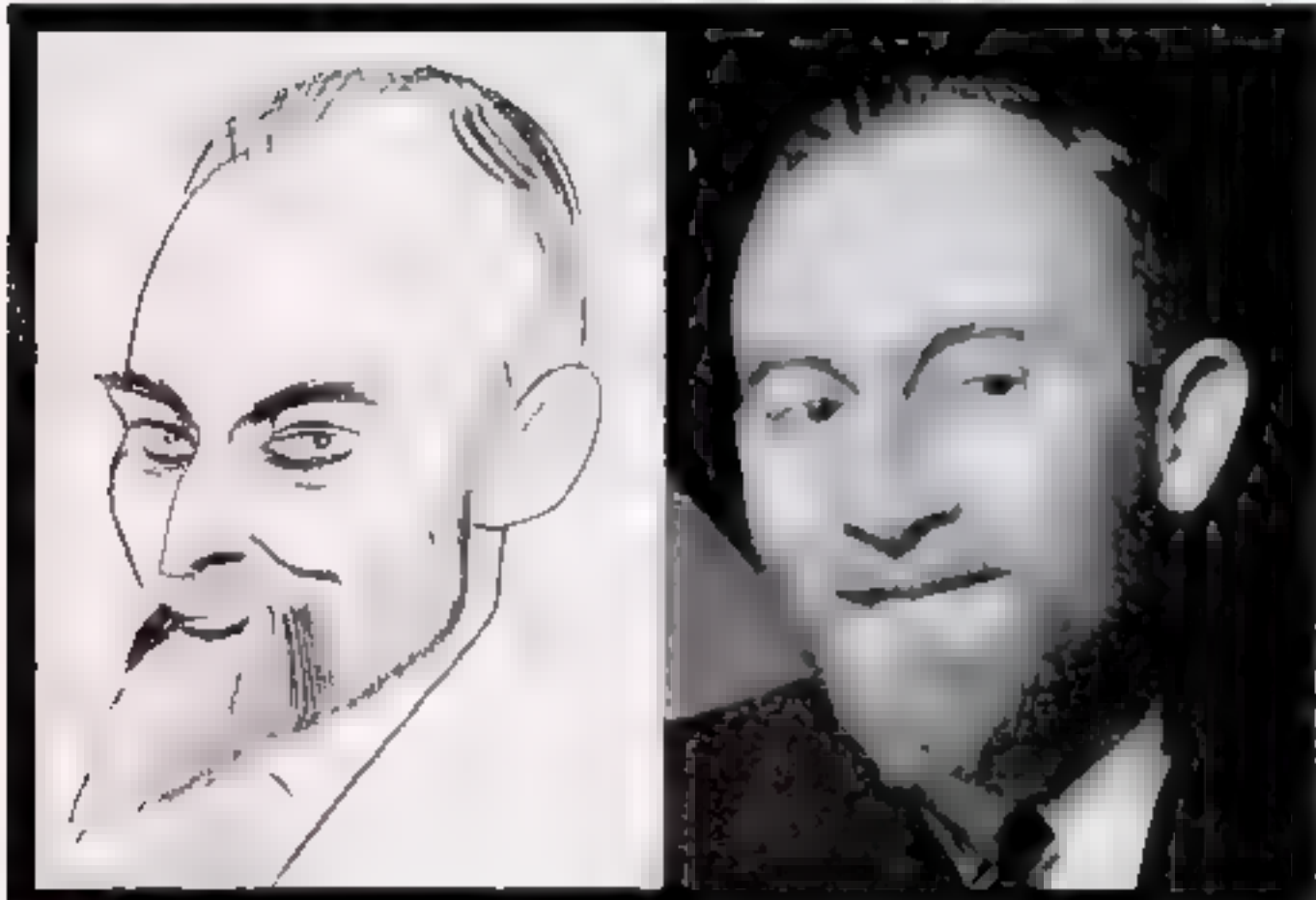
CAPTAIN G. DROUIN IS OF THE REGIMENT DE MAISONNEUVE, CANADIAN ARMY



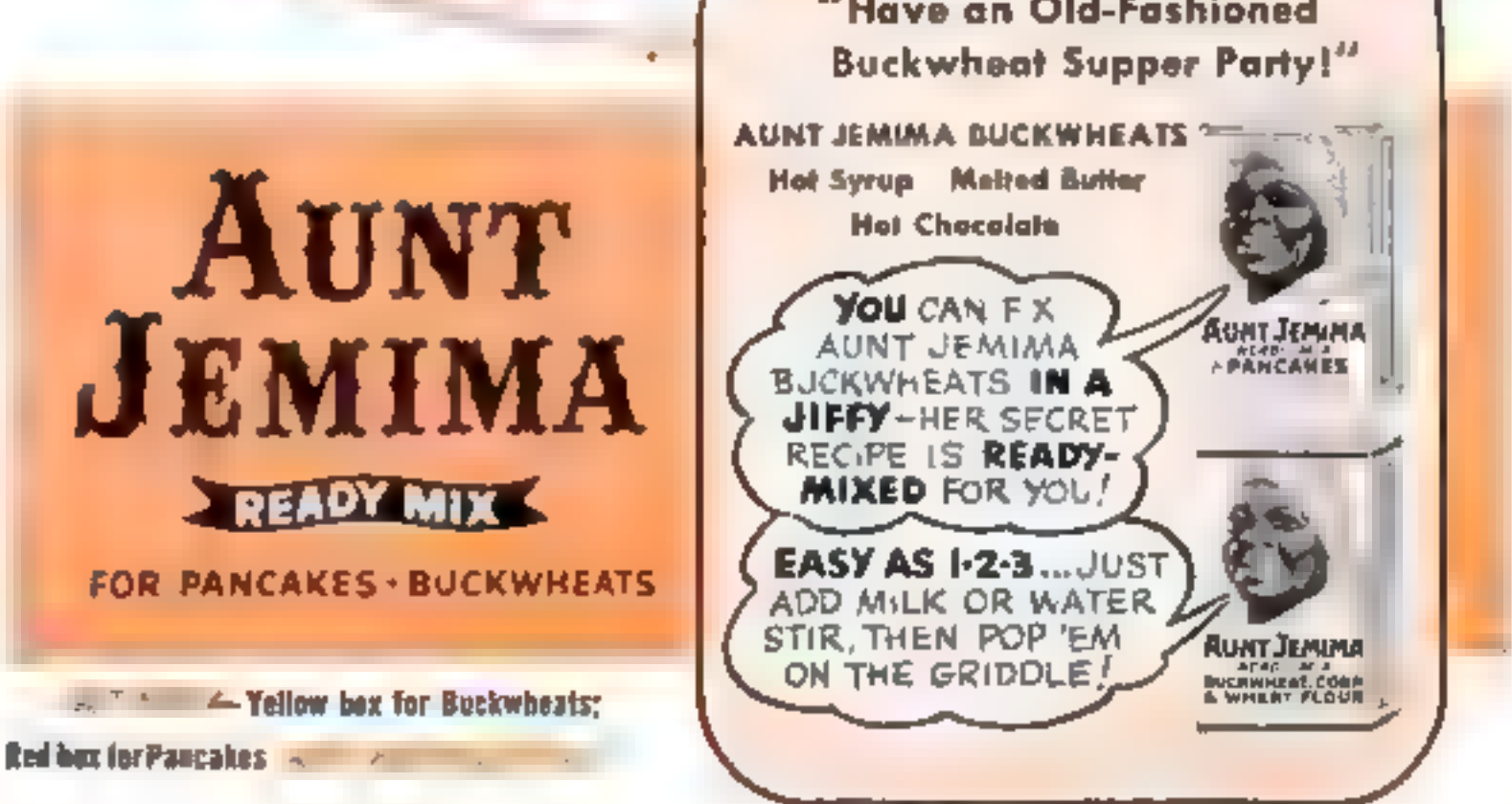
JACK RHODES OF SAND SPRINGS, OKLA. IS BOSUN'S MATE IN U.S. COAST GUARD



OLIN E. DICKEY OF THE COAST GUARD IS ALSO A SECOND-CLASS BOSUN'S MATE



LIEUTENANT CHARLES HAZZARD, R. N. R., OF LONDON, COMMANDS BRITISH SHIP





# THE AMAZING LIP-ALLURE

*So many beauty experts  
are raving about!*



**Give *Your* Lips This Exciting  
Utterly Devastating New Beauty**

No wonder so many leading fashion and beauty editors continually rave about Louis Philippe ANGELUS Lipstick—why so many actresses were quick to recognize its positively amazing beauty-giving qualities.

ANGELUS is famous for its *special* cream base. Notice how divinely smooth it spreads on—how it STAYS PUT so evenly for hours without caking or drying. Yet it never appears greasy or smudgy. ANGELUS keeps lips so kissably soft—it lends a radiant, youthful, magnetic sparkle that will incite admiration everywhere you go. All the latest fashion shades.



**For Complete Matched Makeup  
use the corresponding shade of  
ANGELUS Dry Rouge**

**This especially blended rouge "highlights" your whole complexion. Appears so *natural* it seems to match your own blood tones. Also economically priced at only 49¢.**

Louis Philippe

**ANGELUS LIPSTICK—ROUGE—FACE POWDER—CREMES**

## PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

## CHILLY BILLY

Sirs:

On Dec. 20 the temperature in New York City was three below zero which broke a 70-year record. There was no heat in our apartment that morning due to Eastern seaboard fuel rationing and my brother Billy wisely decided to stay in bed. Along toward noon the steam came

on and Billy stuck his head out. He threw on his clothes, wrapped himself in a blanket and perched on the radiator (below). He looks uncomfortable, but at least he found a way to beat the cold.

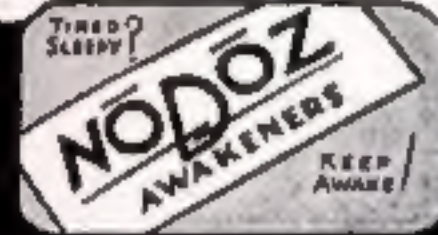
BEN G. MITCHELL  
New York, N. Y.

[illegible]



## How to KEEP AWAKE ON YOUR VICTORY JOB

Thousands of Americans behind desks, driving cars, on production lines, use NoDor Awakeners to keep awake, alert and more efficient. When the going gets tough and you have a job to do—don't take a chance... TAKE A NODOZ AWAKENER!



Over 30,000,000 NoDor Awakeners have been used since 1933!

Convenient, easy-to-take tablets!  
HARMLESS AS COFFEE  
At your druggist 25c

## PATENT YOUR IDEA

OTHER MEN have read and profited by our free books "Patent Protection" and "Selling Invention". Fully explain many interesting points to inventors and illustrate important mechanical principles. With books we also send free "Evidence of Invention" form. Reasonable fees, deferred payments, forty-five years' experience. Write to: Victor J. Evans & Co., Registered Patent Attorneys, 781-A Martin Building, Washington, D. C.

## PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

### RABBIT BOYS

Sirs:

Your story on rabbits (LIFE, Jan. 4) inspired me to pose Bernard Peruzzi, who has raised hundreds of them on our ranch, in a photographic copy of Raeburn's *Boy With Rabbit* (original above, copy below).

MRS. F. T. ROBSON

Stanford Vina Ranch  
Vina, Calif.



### LAWBREAKER

Sirs:

Now that the war has made weather forecasts a military secret, I wonder what the Government is going to do about the groundhog (below), who with his brothers will be broadcasting the weather for six weeks to come on Feb. 2. This youngster was distracted by a trout fly I dangled over his head until I could get close enough to click the shutter.

ORMAL I. SPRUNGMAN

Minneapolis, Minn.



## WHAT RHYMES WITH "JELLY-CAKE?"



SHE knows... she's got INSIDE INFORMATION! She's learned what every grown-up knows—that too much of even the most wholesome food can cause sour, sickish, upset stomach—heartburn—gas discomfort. Be gentle with these little stomach upsets—take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL!



### Never Upset an Upset Stomach!

Don't pile more trouble on an upset stomach with over-doses of antacids or harsh physics! Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL! This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither an antacid nor a laxative. Its action is different. It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls... thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

Recommended for children as well as adults. Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at his fountain.



Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL... to relieve sour, sickish, upset stomach; distress after over-indulgence; nervous indigestion; heartburn... And to retard intestinal fermentation; gas formation; simple diarrhea. If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

Norwich Makers of Unquaguita

# PEPTO-BISMOL

FOR UpSET STOMACH

This formula is known and sold in Canada as P. B.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## RED-ITCHY SKIN?

watch out—it's often

# ECZEMA

Home  
Treatment  
Promptly  
Relieves  
Torture!



First applications of wonderful soothing medicated liquid Zemo—a doctor's formula—quickly relieve the intense itching soreness of eczema, psoriasis and similar annoying skin irritations due to external cause. Zemo also aids healing. Amazingly successful for over 30 years! Apply anytime—doesn't show on skin. First trial of clean, stainless liquid Zemo convinces! Only 35¢. Stubborn cases may need the \$1.25 Extra-Strength. All drugstores.

## ZEMO

## Now She Shops "Cash and Carry"

Without Painful Backache

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

## Safeway BRUSH TOP SPOT REMOVER

BRUSH SPOTS from dresses, suits, uniforms, coats, hats and ties quickly. Keep rugs and carpets, home and auto upholstery spotless. Vanish grease and oil spots like magic. Even remove adhesive tape and chewing gum—all with SAFEWAY BRUSH TOP SPOT REMOVER. At 5 & 10¢ drug and department stores or send 5¢ for large 3 oz. package.



Non-Explosive  
10¢-25¢

Why use a cloth?  
Just BRUSH spots away!

SAFEWAY CHEMICAL COMPANY, 6912 Lorain Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio



# ONE FREEZE-UP CAN COST YOU YOUR CAR!

Vital replacement parts are hard to get—often impossible. Guard your motor against a damaged radiator—cracked block—or broken water line. Insist on the Positive Protection of safe, sure Thermo Royal Anti-freeze. Keep your car in condition all winter long!

PUBLICKER COMMERCIAL ALCOHOL CO., PHILADELPHIA

Get Positive Protection



In can or sturdy glass jug—IT'S THE SAME THERMO ROYAL!

## PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

### DEBS IN TRIPLICATE

Sirs:

I thought you might be interested in a wartime calamity that turned up at the mass debut at New York's Ritz-Carlton last month (LIFE's Picture of the Week, Jan. 4). The pictures below show three debutantes wearing identical dresses of white starched lace, their swirling skirts

scattered with sequins of clover-leaf design.

The girls got together at the party and decided it was a tribute to their mutual good taste.

LOUISE SCHAFFNER  
New York, N. Y.



JOAN LA ROCHE, DAUGHTER OF CHESTER LA ROCHEs, WITH RICHARD SINCLAIR



NANCY WICKES WASHBURN, WHOSE PARTNER IS WOODRUFF FISHER STREIBICH



KATE BELCHER, HAROLD BELCHERs' DAUGHTER, WALTZES WITH BILL BREWER





Seen while at Felix's  
**GOLDEN RACCOON**



... **SILVER FOX**



... **MASK-FACE SLED DOG**



... **MASK-FACE PUPPY**



... **BOBCAT**

# RESCUE AT ИТАРКА?



Guess again—it's Saranac Lake, N. Y.

1. "In *Siberia*," writes a geologist formerly stationed there, "I'd have assumed this was our Arctic RFD—or the local delivery with a new supply of Canadian Club. But you'll understand why my eyes popped at this sight barely 300 miles from New York City. Felix Leser had invited me up to see the amazing zoo at his Howling Dog Farms. I'd scarcely arrived when..."



2. "We had to hit the trail. By phone we were told a neighbor was two days overdue from the snowbound wilds near Whiteface... was feared injured. Would Felix take his dog team in and see? Moments later, we were off."



3. "In that sub-zero climate—fearful for an injured man to cope with—even lighting a cigarette was hard. So next day when the lead dog's trace broke, we went ahead on snowshoes, leaving our driver to make repairs and catch up."



4. "At dusk, we found our man. He'd broken his ankle. But that woods-wise oldtimer had made himself snug as a bear... even had hospitality to offer us."



5. "Lavish hospitality it was—Canadian Club! Gentlemen, I've cheered this distinctive-tasting whisky at gathering-places the world around, but never so gratefully as at the end of that Adirondack adventure."

Why have so many Americans switched to Canadian Club lately? Because of its unique and delightful

flavor. No other whisky in all the world tastes like Canadian Club.

Canadian Club is light as Scotch—rich as rye—satisfying as bourbon; and you can stick with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

*"Canadian Club"*

Distilled and bottled at Walkerville, Canada  
Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois  
Blended Canadian Whisky, 90.4 proof. Copr. 1943







Crash helmet, coveralls, Camels—they're "standard equipment" with this tank driver. That's a General behind him—a "General Lee."



Ski champion, U.S. Army model 1943. His cigarette is a flavor champion of many years' standing—Camel—the Army man's favorite.



"Tell it to the Marines!" And this Marine paratrooper, with his parachute pack, will tell you the favorite pack with Marines is Camel.



Dolphins on this sailor's right sleeve mean undersea service. "Pig-boat" is his word for submarine—"Camel" for his favorite smoke.

# Standard Equipment

IN THE ARMY  
IN THE NAVY  
IN THE MARINES  
IN THE COAST  
GUARD

# Camel

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is CAMEL. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges and Canteens.)



On land—on sea—yes, and in the air, too, the favorite is Camel. As this high-altitude Army bomber pilot says: "Camels suit me to a 'T'!"



On the right sleeve of these men, above, there's a small white shield. That means Coast Guard. And with men in the Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel.



Take a jouncing Jeep, a Johnny Doughboy—an "I'd walk a mile" grin—add 'em all up and you get CAMEL—the fighting man's favorite.



**The "T Zone"**  
where cigarettes  
are judged

The "T-ZONE"—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to *you*.

Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-ZONE" to a "T." Prove it for yourself!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina